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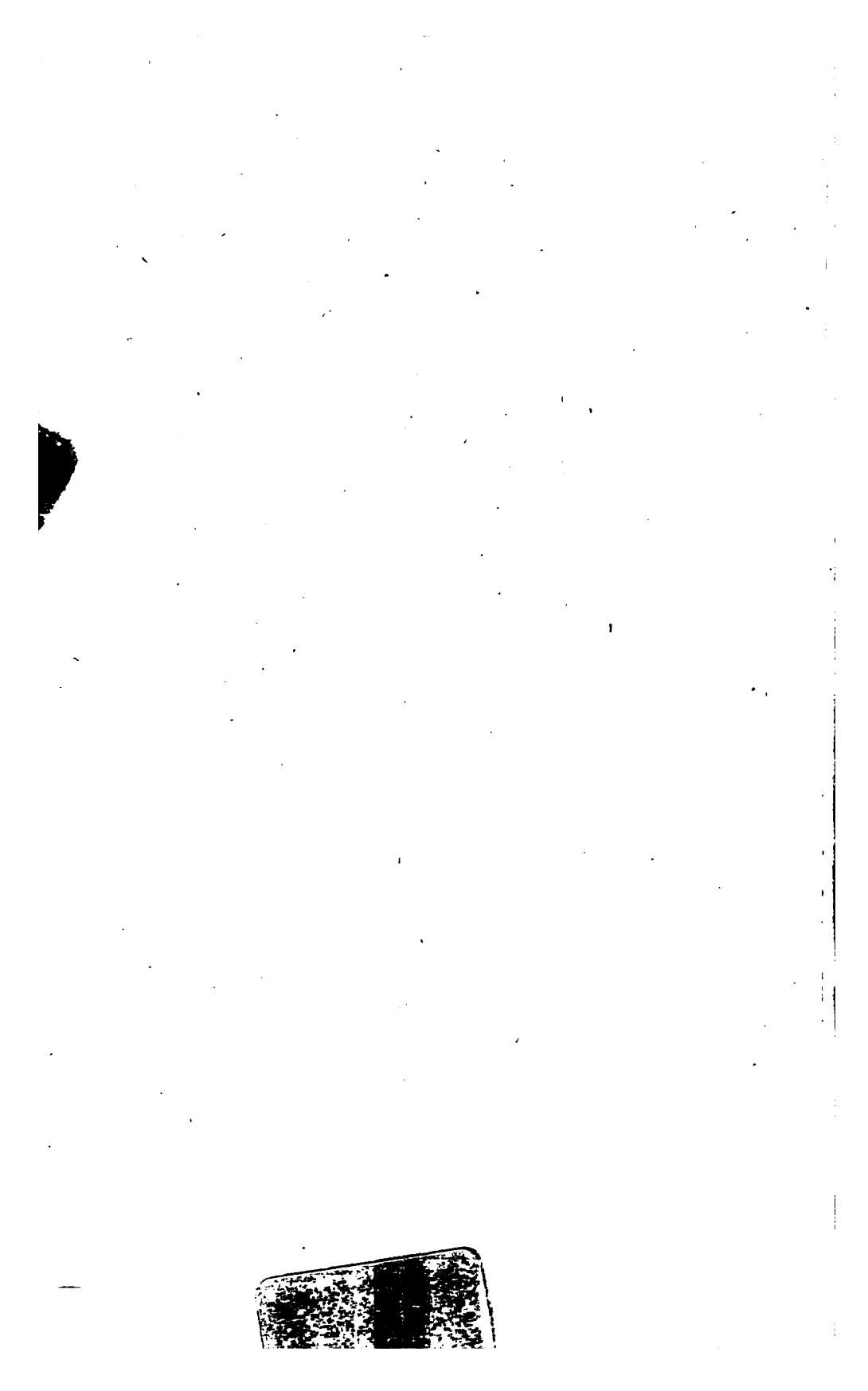
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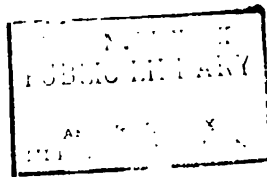


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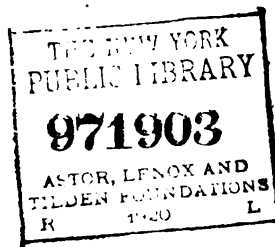
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TWENTY-FIVE VOLUMES

VOL. VIII.

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KEY TO PRONUNCIATION.

a as in fat, man, pang.
 ä as in fate, mane, dale.
 f as in far, father, guard.
 f as in fall, talk.
 ä as in ask, fast, ant.
 ä as in fare.
 e as in met, pen, bless.
 ä as in mete, most.
 e as in her, fern.
 i as in pin, it.
 i as in pine, fight, file.
 o as in not, on, frog.
 ö as in note, poke, floor.
 ö as in move, spoon.
 ö as in nor, song, off.
 u as in tub.
 ü as in mute, acute.
 ü as in pull.
 ð German ð, French u.
 oi as in oil, joint, boy.
 ou as in pound, proud.

A single dot under a vowel in an unaccented syllable indicates its abbreviation and lightening, without absolute loss of its distinctive quality. Thus:

§ as in prelate, courage.
 § as in ablegate, episcopal.
 § as in abrogate, eulogy, democrat.
 § as in singular, education.

A double dot under a vowel in an unaccented syllable indicates that, even in the mouths of the best speakers, its

sound is variable to, and in ordinary utterance actually becomes, the short *a*-sound (of but, pun, etc.). Thus:

§ as in errant, republican.
 § as in prudent, difference.
 i as in charity, density.
 § as in valor, actor, idiot.
 § as in Persia, peninsula.
 § as in *the* book.
 § as in nature, feature.

A mark (—) under the consonants *t*, *d*, *s*, *z* indicates that they in like manner are variable to *ch*, *j*, *sh*, *zh*. Thus:

§ as in nature, adventure.
 § as in arduous, education.
 § as in pressure.
 § as in seizure.
 y as in yet.

ð Spanish ð (medial).
 ðh as in German *ach*, Scotch *loch*.
 c as in German *Abensberg*, *Hamburg*.
 x Spanish *g* before *e* and *i*; Spanish *j*; etc. (a guttural *h*).

i. French nasalizing *n*, as in *ton*, *en*.
 s final *s* in Portuguese (soft).
 th as in *thin*.
 then as in *then*.
 D = then.

' denotes a primary, " a secondary accent. (A secondary accent is not marked if at its regular interval of two syllables from the primary, or from another secondary.)

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| Drummond (drum'ɔnd), Henry. | Dufferin, Lady Helen Selina. |
| Drummond, William. | Dumas (dǝ mǝ'; F. pron. dǝ mǝ'), Alex- |
| Dryden (dri'dɔn), John. | andre Davy. |
| Du Chaillu (dǝ chǝ yǝ'), Paul Belloni. | Dumas, Alexandre. |



DELAND, MARGARETTA WADE (CAMPBELL), "Margaret Deland," novelist; born at Alleghany, Pa., February 23, 1857. She was educated at Pelham Priory, New Rochelle, N. Y. After studying at Cooper Union, New York, she was a teacher of industrial design in the Normal College for girls, New York, 1878-79. She was married, 1880, to Lorin F. Deland of Boston. In poetry she has published *The Old Garden, and Other Verses* (1886, republished with decorations, 1893). Her novels are *John Ward, Preacher* (1888); *Florida Days* (1889); *Sidney* (1890), and *Philip and His Wife* (*Atlantic Monthly*, 1894). *John Ward, Preacher*, instantly commanded public attention by its vigor and keenness in tracing the abnormal influence of certain doctrinal beliefs formerly current in the Church and supposed to be a part of Christianity. The characterization of these beliefs verges at times on caricature, though undeniably able and with a basis of truth.

THE TOWN.

The singers could buy their flowers in the market, which is but a little way from the Cathedral. White-washed pillars uphold its ancient roof, and its brick floor is so old that it is worn into hollows; it used to be filled with stalls, where great heaps of vegetables and yellow oranges were displayed for sale, or where the wet sides of fish sparkled on every scale with wonderful color. There were sunbonneted women gossiping in the sunshine across their wares; men

smoking under the streamers of moss from the live-oak trees, or chaffering over their mules and horses ; a crowding, good-natured, quick-tempered people, bringing color and laughter into the little square ; they came for the most part from the country beyond, along the shining shell-road and through the city gates.

As long ago as the beginning of this century the towers of the gateway in the wall about the town were crumbling and broken with age, so that they must have witnessed many things unknown to the tranquil life which comes and goes under their gray shadows to-day. They see nothing more startling now than lovers whispering in the twilight, perhaps ; or the gay tramp of marching feet which have never known the hurry and terror of war ; or a sob beside a funeral bier.

True, Love and Death—there could have been nothing more ultimate than they ; but the expression changes ; and these square pillars crumbling slowly in the white, hot sunshine, have seen quick and nervous lives and cruel deaths. The iron gates which used to hang between the two coquina towers, were always closed at night, and fastened with ponderous bolts, so that the little town might sleep peacefully within them. How many enemies of the King of Spain they have repulsed when the town was garrisoned by his soldiers, and how often they have received and sheltered terror-stricken wretches flying from the outlaws of the plains beyond !

A ducky goes jolting through now, in a little two-wheeled cart, full of yellow oranges. He sings, perhaps, in a full sweet voice, but with a certain wild note in it, which will take many generations yet to tame. "Oh, my Lawd," he says, leaning forward, his elbows resting on his ragged knees, and the reins slipping carelessly between his fingers,—

" Oh, my Lawd, don't you forgit me,
Oh, my Lawd, don't you forgit me,
Oh, my Lawd, don't you forgit me,
Down by Bab'lon's stream."

With this morning freshness in the sparkling air, he sings because he cannot help it ; long ago the Lord

remembered the captivity in Babylon, but the song has found no deeper meaning in his soul; it is only a simple rejoicing in the sunshine. It is hard to realize, in the comfortable content among the negroes, living tranquil, sleepy lives in the old town, that these words were ever sung with tears and prayers; such pain meant alertness and eager life, for which one now looks in vain. These people would surely never rouse themselves to contradict the man who asserted, with grim disdain of all intense life, that the happiest moment each day, to the happiest person, was the moment when consciousness began to melt into sleep.

A woman, sitting in the sun with half-shut eyes, her pipe gone out, perhaps, her head resting against the door-post, is quite satisfied and happy.

The boy in the jolting car, even though he sings, is half asleep. He apostrophizes his mule, or the oranges which tumble about his feet, with violence of words, but with a face full of lazy good-nature. Indeed, he and his beast have the same placid way of taking life. The mule does not mark his abusive entreaties to proceed, any more than the boy notices or objects when his gray friend comes to a halt, and, turning slowly in the broken, rope-mended harness, bites at a fly upon his shaggy side. But who shall dogmatize on such an attitude of the mind? Indifference, after all, may be, height instead of depth. Does not "A. B." (his modesty has given us no more than his initials) write, as long ago as 1595, in "The Noblenesse of the Asse; a work rare, learned, and excellent," of that characteristic and admirable calm! "He (The Asse) refuseth no burden; he goeth whither he is sent without any contradiction; he lifts not his foot against any one; he bytes not; if strokes be given him, he careth not for them." A. B.'s honest appreciation of this patient and respectable animal leads him yet a little further. Their "goodly, sweet, and continual braying," he says; and adds that such brayings "forme a melodious and proportionate kinde of musicke." Still, all this is but the small adornment of an estimable character; the great thing is his beast's "tranquil calm."—*Florida Days*.



DE LA RAMÉE, LOUISE, an English novelist, known under the pseudonym of "Ouida," was born at Bury St. Edmunds in 1840. At an early age she began to write for periodicals, her first novel, *Granville de Vigne, a Tale of the Day*, being published in Colburn's *New Monthly Magazine*. This novel was subsequently republished in 1863 under the title of *Held in Bondage*. Subsequently she wrote *Strathmore, a Romance* (1865); *Chandos* (1866); *Cecil Castlemaine's Gage, and other Novellettes*, and *Idalia* (1867); *Tricotrin, a Story of a Waif and Stray*, and *Under Two Flags* (1867); *Puck* (1868); *Folle Farine* (1871); *A Dog of Flanders* and *A Leaf in the Storm* (1872); *Pascarel* (1873); *Two Little Wooden Shoes* (1874); *Signa* (1875); *In a Winter City* (1876); *Ariadne: the Story of a Dream* (1877); *Friendship* (1878); *Pipistrello and Moths* (1880); *The Village Commune* (1881); *In Maremma* (1882); *Wanda* (1883); *Othmar* and *A House Party* (1886); *Guilderoy* (1889); *Syrlin and Ruffino* (1890), and *Toxin* (1895). Her writings are vivacious and entertaining, and her work displays much genius, but the moral tendency of her stories is not of the best, though they have met with a large sale.

STRIVINGS AGAINST NATURE.

The son of an athlete can never rest quiet at home and at school like the children of cobblers, and coppersmiths, and vinedressers. All my life was beating

in me, tumbling, palpitating, bubbling, panting in me, moving incessantly, like the wings of a swallow when the hour draws near for its flight, and the thirst for the South rises in it. With all my force I adored my pale, lovely, Madonna-like mother, but all the same as I trotted toward the priest with a satchel on my back, I used to think, would it be very wicked to throw the books into the river, and run away to the fields? And, in truth, I used to run away very often, scampering over the country around Orte like a mountain hare, climbing the belfries of the churches, pulling off their weathercocks or setting their bells a-ringing, doing a thousand and one mischievous antics; but I always returned at nightfall to my mother's side. It seemed to me it would be cruel and cowardly to leave her. For she had but me in the world.

"You promise to be sensible and quiet, Pippo?" the poor soul always murmured. And I used to say "Yes," and mean it. But can a bird promise not to fly when it feels in its instincts the coming of spring? Can a colt promise not to fling out his limbs when he feels the yielding turf beneath his hoofs? I never wished to be disobedient, but somehow, ten minutes after I was out of her sight, I was high above on some tower or belfry with the martens and pigeons circling about my curly head. I was so happy on high there!—and they spoke of making me into a monk, or, if I would not hear of that, of turning me into a clerk in the notary's office.

A monk! a clerk! when all the trees cried out to me to climb, and all the birds called to me to fly! I used to cry about it with hot and stinging tears, that stung my face like lashes, lying with my head hidden on my arms in the grass by the old Tiber water. For I was not twelve years old, and to be shut up in Orte always, growing gray and wrinkled, as the notary had done over the wicked, crabbed, evil-looking skins that set the neighbors at war—the thought broke my heart. Nevertheless I loved my mother, and I mended my quills, and tried to write my best, and said to the boys of the town: "I cannot bend iron, or leap, or race any more. I am going to write for my bread in

the notary's office a year hence ; and my mother wishes it, and so it must be." And I did my best not to look up to the jackdaws circling round the towers, or the old river running away to Rome. For all the waters cried to me to leap, and all the birds to fly.

And you cannot tell, unless you had been born to do it, as I was, how good it is to climb, and climb, and climb, and see the green earth grow pale beneath you, and the people dwindle till they are small as dust, and the houses fade till they seem like heaps of sand, and the air gets so clear around you, and the great black wings flap close against your face, and you sit astride where the bells are, with some quaint stone face beside you that was carved on the pinnacle here a thousand years and more ago, and has hardly been seen of man ever since ; and the white clouds are so close to you that you seem to bathe in them, and the winds toss the mists and part them, and go by you, down to the world below to torment the trees, and the sea, the men at work, and the roofs that cover them, and the sails of their ships in the ocean ; men are so far from you, and heaven seems so near ; the fields and the plains are lost in the vapors that divide you from them, and all the noise of living multitudes comes only very faintly to your ear, and sweetly, like the low murmuring of bees in the white blossoms of an acacia in the month of May. But you do not understand this, you poor toilers in cities, who pace the streets and watch the faces of the rich.

And I, to whom this life of the upper air was joy, was ecstasy, I was doomed to be a notary's clerk ; I—called *Pipistrello* (the bat), because I was always whirling and wheeling in the air—was to be a clerk, so my mother and grandmother decided for me, with the old notary himself who lived at the corner, and made his daily bread by carrying fire and sword, where he could, through the affairs of his neighbors. He was an old rascal, but my mother did not know that ; he promised to be a safe and trustworthy guardian of my youth, and she believed he had power to keep me safe from all dangers of destiny. She wanted to be sure that I should never run the risks of my father's career ; she wanted to see me always

before the plate of herb-soup on her table. Poor mother !

One day in Orte chance gave me another fate than this of her desires. One fine sunrise on the morning of Palm Sunday I heard the sharp sound of a screeching fife, the metallic clash of cymbals, the shouts of boys, the rattle of a little drum. It was the rataplan beating before a troop of wrestlers and jugglers who were traversing the Marche and Reggio-Emilia. The troop stationed themselves in a little square, burnt by the sun and surrounded by old crumbling houses ; I ran with the rest of the lads of Orte to see them. Orte was in holiday guise ; aged, wrinkled, deserted, forgotten by the world as she is, she made herself gay that day with palms and lilies and lilac, and the branches of willow ; and her people, honest, joyous, clad in their best, who filled the streets and the churches, and wine-houses, after mass flocked with one accord and pressure around the play-place of the strollers. It was in the month of April ; outside the walls and on the banks of Tiber, still swollen by the floods of winter, one could see the gold of a million daffodils and the bright crimson and yellow of tulips in the green corn. The scent of flowers and herbs came into the town and filled its dusky and narrow ways ; the boatmen had green branches fastened to their masts ; in the stillness of evening one heard the song of crickets, and even a mosquito would come and blow his shrill little trumpet, and one was willing to say to him " welcome," because on his little horn he blew the good news, " Summer is here ! " Ah, those bright summers of my youth ! I am old now, aye, old ; though I have lived through only twenty-five years.

This afternoon on Palm Sunday I ran to see the athletes, as a moth flies to the candle ; in Italy all the world loves the Saltimbank, be he dumb or speaking, in wood or in flesh, and all Orte hastened, as I hastened, under the sunny skies of Easter. I saw, I trembled, I laughed, I sobbed with ecstasy. It was so many years that I had not seen my brothers ! Were they not my brothers all ? This day of Palm, when our Orte, so brown and so gray, was all full of foliage and blossom, like an old picture full of orange-flowers for a bridal, it was a

somewhat brilliant troop of gymnasts who came to amuse the town ; the troop was composed of an old man and his five sons, handsome youths and very strong, of course. They climbed on each other's shoulders, building up a living pyramid ; they bent and broke bars of iron, they severed a sheep with one blow of a sword ; in a word, they did what my father did before them. As for me, I watched them, stupefied, fascinated, dazzled, blind, drunk with delight, and almost crazy with a torrent of memories that seemed to rain on me like lava as I watched each exploit, as I heard each shout of the applauding multitudes.

It is a terrible thing, a horrible thing, those inherited memories that are born in you with the blood of others. I looked at them, I say, intoxicated with joy, and with recollection and with longing :—and my mother destined me to a notary's desk and wished me to be shut there all my life, pen in hand, sowing the seeds of all the hatreds, of all the crime, of all the sorrows of mankind, lighting up the flames of rage and of greed in human souls for an acre of ground, for a roll of gold ! She wished me to be a notary's clerk ? I gazed at these men who seemed to me so happy ; these slender, agile, vigorous creatures, in their skins that shone like the skin of green snakes, in their brodered, glittering, spangled vests, in their little velvet caps, with the white plume in each— "Take me ! take me !" I shrieked to them ; and the old king of the troop looked hard at me, and when their games were finished, crossed the cord that marked the arena, and threw his strong arms about me and cried, "You are the little Pippo !" For he had been my father's mate. To be brief, when the little band left Orte I went with them.—*Pipistrello*.

THE FOUNTAINS OF ROME.

A Faun lives in this Ponte Listo water. Often in these days I heard him laughing, and under the splashing of the spouts caught the tinkle of his pipe. In every one of the fountains of my Rome a naiad, or a satyr, a god, or a genius, has taken refuge, and in its depths dreams of the ruined temples and the levelled woods, and hides in its cool, green, moss-growing nest

all day long, and, when the night falls, wakes and calls aloud.

Water is the living joy of Rome. When the sky is yellow as brass, and the air sickly with the fever-mist, and the faces of men are all livid and seared, and all the beasts lie faint with the drought, it is the song of the water that keeps our life in us, sounding all through the daylight and the darkness across the desert of brick and stone. Men here in Rome have "written their names in water," and it has kept them longer than bronze or marble. When one is far away across the mountains, and can no more see the golden wings of the archangel against the setting sun, it is not of statues and palaces, not of Cæsars or senators, not even of the statues, that you think with wistful, longing remembrance and desire: it is of the water that is everywhere in Rome, floating, falling, shining, splashing, with the clouds mirrored on its surface, and the swallows skimming its foam.

I wonder to hear them say that Rome is sad, with all that mirth and music of its water laughing through all its streets, till the steepest and stoniest ways are murmurous with it as any brook-fed forest-depths. Here water is Protean: sovereign and slave, sorcerer and servant; slaking the mule's thirst, and shining in porphyry on the prince's terrace; filling the well in the cabbage-garden, and leaping aloft against the Popes' palace; first called to fill the baths of the Agrippines and serve the Naumachia of Augustus, it bubbles from a griffin's jaws or a wolf's teeth, or any other of the thousand quaint things set in the masonry at the street-corners, and washes the people's herbs and carrots, and is lapped by the tongues of dogs, and thrashed by the bare brown arms of the washing-women; first brought from the hills to flood the green Numidian marble of the thermæ and lave the limbs of the patricians between the cool mosaic walls of the tepidarium, it contentedly becomes a household thing, twinkling like a star at the bottom of the deep old wells in dusky courts, its rest broken a dozen times a day by the clash of the chain on the copper pail, above it the carnations of the kitchen balcony and the caged blackbird of the cook.

One grows to love the Roman fountains as sea-born men the sea. Go where you will, there is the water: whether it foams by Trevi, where the green moss grows in it like ocean-weed about the feet of the ocean god, or whether it rushes, reddened by the evening light, from the mouth of an old lion that once saw Cleopatra; whether it leaps high in air trying to reach the gold cross on St. Peter's, or pours its triple cascade over the Pauline granite, or spouts out of a great barrel in a wall in old Trastevere, or throws up into the air a gossamer as fine as Arachne's web in a green garden-way where the lizards run, or in a crowded corner where the fruit-seller sits against the wall;—in all its shapes one grows to love the water that fills Rome with an unchanging melody all through the year.—*Ariadne.*





DELAVIGNE, JEAN FRANÇOIS CASIMIR, a French lyric and dramatic poet, born at Havre, April 4, 1793 ; died at Lyons, December 11, 1844. He was the son of a merchant, and was educated at the Napoleon Lyceum at Paris. He early showed a marked taste for poetry. Andrieux, to whom some of his pieces were shown, at first endeavored to dissuade him from writing ; but on seeing his dithyramb *On the Birth of the King of Rome*, written in 1811, encouraged him to continue poetical effort. This poem also produced for Delavigne the patronage of the Count of Nantes. In 1814 the young poet competed for a prize offered by the French Academy. His poem *Charles XII. à Narva* received honorable mention, and a poem presented the next year, *Sur la Découverte de la Vaccine*, obtained a secondary prize. The humiliation of France in 1815 gave Delavigne a stirring subject. He wrote two poems, *Waterloo* and *La Dévastation du Musée*, to which he added a third poem, *Sur le Besoin de s'unir après le Départ des Étrangers*, and published the three in 1818 under the title of *Trois Messéniennes*, in allusion to the songs of the Messenians. In these poems he bewailed the misfortunes and humiliation of France, and exhorted his countrymen to patriotism and union. They had an immense success, and their author received an appointment as Librarian of

the Chancery. He next wrote two *Elegies sur la Vie et la Morte de Jeanne d'Arc* ; and in 1819 produced his tragedy *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*, which was received with great favor. This was followed in 1820 by *Les Comédiens*, and in 1821 by *La Paria*. Several new *Messéniennes* appeared between 1821 and 1823, and in the latter year, *L'École des Vieillards*. For this drama he was awarded a place in the French Academy (1825). He produced *La Princesse Aurélie* (1828); *Marino Faliero* (1829); during the Revolution of 1830, *La Parisienne*, a lyric, was as enthusiastically received as the *Marseillaise* had been. Another tragedy, *Les Enfants d'Edouard*, was produced in 1833; *Don Juan d'Autriche*, in 1835; *Une Famille au Temps de Luther*, in 1836; *La Popularité*, a comedy, in 1838; *La Fille du Cid*, a tragedy, in 1839; and *Le Conseiller Rapporteur*, a comedy, in prose, in 1841. Delavigne was engaged upon a tragedy, *Mélusine*, when failing health obliged him to leave Paris. He reached Lyons, where he died after a few days' illness.

WATERLOO.

They breathe no longer : let their ashes rest !
 Clamor unjust and calumny
 They stooped not to confute ; but flung their breast
 Against the legions of your enemy,
 And thus avenged themselves : for you they die.

Woe to you, woe ! if those inhuman eyes
 Can spare no drops to mourn your country's weal ;
 Shrinking before your selfish miseries ;
 Against the common sorrow hard as steel ;
 Tremble ! the hand of death upon you lies ;
 You may be forced yourselves to feel.

But no—what son of France has spared his tears
For her defenders, dying in their fame ;
Though kings return, desired through lengthening years,
What old man's cheek is tinged not with her shame ?
What veteran, who their fortune's treason hears,
Feels not the quickening spark of his old youthful
flame ?

Great Heaven ! what lessons mark that one day's page !
What ghastly figures that might crowd an age !
How shall the historic Muse record the day,
Nor, starting, cast the trembling pen away ?
Hide from me, hide those soldiers overborne,
Broken with toil, with death-bolts crushed and torn—

Those quivering limbs with dust defiled,
And bloody corpses upon corpses piled ;
Veil from mine eyes that monument
Of nation against nation spent
In struggling rage that pants for breath,
Spare us the bands thou sparedst, Death !
O Varus ! where the warriors thou hast led ?
Restore our legions !—give us back the dead !

I see the broken squadrons reel ;
The steeds plunge wide with spurning heel ;
Our eagles trod in miry gore ;
The leopard standards swooping o'er ;
The wounded on their slow cars dying,
The route disordered, waving, flying ;
Tortured with struggles vain, the throng
Sway, shock, and drag their shattered mass along,
And leave behind their long array
Wrecks, corpses, blood—the foot-marks of their way.

Through whirlwind smoke and flashing flame—
O grief !—what sight appalls mine eye ?
The sacred band, with generous shame.
Sole 'gainst an army pause—to die !
Struck with the rare devotion, 'tis in vain.
The foes at gaze their blades restrain,
And, proud to conquer hem them round : the cry
Returns, " The guard surrender not !—they die ! "

'Tis said, that, when in dust they saw them lie,
 A reverend sorrow for their brave career
 Smote on the foe : they fixed the pensive eye,
 And first beheld them undisturbed with fear.

See, then, these heroes, long invincible,
 Whose threatening features still their conquerors
 brave ;
 Frozen in death, those eyes are terrible ;
 Feats of the past their deep-scarred brows engrave :

For these are they who bore Italia's sun,
 Who o'er Castilia's mountain-barrier passed ;
 The North beheld them o'er the rampart run,
 Which frosts of ages round her Russia cast :
 All sank subdued before them, and the date
 Of combats owed this guerdon to their glory,
 Seldom to Franks denied—to fall elate
 On some proud day that should survive in story.

Let us no longer mourn them ; for the palm
 Unwithering shades their features stern and calm :
 Franks ! mourn we for ourselves—our land's disgrace—
 The proud, mean passions that divide her race.
 What age so rank in treasons ! to our blood
 The love is alien of the common good ;
 Friendship, no more unbosomed, hides her tears,
 And man shuns man, and each his fellow fears,
 Scared from her sanctuary, Faith shuddering flies
 The din of oaths, the vaunt of perjuries.
 O cursed delirium ! jars deplored
 That yield our home-hearths to the stranger's sword !
 Our faithless hands but draw the gleaming blade
 To wound the bosom which its point should aid.

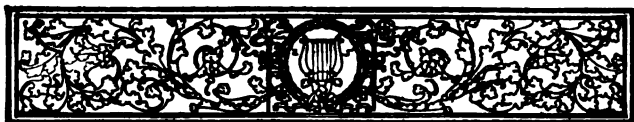
The strangers raze our fenced walls ;
 The castle stoops, the city falls ;
 Insulting foes their truce forget ;
 The unsparing war-bolt thunders yet ;
 Flames glare our ravaged hamlets o'er,
 And funerals darken every door ;
 Drained provinces their greedy prefects rue,

Beneath the liliated or the triple hue ;
And Franks, disputing for the choice of power,
Dethrone a banner, or proscribe a flower.
France ! to our fierce intolerance we owe
The ills that from these sad divisions flow ;
'Tis time the sacrifice were made to thee
Of our suspicious pride, our civic enmity :
Haste—quench the torches of intestine war ;
Heaven points the lily as our army's star ;
Hoist, then, the banner of the white—some tears
May bathe the thrice-dyed flag which Austerlitz en-
dears.

France ! France ! awake, with one indignant mind !
With new-born hosts the throne's dread precinct bind !
Disarmed, divided, conquerors o'er us stand ;
Present the olive, but the sword in hand.
And thou, O people, flushed with our defeat,
To whom the mourning of our land is sweet,
Thou witness of the death-blow of our brave !
Dream not that France is vanquished to a slave ;
Gall not with pride the avengers yet to come :
Heaven may remit the chastening of our doom ;
A new Germanicus may yet demand
Those eagles wrested from our Varus's hand.

—*Trois Messéniennes.*





DELILLE, or DE LILLE, JACQUES, a French didactic poet, born at Aigueperse, Puy-de-Dome, June 22, 1738; died in Paris, May 1, 1813. He was educated in Paris, and became Professor of the Humanities at the College of Amiens. In 1769 he published a translation of the *Georgics* of Virgil, with which Voltaire was so well pleased that he recommended Delille to the French Academy, to which he was admitted in 1774. His next poem, *The Gardens* (1780), was received with great favor, and has been translated into several languages. Previous to the Revolution Delille was a professor of belles-lettres in the University of Paris, and of Latin poetry in the College of France. In 1789 he lost his property. His name was put upon the list of the proscribed, but was effaced, it is said, at the request of a workman, a mason, who begged his blood-thirsty colleagues not to kill all the poets; it might be well to preserve some of them, "if only to celebrate our victories." In 1793, when it was decided to reinstate a belief in the Supreme Being and the immortality of the soul, Delille was appointed by Robespierre to celebrate those subjects in verse. The poet appeared before the President with the following verses:

"O ye who seize the thunders of Olympus,
Of law eternal overthrow the altars,

Ye cowards, of the earth the base oppressors,
Tremble ! ye are immortal !
O ye who suffer, victims of oppression,
O'er whom God watches with an eye paternal,
To stranger shores the pilgrims of a moment.
Rejoice ! ye are immortal !"

"That is well," said Robespierre to the poet, who expected punishment ; "the time, however, has not come for the publication of these verses. You will be apprised of a suitable day." No message came ; the silence was ominous ; Delille withdrew from Paris to Saint Di , and after the lapse of a year to Basel. He did not return to France until 1801. He had published in 1800 *L'Homme des Champs*. In 1803 he put forth another poem, *Malheur et Petit*, in 1804 a translation of the *Æneid* into French verse, and in 1805 a translation of *Paradise Lost*. His *Æneid* is regarded as the best French version of that poem. In the *Paradise Lost* he sacrificed many a beauty to the thralldom of rhyming verse, and gave Milton credit for sentiments not to be found in the English poem. In 1806 he published *Imagination*, a poem containing many beauties ; in 1808 *The Three Kingdoms of Nature*, and in 1812 *La Conversation*.

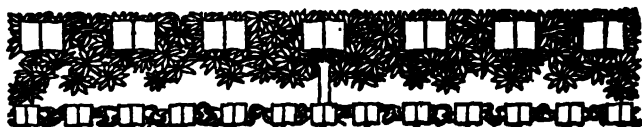
TO THE SEA.

And thou, dread sea, tempestuous abode,
Already have I sung thy space sublime,
But of thy charms, immeasurable flood,
What son of man can drain the exhaustless source ?
Thy might and thine immensity I sing :
Have I thy wealth, thy fruitfulness, half told ?
Those countless nations, fluctuating hosts,
Like thy vast billows ever newly born ?

Thine opulent bed encloses in its breast
A thousand empires, half the universe,
Their laws, their customs, chiefs, and colonies,
All hold, and move together, one vast throng.
Earth vainly nourishes the countless host
Of beasts, of nations scattered o'er her breast.
The earth is jealous of thy wide domain ;
The elephants her lofty forests range,
And in thy dark abysses glides the whale.
Above us, from thy waves rise other seas
God from this ocean makes the sea of air
And who besides fills up those watery clouds
Outpoured in fertile vapors by the storm,
Upon the mountain shed, and o'er the field,
Ceaseless renewing and restoring all ?
Girdled by earth, thy waves the earth enrich :
To heavenly force respond their ebb and flow,
The sun-god rules thy floods ; they follow him,
And always threatening, they obey him ever.
Thou hollowest out the vales, the mountain's head
Thou raisest heavenward, and, turn by turn,
Now dost thou swallow up, now yield the plains.
And man, to whom at times the records old
Of earth are opened, reads, with awe-struck soul,
On mountain-tops the writing of the seas.

—*Imagination.*





DE MILLE, JAMES, a Canadian novelist, born at St. John, New Brunswick, in August, 1837; died at Halifax, Nova Scotia, January 28, 1880. In 1860 he went to Acadia College as Professor of the Classical Languages, and retained this position until 1865, when he became Professor of History and Rhetoric in Dalhousie College, Halifax, where he remained until his death. He published *Helena's Household, a Tale of Rome in the First Century* (1858); *The Dodge Club*, a story of a party of Americans travelling in Italy (1866); *Cord and Creese, or the Brandon Myth* (1869); *The Lady of the Ice* (1870); *The Cryptogram* and *A Comedy of Terrors* (1871); *The American Baron* (1872); *An Open Question* (1873); *Babes in the Wood* (1874), and *The Living Link*. He also published two series of stories for boys, among which are *The Boys of Grand Prè School*, *Lost in the Fog*, *Fire in the Woods*, *Picked Up Adrift*, *Among the Brigands*, *The Seven Hills of Rome*, and *The Winged Lion, or Stories of Venice*.

ARRIVAL IN NAPLES.

At last their voyage ended, and they entered the harbor of Naples. Glorious Naples! Naples the captivating! "*Veda Napoli, e poi mori!*" There was the Bay of Naples—the matchless, the peerless, the indescribable! there the rock of Ischia, the isle of Capri; there the slopes of Sorrento, where never-ending spring abides; there the long sweep of Naples and her sister cities;

there Vesuvius, with its thin volume of smoke floating like a pennon in the air !

About forty or fifty lazaroni surrounded the Dodge Club when they landed, but to their intense disgust the latter ignored them altogether, and carried their own umbrellas and carpet-bags. But the lazaroni revenged themselves. As the Doctor stooped to pick up his cane, which had fallen, a number of articles dropped from his breast-pocket, and among them was a revolver, a thing which was tabooed in Naples. A ragged rascal eagerly snatched it and handed it to a gendarm, and it was only after paying a piastre that the Doctor was permitted to retain it. Even after the travellers had started off on foot in search of lodgings the lazaroni did not desert them. Ten of them followed everywhere. At intervals they respectfully offered to carry their baggage, or show them to a hotel, whichever was most agreeable to their Noble Excellencies. Their Noble Excellencies were in despair. At length, stumbling upon the Café dell' Europa, they rushed in, and passed three hours over their breakfast. This done, they congratulated themselves on having got rid of their followers. In vain ! Scarcely had they emerged from the café than Dick uttered a cry of horror. From behind a corner advanced their ten friends, with the same calm demeanor, the same unruffled and even cheerful patience, and the same respectful offer of their humble services.—*The Dodge Club.*

THE GROTTA OF THE SIBYL.

It was in this neighborhood that they found the Grotto of the Cumæan Sibyl. They followed the intelligent cicerone, armed with torches, into a gloomy tunnel. The intelligent cicerone walked before them with the air of one who had something to show. Seven stout peasants followed after. The cavern was as dark as possible, and extended apparently for an endless distance. After walking a distance of about two miles, according to the Senator's calculation, they came to the centre of interest. It was a hole in the wall of the tunnel. The Americans were given to understand that they must enter here. "But how?"

"How? Why on the broad backs of the stout peasants, who all stood politely offering their humble services." The guide went first, Buttons, without more ado, got on the back of the nearest Italian and followed. Dick came next; then the Doctor. Mr. Figgs and the Senator followed in the same dignified manner. They descended for some distance, and finally came to water about three feet deep. As the roof was low, and only rose three feet above the water, the party had some difficulty, not only in keeping their feet out of the water, but also in breathing. At length they came to a chamber about twelve feet square. From this they passed on to another of the same size. Thence to another. And so on. Arriving at the last, Bearer No. 1 quietly deposited Buttons on a stone platform, which fortunately rose about half an inch above the water. Three other bearers did the same. Mr. Figgs looked forlornly about him, and, being a fat man, seemed to grow somewhat apoplectic. Dick beguiled the time by lighting his pipe.

"So this is the Grotto of the Cumæan Sibyl, is it?" said Buttons. "Then all I can say is that——"

What he was going to say was lost by a loud cry which interrupted him and startled all. It came from the other chamber.

"The Senator!" said Dick.

It was indeed his well-known voice. There was a splash and a groan. Immediately afterward a man staggered into the room. He was deathly pale, and tottered feebly under the tremendous weight of the Senator. The latter looked as anxious as his trembling bearer.

"Darn it! I say," he cried. "Darn it! Don't! Don't!"

"Diavo—lo!" muttered the Italian.

And the next instant, plump went the Senator into the water. A scene then followed that baffles description. The Senator, rising from his unexpected bath, foaming and sputtering; the Italian praying for forgiveness; the loud voices of all the others shouting, calling, and laughing. The end of it was that they all left as soon as possible, and the Senator indignantly waded back through the water himself.—*The Dodge Club.*



DEMOSTHENES, an Athenian statesman and orator, born about 384; died in 322 B.C. His father, who bore the same name, was a thriving citizen, who carried on manufactories of cutlery and furniture, in which some sixty slaves were employed. He also loaned money; and as the current rate of interest upon good security was from twelve to twenty per cent., his income must have been considerable. He died—apparently in middle life, when his son was six years old, leaving an estate valued at fourteen talents: equivalent to \$90,000 in our time.* Besides Demosthenes he left a widow and a young daughter. By his will, the widow was to marry one of his nephews, and another nephew was to marry the daughter when she grew up. These nephews, and another person, were made administrators of the estate and guardians of the son during his minority. When Demosthenes, at the age of sixteen, attained his legal majority, he found that the greater part of his fortune had been wasted or stolen by his guardians, and there was left only the sum of two talents. He brought suit against them and ob-

* The bullion value of the Attic talent was about \$1,250; but the actual purchasing power of coin was much greater than it now is:—from various indicia we estimate it at five or six times greater. Moreover there were in Athens only a few citizens of very large fortunes. Callias, the wealthiest Athenian, was rated at 200 talents; and there were perhaps half a dozen held to be worth 100 talents.

tained a verdict of ten talents ; but it is not known whether the money was ever paid to him. He had, however, been carefully educated for the profession of a "rhetorician," or, as we should say, an advocate. He labored under some great disadvantages for the exercise of this profession. His constitution was delicate ; his chest was weak ; and he had a marked impediment in his speech. But gradually he overcame this disability ; and though his early efforts met with slight success, before he had reached the age of thirty he had become one of the leading members of what we may call the Athenian "bar," with a large and lucrative practice.

Among the most important duties of an Athenian advocate was that of preparing pleas for his clients. If the client had sufficient confidence in himself—which seems to have been usually the case—he would commit this speech to memory, and deliver it to the "jury." An Athenian jury was composed of a large body of citizens. The usual number was five hundred ; but there were sometimes two or three times as many. A skilful advocate would therefore so frame his plea that it might be supposed to come directly from the client himself. There are extant about thirty pleas of this sort written by Demosthenes. From them one may learn many of the lights and shades of everyday life in Athens. We have the merchant and the manufacturer, the shipowner and the farmer, the rogue and the swindler, the rough and his victim, each speaking of himself or his opponent as he wished his "fellow citizens" to look

upon them. Among the most characteristic of these pleas by Demosthenes, is one in a case of ordinary "assault and battery." The plaintiff, a respectable young Athenian, had been set upon and violently maltreated by a disreputable gang, to whom he had somehow become obnoxious. He brought suit against one Conon, a ringleader of the gang, and employed Demosthenes as his counsel. A portion of the speech delivered by the plaintiff, but composed by Demosthenes, runs thus:

SPEECH AGAINST CONON *et al.*

I was taking a walk one evening in the market-place, with a friend of my own age, when Ctesias, Conon's son, passed us, very much under the influence of wine. Seeing us, he made an exclamation like a drunken fellow muttering something indistinctly to himself, and went on his way. There was a drinking party near by, at the house of Pamphilus, the fuller; Conon and a lot of others were there. Ctesias got them to go with him to the market-place. We were near the temple Leocorium when we encountered them. As we came up, one of them rushed on my friend and held him. Conon and another tripped up my heels, and threw me into the mud, and jumped on me, and knocked me so violently that my lip was cut through, and my eye bunged up. In this plight they left me, unable to rise or speak. As I lay I heard them use shocking language, some of which I should be sorry to repeat to you. One thing you shall hear. It proves Conon's malice, and that he was the ringleader in the affair: He crowed, mimicking fighting-cocks when they have won a battle; and his companions bade him clap his elbows against his sides, like wings. I was afterward found by some persons who came that way and carried home without my cloak, which these fellows had carried off.

When they got to the door, my mother and the maid-servants began crying and bewailing. I was carried

with some difficulty to a bath ; they washed me all over, and then showed me to the doctor. . . . Will you laugh and let Conon off because he says, "We are a band of merry fellows who, in our adventures and amours, strike and break the neck of any one we please?" I trust not. None of you would have laughed if you had been present when I was dragged and stripped and kicked, and carried to the home which I had left strong and well ; and my mother rushed out, and the women cried and wailed as if a man had died in the house, so that some of the neighbors sent to ask what was the matter. . . .

Many of you know that gang. There's the gray-headed fellow, who all day long has a solemn frown on his brows, and wears a coarse mantle and single-soled shoes. But when they get together, they stick at no wickedness or disgraceful conduct. These are their nice and spirited sayings : "Sha'n't we bear witness for one another ? doesn't it become friends and comrades ?" "What will he bring against you that you're afraid of?" "Some men say they saw him beaten. We'll say, you never touched him." "'Stripped off his coat.' We'll say, 'They began.'" "'His lip was sewed up.' We'll say, 'Your head was broken.'"—Remember, I produce medical evidence ; they do not ; for they can get no evidence against me but what is furnished by themselves.

Up to his thirtieth year Demosthenes was busied simply as a lawyer. He now began to speak in the agora upon public matters, and more especially upon the foreign affairs of the commonwealth, which had begun to assume a critical aspect. The most ominous feature was the growing power of Philip of Macedon, who threatened to acquire a supremacy over all the states of Greece, which were rent and torn by intestine quarrels. Demosthenes, who grew more and more into political consequence, took every occa-

sion to warn his countrymen against the designs of Philip, and to urge a stricter union between the Grecian states in opposition to Philip. In 351 B.C. Demosthenes, being then thirty-three years of age, delivered the first of the great speeches known as the "Philippics," from their being specially directed against Philip; the third Philippic was delivered ten years later, but between these dates he delivered several other speeches, such as the "Olynthiacs"—of hardly less importance. Matters came to a crisis in 338 B.C., when the combined forces of Athens and Thebes were routed at Chæroneia by Philip and his young son Alexander. Demosthenes was one of the Athenian commanders, and fled back to Athens with the remnant of the forces.

He met at home with a reception which was hardly to have been expected. He was chosen to deliver the funeral oration over those who had fallen at Chæroneia and was charged with the duty of superintending the fortifications of the city, upon which an immediate attack was apprehended. But there was a strong faction by which he was bitterly assailed. The leader of this faction was Æschines, the professional rival, and personal and political enemy of Demosthenes. To bring the question between Demosthenes and Æschines to an issue, several months after the defeat at Chæroneia, one Ctesiphon introduced into the Senate a proposition for giving to Demosthenes a public testimonial in the form of a golden crown, or rather wreath; and that this should take place in the theatre. The resolution passed the

Senate, but it had to be submitted to the popular Assembly. Æschines denounced this as an illegal proposition, and brought an indictment to that effect against Ctesiphon. Technically, the proposition was an illegal one; for it was contrary to the laws of Athens to confer such an honor upon any public officer while his accounts were yet unaudited; and moreover the honor must be proclaimed, not in the theatre, but in the Pnyx, or open-air meeting-place of the people.

For some unexplained reason the trial of Ctesiphon was delayed for eight years. It at length came on in 330 B.C. The defendant was nominally Ctesiphon, but was actually Demosthenes; the real question at issue being whether the official conduct of Demosthenes had been such as to entitle him to the proposed public honor. The prosecution was conducted by Æschines; Demosthenes, though nominally appearing as the counsel for Ctesiphon, conducting his own defence. The speeches on both sides have come down to us, and are by common consent pronounced to be the most notable examples of Grecian oratory. The result of the trial was the utter discomfiture of Æschines. The jury consisted of 1,500 members. Of these less than 500 voted for Æschines. According to Athenian law a prosecutor who failed to gain the votes of one-fifth of the jury was himself liable to punishment for malicious prosecution. Æschines fled from Athens, and took refuge in Rhodes, where he taught oratory with great success for more than fifteen years.

For six years after his triumph over Æschines

Demosthenes took no part in public affairs—indeed, strictly speaking, there were no public affairs to be conducted in Athens. In 324 B.C. Alexander of Macedon came back to Babylonia after his great expedition to India. He had left one Harpalus as satrap in Babylonia. This man heaped up immense riches by every kind of extortion; he had also made favor with the Athenians, to whom he fled, dreading the vengeance of Alexander. It is said that he brought with him treasure to the amount of 5,000 talents. He soon found it advisable to quit Athens, leaving, it is said, 720 talents, which was deposited in the public treasury. When the money came to be counted there were only 350 talents to be found. It was believed that much if not all the missing money had found its way as bribes into the hands of public men and orators, among whom Demosthenes was named. The Areopagus instituted an investigation, one result of which was that 20 talents were reported to have been received by Demosthenes, who was sentenced to pay a fine of 50 talents—equivalent to some \$300,000 in our day. It is impossible at this day to decide with any reasonable certainty as to the guilt or innocence of Demosthenes in this matter. Eminent historians like Thirlwall and Grote think that the weight of evidence is in favor of his innocence. Not paying his fine, he was imprisoned, but soon made his escape and took refuge in the territory of Argos, whence he was recalled a few months after, upon the death of Alexander.

Demosthenes met with an enthusiastic reception

on his return to Athens. An attempt, in which he bore a leading part, was made to unite the Grecian states into a great confederacy against Antipater, who had succeeded to the government of Macedonia. The confederates were defeated at the battle of Cranon, 322 B.C. Antipater took possession of Athens, and demanded the rendition of Demosthenes, who had taken refuge in the temple of Poseidon, on the little island of Calauria. Feeling assured that the inviolability of this sanctuary would not be respected, he took poison, which he carried about on his person. He then dragged himself outside the sacred inclosure, so that it might not be polluted by a death within its walls. He thus died at the age of sixty-two.

There are extant sixty orations attributed to Demosthenes; though the authenticity of several of them has been questioned from very early times. The greatest of these is that "Upon the Crown," delivered in his fiftieth year. This oration has been translated into English by many persons—among whom are Leland, Kennedy, Collier, Brandt, and Brougham. Our extracts are taken from the translation of Brougham—himself, like Demosthenes, famous as a lawyer, a statesman, and an orator.

EXORDIUM TO THE ORATION ON THE CROWN.

Let me begin, men of Athens, by imploring of all the heavenly powers that the same kindly sentiments which I have throughout my public life cherished toward this county and each of you, may now be shown toward me in the present contest. Next, I beseech them, to grant, what so nearly concerns yourselves, your religion, and

your reputation, that you may not take counsel of my adversary touching the course to be pursued in hearing my defence—that would indeed be hard!—but that you may regard the laws and your oaths, which, among so many other just rules, lay down this—that both sides shall be equally heard. Nor does this merely import that no one shall be prejudiced, or that equal favor shall be extended to both parties ; it also implies that each antagonist shall have free scope in pursuing whatever method and line of procedure he may be pleased to prefer.

Upon the present occasion, Athenians, as in many things, so especially in two of great moment, *Æschines* has the advantage of me. One is, that we have not the same interests at stake ; it is by no means the same thing for me to forfeit your esteem, and for him to fail in his impeachment. That to me indeed—but I would fain not to take so gloomy a view in the outset. Yet he certainly brings his charge, an unprovoked volunteer. My other disadvantage is, that all men are naturally prone to take pleasure in listening to invective and accusation, and to be disgusted with those who praise themselves. To him, therefore, falls the part which ministers to your gratification, while to myself is only left that which, I may say, is distasteful to all. And yet, if from such apprehensions I were to avoid the subject of my own conduct, I should appear to be without defence against his charges, and without proof that my honors were well earned ; although I cannot go over the ground of my councils and my measures without speaking oftentimes of myself. This, therefore, I shall endeavor to do with all moderation ; while the blame of my dwelling on topics indispensable to my defence must justly rest upon him who has instituted an impeachment of such a kind. But at least I think I may reckon upon all of you, my judges, admitting that the question concerns me as much as *Ctesiphon*, and justifies on my part an equal anxiety ; for to be stripped of any possession, and more especially by an enemy, is grievous and hard to bear, but worst of all thus to lose your confidence and esteem—of all my possessions the most precious. .

PERSONAL AND PUBLIC CHARACTER.

To all the invectives of Æschines, then, and the calumnies cast upon my private life, hear my honest and plain reply. If you know me to be such as he has described—and I have never lived anywhere but among you—then let me not be suffered to utter one word, be the merits of my administration ever so perfect, but rise up this instant and condemn me. If, on the contrary, you know and believe that I am far better than him, and sprung from better men; that I and mine are in no way inferior to any others of moderate pretensions (I would speak without offence)—then give him no credit for his other statements, which are all manifestly fictions of the same mould, but continue to me henceforth the same confidence which you have. But you, Æschines, with all your crafty malice, have been simple enough to believe, in good sooth, that I should turn away from the subject of my conduct and policy in order to deal with your calumnies. I shall do no such thing; I shall proceed instantly to the most sifting discussion of those measures which you have been distorting and running down; and afterward I shall advert to the ribaldry you have so shamefully poured forth, if indeed there be any wish to hear that exposed.

WHAT ÆSCHINES SHOULD HAVE DONE.

The crimes laid to my charge are many and grave; they are such as the laws visit with heavy, nay with the severest punishment. . . . If Æschines saw me acting injuriously toward the State, especially if I were doing the things he has been declaiming and ranting about, it was his duty to enforce the penal laws against me while facts were recent; if he saw me committing an impeachable offence, he ought to have impeached me, and thus dragged me before you to justice; if he saw me illegally propounding, he should have proceeded against me for Illegal Proposition; for never can he with any justice assail Ctesiphon through me; and yet it is plain that, had he any hope of convicting me, he

never would have accused Ctesiphon. But if he saw me doing any of those other things which he is now attacking and running down, or saw me in any way whatever injuring your interests, there are statutes for all such cases, and penalties, and sentences condemning to heavy and bitter punishments. All these he might have enforced against me; and had he done so, and pursued his course against me, then, indeed, his charges would be consistent with his conduct. But now, departing from the straightforward and the just path, and shunning all accusation at the time, he trumps up, after so long an interval, his collected complaints, and invectives, and scurrilities. Then he accuses *me*, but he prosecutes *him*; he envelops his whole proceedings with the fiercest hatred of me, and, without even meeting me fairly, endeavors to rob another of his good name. . . . It is easy, then, to see that all the charges against me are as little founded in justice and in truth as those. Nevertheless I am desirous of examining them, each and all, especially his falsehoods touching the Peace and the Embassy, respecting which he has transferred to me his own delinquencies and those of his associate, Philocrates. . . .

THE PEACE WITH PHILIP.

After the Phocian war broke out, not through me, for I had not then entered into public life, you were at first inclined to save the Phocians, although well aware of their misconduct, and to rejoice at the loss of the Thebans, with whom you were offended, and not unreasonably or unjustly, for they had not borne their good fortune at Leuctra with moderation. Then the whole Peloponnesus was rent in divisions, and neither the enemies of the Spartans were powerful enough to overthrow them, nor were those who, through Spartan influence, had been formerly placed at the head of the peninsular cities, any longer in possession of them; but there prevailed among them and the other Greek states, an unexplained strife and perturbation. Philip perceiving this—for it was not difficult to see—lavished his bribes among the traitors everywhere, and put all the

states in collision and conflict with one another ; then, as they all fell into a mistaken or a profligate policy, he took advantage of it, and grew in strength at their expense. But when it became evident that the Thebans, worn out with the length of the war, after all their insolence, must be under the necessity, in their present reverses, of flying to you for refuge, Philip, to prevent this, and obstruct the union of those states, proffered peace to you, succor to them. What, then, enabled him thus to overreach you, who were, I might almost say, wilfully deceiving yourselves? It must be admitted that the other Greek states, either from cowardice or infatuation, or both, would give no assistance, either in money or in men, or in any other way, to you, who were carrying on a long and uninterrupted war for the common benefit of all, as the facts plainly show ; and you, not unfairly or unnaturally angry at this, lent a willing ear to Philip's offers. The peace, then, which you granted to him was the consequence of these circumstances, and not of my efforts, as Æschines has falsely alleged. . . .

THE OFFICIAL CONDUCT OF DEMOSTHENES.

Those possessions which Philip seized and kept before I entered into public life, before I began to debate, I say nothing of ; for I do not consider them as concerning me at all. But those which, ever since I came forward, he has been prevented from seizing upon, of them I shall remind you, and shall render my account by a single observation. A prospect of great advantage opened to Philip. In the Greek states, not one or two, but all, there shot up a crop of traitors, mercenary and abandoned, men hateful to the gods, such as no one's memory served him to recollect at any former period of time. Engaging these supporters and fellow-laborers, Philip seduced the Greeks, already ill-disposed and seditiously inclined, to a worse disposition, deceiving some, bribing others, corrupting the rest in every way ; and split into many factions those who ought to have had all one only common interest—that of preventing his aggrandizement. But in this state of things,

and in the prevailing ignorance of all the Greeks as to the mischief which really existed and was growing apace, your duty, Athenians, is to examine what course it was expedient for the country to choose and pursue, while you call me to account for what was done; for the man who then assumed the conduct of affairs—that man am I. . . .

I would now ask whosoever most blames our policy, what part he would rather the country had taken: that of those who have contributed so largely to the disasters and disgraces which have befallen Greece—among whom may be reckoned the Thessalonians and their associates; or the part of those who suffered all that happened, in the hope of working their own individual aggrandizement—among whom may be classed the Arcadians, Argives, and Messenians? But many, or rather all of them have fared worse than ourselves; and indeed had Philip, as soon as his object was attained, gone straightway home, and remained thenceforward at peace, offering no kind of injury either to his allies or to the other Greek states, still they who had done nothing to resist his aggressions would have been exposed to complaint and to blame. But if he stripped all alike of their dignity, their sovereignty, their freedom, nay, of their form of government, whenever he had the power, did you not follow the most glorious of all counsels when you listened to me?

I come back to this point: What ought the country to have done, Æschines, when it saw Philip preparing to assume the dominion and government of all Greece? Or what was I to urge or to propound in the Councils of Athens?—(for the very place is material)—I who knew that from all the time up to the very day when I first mounted the rostrum, my country had ever struggled for supremacy, and honor, and glory, and had lavished more blood and more treasure for her own renown and the interests of all Greece, than any other state had ever risked for its individual benefit; I, who saw that very Philip, with whom our conflict for command and sovereignty was maintained, have his eye torn out, his collar-bone fractured, his hand and his leg mutilated, abandoning to Fortune whatever part of

his body she chose to take, so that the rest might survive to honor and glory ?

Yet even then no one would have dared to say that in a man bred at an obscure and paltry town like Pella, such magnanimity could be engendered as to make him entertain the desire of subjugating Greece, or form in his mind such a plan, while in you, who are in Athens, and day by day contemplate the achievements of your ancestors in speeches and spectacles, such poorness of spirit could be bred, that willingly and of your own accord you should surrender to him the liberties of Greece. That is what no one would have dared to say. It remains then to confess, as a necessary consequence, that whatever he attempted of injury to you, you might justly resist. This, therefore, you did from the first, naturally and properly. This I advised and propounded all the time I was in public life. I admit it. But what ought I to have done ? That I earnestly demand of you.

He who seizes on Eubœa, and rears a fortress over against Attica, and lays his hands on Megara, and occupies Oreum, and destroys Porthmus, and establishes Philistides as tyrant of Oreum, and Clitarchus of Eretria, and takes possession of the Hellespont, and besieges Byzantium, and razes to the ground some of the Greek cities, while he sends back their exiles to others—is he, I demand, who does all this a wrong-doer, a breaker of treaties, a disturber of the peace, or is he not ? For if not, and if Greece must be what we proverbially call a " Mysian prey," while the Athenians yet had life and being, assuredly I was undertaking a bootless task in making these statements, and the country was doing a bootless thing in listening to my counsels—and then let all the faults committed, and all the errors be mine ! But if some one was required to oppose Philip, who, save the people of Athens, could be found fit for the task ? Such, then, was my course of policy ; and seeing that he threatened the freedom of all mankind, I opposed him, and persevered in foretelling and in forewarning you against yielding to him. And he it was, Æschines, who broke the peace by the capture of our ships—not this country. Produce the Decrees and his letter, and read the documents in their order. For by attending to them,

it will appear clearly to whom each event must be ascribed.

INVECTIVE AGAINST ÆSCHINES.

Having, then, made it clear to all what is the righteous and just vote to give, it seems incumbent upon me, however little given to invective my nature may be, in consequence of the slanders which Æschines has vented—not indeed like him to bring forward a multitude of falsehoods—but to state what is most necessary to be known respecting him, and to show what he is, and from what sort of race sprung, who is so prone to evil speaking, and who carps at some of my expressions, after himself saying such things as no decent person would have dared to utter. For if Æacus, or Rhadamanthus, or Minos, were my accuser instead of this wordmonger, this hack of the courts, this pestilent scribe, I don't much think they would have spoken, nor should we have heard them delivering themselves like ranting stage-players—"O Earth! O Sun! O Virtue!" and so forth; and then invoking, "Intellect and Education, whereby Right and Wrong are distinguished," as we just now heard him declaiming. Why, what had ever you or yours—you abomination—to do with Virtue, or what discrimination of Right and Wrong? Whence did you get it? or how attain to anything so respectable? How should you be permitted to name the name of Education, which they who are really well-educated never allude to—nay, blush if another so much as mentions it? But those who, like you, are without it, make pretence to it, from sheer want of sense, till they sicken their hearers while they speak, without at all making their own education appear. . . .

The matter stands thus: I am in possession of many proofs that he was in those times employed in serving the enemy and calumniating me. . . . All the other things which he clandestinely did, the country might possibly have been able to bear. But one thing, men of Athens, he worked out besides, which gave the finishing stroke to all the rest—one on which he bestowed a great part of his speech, dwelling upon the decrees of the Locrian Amphissians, to pervert the whole truth.

But it will not do. How should it? Quite the reverse. Never will you be able to expiate that passage of your life, speak you ever so long!

But here in your presence, Athenians, I invoke all the heavenly powers which have the Attic regions under their protection; and the Pythian Apollo—the hereditary deity of this state, I supplicate them all, if I now am speaking the truth before you—if I constantly spoke out before the people when I perceived this infamous man attempting the wicked act (for I was aware of it—I was quickly aware of it) then that they would vouchsafe me their favor and protection. But if, through personal enmity, or mere contentiousness of spirit, I falsely press this charge, may they bereave me of every blessing. . . .

If to you alone of all others, Æschines, the future had been revealed at the time of our public deliberations on these matters, you were bound to disclose it. If you did not foresee it, you were responsible for being as ignorant as the rest of us. How dare you then accuse me on this score than I am to accuse you? So much better a citizen was I then than you, in the circumstances of which I am speaking, that I devoted myself to what all men deemed the best interests of the State, shrinking from no personal danger—nor so much as throwing away a thought upon it—while you gave no better advice—(if you had, mine would not have been followed)—nor did you lend your aid in executing mine; but whatever the meanest and most disaffected person could do, that you are found throughout these transactions to have done. . . . You prove this by all the life you lead, and all the things you do, and all the measures you propound, and all the measures you do not propound. Is there anything in agitation for the interests of the country: Æschines is mute. Does anything go wrong: forth comes Æschines; as old fractures and sprains annoy us afresh, the moment the body is stricken by disease.

DEMOSTHENES AND THE PEOPLE.

Æschines—impeaching my whole conduct, and bidding you hold me cheap, as the cause of the country's

alarms and perils, would fain strip me of the credit to this moment, and thus deprive you of the glory ever after. For if you condemn Ctesiphon on account of my policy having been wrong, you will be proved to have yourselves done wrong, instead of merely suffering under the dispensations of fortune. But it is not true. It is not true that you have done wrong, men of Athens, in fighting the battle of all Greece for her freedom and salvation. No! By your forefathers, who for that cause rushed upon destruction at Marathon, and by those who stood in battle array at Platæa, and those who fought the sea-fight at Salamis, and by the warriors of Artemisium, and by all the others who now repose in the sepulchres of the nation—gallant men, and to all of whom, Æschines, the State decreed a public funeral, deeming that they too had earned such honors—not those only who had combated fortunately, and had come off victorious : and with strict justice—for the duty of the brave had been done by all—but what fortune Providence bestows on each, that they had shared. And such—execrable pedagogue—such being the case—is it that you would fain strip me of the respect and love of those very countrymen, and for this purpose dwell upon the trophies and battles, and the great deeds of old, with what title of which has this trial the least connection? And when I came forward—thou third-rate actor—to counsel the State touching her claim of sovereignty, with what sentiments did it become me to be inspired on mounting this bema? Should I have spoken things unworthy of these proud recollections? Then would I have deserved to die. For yourselves, Athenians, ought not to hear private and public causes in the same temper of mind; but as the daily transactions of life should be judged strictly, and according to the rules and practices of society, so should measures of State be considered with a view to the dignity of our ancestors; and each of you, in coming to decide upon State prosecutions, should, together with the staff and badge of justice, take upon himself the impression of the country's greatness, if you feel that you should act up to those worthy recollections.

DEMOSTHENES NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR DEFEAT.

Nor yet, will you find that our very defeat befell the country in any wise through my policy. Consider only, Athenians : Never from any embassy upon which you sent me did I come off worsted by Philip's ambassadors : not from Thessaly, not from Ambracia, not from Illyria, not from the Thracian kings, not from the Byzantines, nor from any other quarter whatever ; nor, finally, of late, from Thebes. But wheresoever his negotiators were overcome in debate, thither he marched, and carried the day by his arms. Do you, Æschines, require this of me, and are you not ashamed—at the moment you are upbraiding me for weakness, to require that I should defy him single-handed, and by force of words alone ? For what other weapons had I ? Certainly not the lives of men, nor the fortunes of warriors, nor the military operations of which you are so blundering as to demand an account at my hands.

But whatever a minister can be accountable for, make of that the strictest scrutiny, and I do not object. What, then, falls within this description ? To decry events in their first beginnings, to cast his look forward, and to warn others of their approach : all this I have done. Then to confine within the narrowest bounds all delays and backwardness and ignorance and contentiousness—faults which are inherent and unavoidable in all states ; and, on the other hand, to promote unanimity, and friendly dispositions, and zeal in the performance of public duty :—and all these things I likewise did ; nor can any man point out any of them that, so far as depended on me, was left undone.

If, then, it should be asked by what means Philip for the most part succeeded in his operations, every one would answer, " By his army, by his largesses, by corrupting those at the head of affairs." Well, then, I neither had armies, nor did I command them ; and therefore the argument respecting military operations cannot touch me. Nay, in so far as I was inaccessible to his bribes, there I conquered Philip ! For, as he who buys up any one overcomes him who has received

the price and sold himself, as he who will not take the money, nor consent to be bribed, has conquered the bidder. Thus, as far as I am concerned, this country stands unconquered. These, and such as these—besides many others—are the grounds which I furnished in justification of Ctesiphon's Decree in my favor.

SUMMATION OF DEMOSTHENES'S ADMINISTRATION.

This repair of the walls and the fosses which you re-vile, I deem to merit favor and commendation : wherefore should I not ? Yet, I certainly place this far below my administration of public affairs. For I have not fortified Athens with stone walls and tiled roofs : no, not I ! Neither is it on deeds like these that I plume myself. But would you justly estimate my outworks, you will find armaments, and cities, and settlements, and harbors, and fleets, and cavalry, and armies to defend us. These are the defences that I drew around Attica, as far as human prudence could defend her ; and with such outworks as these I fortified the country at large—not the mere circuit of the arsenal and city.

Nor was it I that succumbed to Philip's policy and his arms : very far otherwise ! but the captains and forces of your allies yielded to his fortune. What are the proofs of it ? They are manifest and plain, and you shall see them. For what was the part of a patriotic citizen ? What the part of him who would serve his country with all earnestness, and zeal, and honesty of purpose ? Was it not to cover Attica—on the seaboard with Eubœa, inland with Bœotia, on the Peloponnesus with the adjoining territories ? Was it not to provide for making corn-trade secure, that every coast our ships sailed along, till they reached the Piræus, might be friendly to us ? Was it not to save some points of our dominion—such as Preconnesus, the Chersonese, Tenedos—by dispatching succors, and making the necessary statements, and proposing the fit decrees ? Was it not to secure from the first the co-operation and alliance of other states ? Was it not to wrest from the enemy his principal forces ? Was it not to supply what this country most wanted ? Then all these things were effected

by my decrees and my measures. All these things, Athenians—if any one chooses to examine the matter without prejudice—he will find both correctly advised by me, and executed with perfect integrity : and that no opportunity was lost by me, through carelessness, or through ignorance, or through treachery ; nor anything neglected which it could fall within the power and the wisdom of one man to do.

But if the favor of some deity, or of fortune, or the remissness of commanders, or the wickedness of traitors—like you, *Æschines*—in different states, or if all these causes together, have embarrassed our whole affairs, and brought them to ruin—wherein has Demosthenes been to blame? But if there had been found in any Greek state one man such as I have been in my sphere among you—rather—if *Thessaly* had only possessed a single man, and if *Arcadia* had possessed any one of the same principles with me—none of all the Greeks, whether within *Thermopylæ* or without, would have been suffering their present miseries ; but all remaining free and independent, and secure from alarm, would in perfect tranquillity and prosperity have dwelt in their native land, rendering thanks to you and the rest of the Athenian people for so many and such signal blessings conferred on them through me.

PERORATION OF THE ORATION ON THE CROWN.

Two qualities, men of Athens, every citizen of ordinary worth ought to possess : He should both maintain in office the purpose of a firm mind and the course suited to his country's pre-eminence ; and on all occasions, and in all his actions, the spirit of patriotism. This belongs to our nature ; victory and might are under the dominion of another power.

These dispositions you will find to have been absolutely inherent in me. For observe : neither when my head was demanded, nor when they dragged me before the *Amphictyons*, nor when they threatened, nor when they promised, nor when they let loose on me these wretches like wild beasts, did I ever abate in any particular my affection for you. This straightforward and

DEMOSTHENES

path of policy, from the very first, I chose : the power, the glory of my country to promote—to augment—in these to have my being. Never seen going about the streets elated and exulting the enemy was victorious ; stretching out my hand and congratulating such as I thought would tell me where, but hearing with alarm any success of our armies, moaning and bent to the earth, like those wretched men who rail at this country, as if they could without also stigmatizing themselves ; and who, turning their eyes abroad, and seeing the prosperity of the enemy in the calamities of Greece, rejoice in them, and maintain that we should labor to make them last forever.

Let not, O gracious God—let not such conduct receive any manner of sanction from thee ! Rather plant even in these men a better spirit and better feelings ! But if they are wholly incurable, then pursue them—yea, themselves by themselves—to utter and untimely perdition by land and by sea ; and to us who are spared, vouchsafe to grant the speediest rescue from our impending alarms and an unshaken security.





DENHAM, SIR JOHN, an English poet, born at Dublin in 1615; died at London in 1668. His father was Chief Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland. Denham was educated at Oxford, and intended to practise law, but his uncontrollable passion for gambling made him unsuccessful. During the civil war he was actively engaged on the Royalist side. After the triumph of the Parliament, his estates were confiscated by the victorious party; but he recovered them upon the restoration of Charles II., by whom he was made a Knight of the Bath, and surveyor of the royal buildings. Denham's place in literature rests mainly upon his descriptive poem *Cooper's Hill*, published in 1642, of which Dryden said, "For majesty of the style it is, and will ever be, the exact standard of good writing." Denham wrote a tragedy entitled *The Sophy*, which had a temporary success upon the stage, and *An Elegy on Mr. Abraham Cowley*. Denham commanded the admiration and esteem of all of his contemporaries. Waller says: "He broke out like the Irish rebellion, three-score thousand strong, when nobody was aware of or in the least suspected it." Dr. Johnson says: "Denham is deservedly considered one of the fathers of English poetry." He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

DESCRIPTION OF THE RIVER THAMES.

My eye, descending from the hill, surveys
Where Thames, among the wanton valleys strays ;
Thames, the most loved of all the Ocean's sons
By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity.
Though with those streams he no remembrance hold,
Whose foam is amber and their gravel gold,
His genuine and less guilty wealth to explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring,
And then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like mothers which their infants overlay ;
Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations spoil
The mower's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's toil,
But Godlike his unwearied bounty flows ;
First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
Nor are his blessings to his banks confined,
But free and common, as the sea or wind.
When he to boast or to disperse his stores,
Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
Visits the world, and in his flying tours
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours :
Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants
Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants ;
So that to us no thing, no place is strange,
While his fair bosom is the world's Exchange.
Oh ! could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme !
Though deep, yet clear ; though gentle, yet not dull ;
Strong without rage ; without o'erflowing, full.

—*Cooper's Hill.*

ELEGY UPON COWLEY.

Old Chaucer, like the morning star,
 To us discovers day from far.
 His light those mists and clouds dissolved
 Which our dark nation long involved;
 But he, descending to the shades,
 Darkness again the age invades;
 Next (like Aurora) Spenser rose,
 Whose purple blush the day foreshows;
 The other three with his own fires
 Phœbus, the poet's god, inspires:
 By Shakespeare's, Jonson's, Fletcher's lines,
 Our stage's lustre Rome's outshines.
 These poets, near our princes sleep,
 And in one grave their mansion keep.
 They lived to see so many days,
 Till time had blasted all their bays;
 But cursed be the fatal hour
 That plucked the fairest, sweetest flower
 That in the Muses' garden grew,
 And amongst withered laurels threw.
 Time, which made them their fame outlive,
 To Cowley scarce did ripeness give.
 Old mother-wit and nature gave
 Shakespeare and Fletcher all they have:
 In Spenser and in Jonson, art
 Of slower nature got the start;
 But both in him so equal are,
 None knows which bears the happiest share.
 To him no author was unknown,
 Yet what he wrote was all his own;
 He melted not the ancient gold,
 Nor, with Ben Jonson, did make bold
 To plunder all the Roman stores
 Of poets and of orators:
 Horace his wit and Virgil's state
 He did not steal, but emulate;
 And when he would like them appear,
 Their garb, but not their clothes, did wear:
 He not from Rome alone, but Greece,

Like Jason, brought the golden fleece;
To him that language—though to none
Of th' others—as his own was known.
On a stiff gale, as Flaccus sings,
The Theban swan extends his wings,
When through th' ethereal clouds he flies
To the same pitch our swan doth rise;
Old Pindar's heights by him are reached;
When on that gale his wings are stretched;
His fancy and his judgment such,
Each to t'other seemed too much:
His severe judgment giving law,
His modest fancy kept in awe.





DENNIE, JOSEPH, an American journalist and critic, born at Boston in 1768; died at Philadelphia in 1812. He graduated at Harvard in 1790; studied law at Charlestown, N. H., where he was admitted to the bar. In 1795 he removed to Walpole, N. H., where he became editor of *The Farmer's Weekly Magazine*, which he conducted very ably for three years, when the publisher became bankrupt. In 1799 he went to Philadelphia, then the national capital, as private secretary to Mr. Pickering, the Secretary of State. On January 1, 1801, he commenced, in conjunction with Asbury Dickens, *The Portfolio*, a weekly journal, which was soon changed to a monthly. He was connected until his death with *The Portfolio*, which contained contributions from John Quincy Adams, Francis Hopkinson, Robert Walsh, Horace Binney, Charles Brockden Brown, and other prominent men. His best writings, published under the title of "The Lay Preacher," appeared in *The Farmer's Weekly*.

THE PLEASURES OF BOOKS.

Whenever I reflect upon my habitual attachment to books, I feel a new glow of gratitude toward that Power who gave me a mind thus disposed, and to those liberal friends who have allowed the utmost latitude of indulgence to my propensity. In sickness, in sorrow, in the most doleful days of dejection, or in the most gloomy seasons

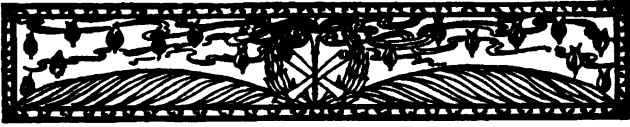
of the calendar, study is the sweetest solace and the surest refuge. . . . The utility and delight of a taste for books are as demonstrable as any axiom of the severest science. The most prosperous fortune is often harassed by various vexations. The sturdiest son of strength is sometimes the victim of disease. Melancholy will sometimes involve the merriest in her shade, and the fairest month in the year will have its cloudy days. In those dreary seasons from which no man may hope to escape, sensual delights will fill scarcely a nook in the gloomy void of the troubled time. Brief as the lightning in the darksome night, this pleasure may flash before the giddy eyes, but then merely for a moment, and the twinkling radiance is still surrounded with the merriest glow. Eating, drinking, and sleeping; the song and the dance, the tabret and viol, the hurry of dissipation, the agitation of play—these resources, however husbanded, are inadequate to the claims of life.

On the other hand, the studious and contemplative man has always a scheme of wisdom by which he can either endure or forget the sorrows of the heaviest day. Though he may be cursed with care, yet he is surely blessed while he readeth. Study is the *dulce lenimen laborum* of the Sabine bard. It is sorrow's sweet assuager. By the aid of a book he can transport himself to the vale of Tempe or the gardens of Armida. He may visit Pliny at his villa, or Pope at Twickenham. He may meet Plato on the banks of Ilissus, or Petrarch among the groves of Avignon. He may make philosophical experiments with Bacon, or enjoy the eloquence of Bolingbroke. He may speculate with Addison, moralize with Johnson, read tragedies and comedies with Shakespeare, and be raptured by the eloquence of Burke. . . . A book produces a delightful abstraction from the cares and sorrows of this world. They may press upon us, but when we are engrossed by study we do not very acutely feel them. Nay, by the magic illusion of a fascinating author, we are transported from the couch of anguish, or the gripe of indigence, to Milton's Paradise, or the Elysium of Virgil.—*The Lay Preacher*.





CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.



DEPEW, CHAUNCEY MITCHELL, LL.D., statesman, orator, and railway president; born at Peekskill, N. Y., April 23, 1834. He graduated at Yale in 1856, studied law, and was admitted to the bar. He was a member of the New York Assembly in 1861-62, and its speaker during part of his term; was elected Secretary of State of New York in 1863, serving from 1864-66; and was for a short time United States Minister to Japan. His service as legal counsel for railways began in connection with the New York & Harlem Railroad Company in 1866; and at the consolidation of that company with the New York Central Railroad Company in 1869, he became the general counsel of the united companies; was made second vice-president in 1882, and president in 1885. In 1897 he was president of the West Shore Railroad, and a director in thirty-four companies, and held voting proxies representing \$70,000,000. He received three-fourths of the Republican vote in the New York legislature for United States Senator in 1877, but withdrew in favor of Warner Miller; declined the nomination for United States Senator in 1892; and declined appointment as United States Secretary of State to succeed James G. Blaine. In the Republican National Convention in 1888, he received one hundred votes as candidate for nomination to the presidency. In the convention of 1892

he was the leader of those who favored President Harrison's renomination. He served as president of the Union League Club of New York, and of the Yale Alumni Association. His unfailing geniality and sincerity of spirit, with his flashing wit and his brilliant and forcible diction, placed him in the front rank of popular post-prandial speakers of the United States. A collection of his more notable orations was published, in 1890. His literary reputation rests upon *One Hundred Years of American Commerce*, 1895.

THE POLITICAL MISSION OF THE UNITED STATES.

Mr. President and Gentlemen :

The subject assigned to me falls more naturally into the domain of the philosophical theorist, or of the practical politician, than of the active man of affairs. We are all men of business, and absorbed in its details, and neither our time nor our associations admit of prolonged speculations upon the possibilities of government. We are an industrial people, and the great question with us is, How do institutions best serve our needs? We are not so wholly materialistic that we cannot deeply feel the sentiments of liberty and nationality, and yet both form the broad foundation upon which we must build for permanence. No intelligent consideration of the question affecting our present and future is possible without an understanding of the successive stages in the development of our system.

The political mission of the United States has so far been brought out by individuals and territorial conditions. Four men of unequalled genius have dominated our century, and the growth of the West has revolutionized the Republic. The principles which have heretofore controlled the policy of the country have mainly owed their force and acceptance to Hamilton, Jefferson, Webster, and Lincoln.

The two great creative contests of America were purely defensive. They were neither the struggles of dynastic ambitions nor of democratic revenges. They were calm and determined efforts for good government,

and closed without rancor or the husbanding of resources for retaliation. The Revolution was a war for the preservation of well-defined constitutional liberties, but dependent upon them were the industrial freedom necessary for the development of the country, the promotion of manufactures, and independence of foreign producers.

The first question which met the young confederacy, torn by the jealousies of its stronger and weaker colonies, was the necessity of a central power strong enough to deal with foreign nations and to protect commerce between the States. At this period Alexander Hamilton became the saviour of the Republic. If Shakespeare is the commanding originating genius of England, and Goethe of Germany, Hamilton must occupy that place among Americans. At seventeen he had formulated the principles of government by the people so clearly, that no succeeding publicist has improved them. Before he was twenty-five he had made suggestions to the hopeless financiers of the Revolution which revived credit and carried through the war. With few precedents to guide him, he created a fiscal system for the United States which was so elastic and comprehensive that it still controls the vast operations of the treasury and the customs. Though but a few years at the bar after his retirement from public life, his briefs are embodied in Constitution and statutes, and to his masterly address the press owes its freedom.

This superb intelligence, which was at once philosophic and practical, and with unrivalled lucidity could instruct the dullest mind on the bearing of the action of the present on the destiny of the future, so impressed upon his contemporaries the necessity of a central government with large powers, that the Constitution, now one hundred and one years old, was adopted, and the United States began their life as a nation.

At this period, in every part of the world, the doctrine that the Government is the source of power, and that the people have only such rights as the Government had given, was practically unquestioned, and the young Republic began its existence with the new and dynamic principle that the people are the sole source of authority,

and that the Government has such powers as they grant to it, and no others.

Doubt and debate are the compound safety valves of freedom, and Thomas Jefferson created both. He feared the loss of popular rights in centralization, and believed that the reserved powers of the States were the only guarantee of the liberties of the people. He stands supreme in our history as a political leader, and left no successor. He destroyed the party of Washington, Hamilton, and Adams, and built up an organization which was dominant in the country for half a century. The one question thus raised and overshadowing all others for a hundred years, half satisfied by compromises, half suppressed by threats, at times checking prosperity, at times paralyzing progress, at times producing panics, at times preventing the solution of fiscal and industrial problems vital to our expansion, was, Are we a Nation?

For nearly fifty years the prevailing sentiment favored the idea that the federal compact was a contract between sovereign States. Had the forces of disunion been ready for the arbitrament of arms, the results would have been fatal to the Union. That ablest observer of the American experiment, De Tocqueville, was so impressed by this that he based upon it an absolute prediction of the destruction of the Republic. But, at the critical period, when the popularity, courage, and audacity of General Jackson were almost the sole hope of nationality, Webster delivered in the Senate a speech unequalled in the annals of eloquence for its immediate effects and lasting results. The appeals of Demosthenes to the Athenian democracy, the denunciation of Cicero against the conspiracies of Catiline, the passionate outcry of Mirabeau pending the French Revolution, the warnings of Chatham in the British Parliament, the fervor of Patrick Henry for Independence, were of temporary interest, and yielded feeble results, compared with the tremendous consequences of this mighty utterance.

It broke the spell of supreme loyalty to the State and created an unquenchable and resistless patriotism for the United States. It appeared in the school books, and,

by declaiming glowing extracts therefrom, the juvenile orators of that and succeeding generations won prizes at academic exhibitions and in mimic congresses.

Children educated parents, and the pride of the fathers and the kindled imaginations of the sons united them in a noble ideal of the great Republic. No subsequent patriotic oration met the requirements of any public occasion, great or small, which did not breathe the sentiment of "Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable." As the coldest clod, when first inspired by the grand passion of his life, becomes a chivalric knight, so, when at last the Union was assailed by arms, love of country burst the bonds of materialism and sacrificed everything for the preservation of the Nation's life. From the unassailable conviction of the power of the General Government to protect itself, to coerce a State, to enforce its laws everywhere, and to use all the resources of the people to put down rebellion, came not only patriotism, but public conscience. With conscience was the courage, so rare in commercial communities, which will peril business and apparent prosperity for an idea. This defeated the slave power, and is to-day the most potent factor in every reform.

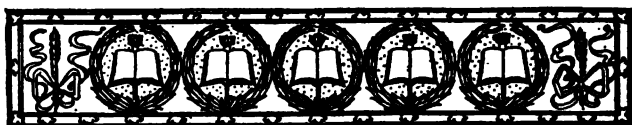
The field for the growth and development of this sentiment, and for its practical application without fear of consequences, was the great West. Virginia's gift to the Union of the Northwest Territory, which now constitutes five great States, and its prompt dedication to freedom, and Jefferson's purchase from the first Napoleon of the vast area now known as Arkansas, Colorado, Iowa, Kansas, Louisiana, Minnesota, Missouri, Mississippi, Nebraska, Dakota, Montana, Wyoming, and the Indian Territory, were the two acts of generosity and consummate statesmanship which definitely outlined the destiny of the Republic and its political mission.

In the genesis of nations there is no parallel with the growth of the West and its influence upon the world. The processes of its settlement reduce to comparative insignificance the romances and realities of the State-builders of the past. Movements of peoples which at other periods have been devastating migrations, or due



DE PUY, WILLIAM H., an American teacher, minister, editor, and lexicographer, was born at Penn Yan, N. Y., October 31st, 1821, and died at Canaan, Ct., September 4th, 1901. He was of Huguenot parentage, and was educated at Lima, N. Y. At the age of sixteen he took charge of his first public school. At twenty he was elected Principal of the County Academy at Candeepport, Pa., and two years later Joint Principal of Genesee Classical Seminary, and Professor of Latin and Greek in that institution. In 1845 he entered the ministry in the Genesee Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was engaged in pastoral work until 1849, when he was appointed financial agent of Genesee College (now Syracuse University). In 1850 he was appointed Principal of the Teachers' Department of Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, and a year later was elected Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, and filled that chair for the ensuing four years. In 1855 he was appointed pastor of Grace Church, Buffalo, and successively and consecutively served for the full pastoral terms in all the four Methodist-Episcopal churches in that city, and during about four years of those pastorates was editor of the *Buffalo Christian Advocate*. He was also for two years the American Bible Society's District Secretary for Western New York. In 1865 he was appointed assistant editor

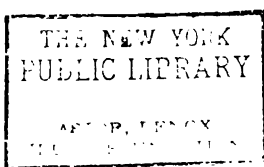
of *The Christian Advocate* in New York, an office which he filled for more than twenty-two years. He was secretary or assistant-secretary of his Conference for fifteen years, a delegate to the General Conferences of 1876 and 1880, and editor-in-chief of the *Daily Christian Advocate* during the Centennial General Conference of 1860, 1872, 1876, 1884, and 1888; also edited the *Methodist Year-Book* from 1866 to 1889 inclusive, and has been a member of the Board of Managers of the Methodist Sunday-school Union for thirty years. During his editorial relation with *The Christian Advocate* he was also pastor for nearly four years of the John Street Church, New York City. Dr. De Puy received his degree of M.A. from Genesee College, the degree of D.D. from Union College, and the degree of LL.D. of Mt. Union College. The following is a list of his principal book publications: *Threescore Years and Beyond* (1877); *Compendium of Useful Information* (1878); *The People's Cyclopædia of Universal Knowledge* (1879); *Home and Health and Home Economics* (1880); *The People's Atlas* (1882); *The Methodist Centennial Year-Book* (1884); *The American Revisions and Additions to the Encyclopædia Britannica* (1891); *Groupings in Song*, a series of ten separate volumes (1895).



DE QUINCEY, THOMAS, an English essayist, born at Manchester, August 15, 1785; died at Edinburgh, December 8, 1859, at the age of seventy-four years and four months. Among the adventurers who came over with William the Conqueror was one who hailed from the village of Quincé, in Normandy, and was styled Richard de Quincé. The family flourished in England, and in the thirteenth century there were several of them who were Earls of Winchester. In the course of time the family declined from the rank of the nobility, dropped the *de* from their names, which they wrote indifferently Quincie, Quincy, and Quincey. The subject of this sketch appears to have been among the first who resumed the *de*; he, however, wrote his name Thomas de Quincey. His father, Thomas Quincey, published in 1775 a little book entitled *A Short Tour in the Middle Counties of England*, the substance of which had appeared in *The Gentleman's Magazine* the year before. He was then about twenty-three years of age. Five years later we find him a flourishing merchant of Manchester, trading with the Levant and some of the West India Islands, having an establishment at Manchester, and a little country house, known as "the Farm," not far off. He married a Miss Penson, a lady of good family, of noble manners, and of strict re-



THOMAS DE QUINCEY.



ligious character; a friend of Hannah Moore, and sympathizing with the so-called "Clapham Evangelical Sect." The affairs of Thomas Quincey prospered, so that about 1791 he purchased a considerable piece of land, upon which he put up a villa called Greenhay, at the cost of about £6,000. Our Thomas de Quincey was the fifth child, and second son, of his father. Thomas Quincey died at the age of forty, when his son was about seven years old. For several years he was afflicted with a pulmonary affection which compelled him to reside at Lisbon or in some West India island, still conducting his business, and making only occasional visits to England, so that the son saw but little of his father until a few weeks before his death, when he came home to die with his kinsfolk. He left to his family well-invested property bringing in a clear income of £1,600 a year—equivalent to \$20,000 in our day. Half of this was left absolutely to his wife; to each of his four sons was left £150 a year, to each of the two surviving daughters £100 a year.

Thomas de Quincey was of slight frame. When he had attained his full growth his height was barely five feet. He was sent to good schools, and at an early age manifested unusual talents, and attained high proficiency in all studies. Finally, at the age of fifteen, he was placed at the Grammar School in his native Manchester. Among the inducements for this was the fact that this school had several "exhibitions," which entitled the pupils who had attended for three years to be sent to Brazenose College, Oxford, with £50 a

year guaranteed to them for seven years. With this £50, and his patrimonial inheritance of £150 a year, De Quincey could live at Oxford in a style befitting a gentleman. He, however, took a dislike to the Manchester School, and after a year and a half begged his mother and his guardians to remove him. To his mother he wrote a long letter, setting forth his grounds of complaint and summing them all up as follows: "How could a person be happy, or even easy, in a situation which deprives him of *health*, of *society*, of *amusement*, of *liberty*, of *congeniality*, of *pursuits*, and which, to complete the precious picture, admits of no variety?" His petition being refused, he resolved to run away from school. To get the necessary money, he wrote to Lady Carbery, a friend of his mother, and with whom he was a special favorite, asking for £5; the lady, not suspecting his object, sent him £10. So one July morning in 1802 he slipped away from school, with a volume of Euripides in one pocket, and a book of English poems in another.

His intention was to go to the Lake region, where Wordsworth had his home, and some of whose poems he had read, and greatly admired. His mother was then residing near Chester, forty miles from Manchester; thither the lad went on foot. The good lady was, says De Quincey, "startled, much as she would have been upon the opening of the seventh seal in the Revelation." But it happened that her brother, who had made a fortune in India, and was now at home upon a three years' furlough, viewed the matter in a dif-

ferent light; and at his suggestion it was decided that if the boy wanted to ramble about for a while, he should have a guinea a week, with liberty to go where he chose.

From July to November he rambled from village to village in North Wales, living at good inns when he had money, and doing the best he could when he had none. Then an impulse seized him to go to London, without letting his friends know what had become of him. This involved the giving up of his guinea a week; but he believed that in London he could find money-lenders who would advance him a couple of hundred pounds upon his very considerable expectations. In his *Confessions of an Opium-eater* he has told of his experiences in London—perhaps somewhat idealized. But it is certain that he suffered extreme privations, was often upon the verge of actual starvation, and walked the streets night after night because he had no lodging-place. Some accident made his whereabouts known to his family and he was brought home. His guardians looked askance at his escapade. They would send him to Oxford, if he wished; but he should have an allowance of only £100 a year. To Worcester College, Oxford, he accordingly went in the autumn of 1803.

De Quincey's residence at Oxford continued nominally for about six years, though much of the latter period was passed in London. He was known as a quiet, studious young man. For some reason or other he did not present himself for examination for his degree of B.A. During the

latter part of this time, notwithstanding his small allowance, he was in possession of a good deal of money. Where it came from can only be conjectured; perhaps it may have come, in part at least, from his wealthy uncle, who certainly purchased an estate for De Quincey's mother, at a cost of £12,000; and from some circumstances it has been not improbably thought that he had transactions with money-lenders, converting the whole futurity of his inheritance into present cash. He had become acquainted with Coleridge, and learning that he was in great pecuniary distress, De Quincey went to the good Joseph Cottle of Bristol, and asked him to forward £500 to Coleridge, as coming from "a young man of fortune who admired his talents," and wanted to make him a present. Cottle induced him to reduce the sum to £300, which was sent to Coleridge. This was in the autumn of 1807.

In the autumn of 1809 Wordsworth, for whom De Quincey's admiration had been constantly increasing, removed from the little cottage at Grasmere to a larger one a mile distant. De Quincey, now in his twenty-fourth year, leased this cottage, which became his nominal home for the ensuing twenty-seven years. He kept up a bachelor's establishment for seven years, when he married Margaret Simpson, the beautiful and excellent daughter of a small farmer living near by. In his *Autobiographic Sketches*, written late in life, he gives some pictures of his life at Grasmere. One of the sketches relates to the year 1812:

DE QUINCEY AT TWENTY-EIGHT.

And what am I doing among the mountains? Taking opium? Yes, but what else? Why, reader, in 1812, the year we are now arrived at, as well as for some years previous, I have been chiefly studying German metaphysicians, or the writings of Kant, Fichte, Schelling, etc. And how, and in what manner do I live? In short, what class or description of men do I belong to? I am at this period—viz., in 1812—living in a cottage; and with a single female servant (*honi soit qui mal y pense*), who amongst my neighbors passes by the name of my “housekeeper.” And, as a scholar and a man of learned education, I may presume to class myself as an unworthy member of that indefinite body called *gentlemen*. Partly on the ground I have assigned, partly because, from having no visible calling or business, it is rightly judged that I must be living on my private fortune, I am so classed by my neighbors; and, by the courtesy of modern England, I am usually addressed on letters, etc., *Esquire*. . . .

Am I married? Not yet. And I still take opium? On Saturday nights. And, perhaps, have taken it unblushingly ever since “the rainy Sunday,” and “the stately Pantheon,” and the “scientific druggist” of 1804? Even so. And how do I find my health after all this opium-taking? In short, how do I do? Why, pretty well, I thank you, reader. In fact, if I dared to say the real and simple truth (though, in order to satisfy the theories of some medical men, I ought to be ill), I was never better in my life than in the year 1812; and I hope sincerely that the quantity of claret, port, or “London particular Madeira,” which, in all probability, you, good reader, have taken and design to take, for every term of eight years during your natural life, may as little disorder your health as mine was disordered by all the opium I had taken (though in quantity such that I might well have bathed and swum in it) for the eight years between 1804 and 1812.—*Autobiographic Sketches*.

The next sketch which we present relates to the

year 1816, very soon after the marriage of De Quincey:

DE QUINCEY AT TWO-AND-THIRTY.

Let there be a cottage standing in a valley eighteen miles from any town ; no spacious valley, but about two miles long by three-quarters of a mile in average width ; the benefit of which provision is that all families resident within its circuit will comprise, as it were, one large household, personally familiar to your eye, and more or less interesting to your affections. Let the mountains be real mountains, between 3,000 and 4,000 feet high, and the cottage a real cottage, not (as a witty author has it) "a cottage with a double coach-house ;" let it be, in fact (for I must abide by the actual scene) a white cottage, embowered with flowering shrubs, so chosen as to unfold a succession of flowers upon the walls, and clustering around the windows, through all the months of Spring, Summer, and Autumn, beginning, in fact, with May roses and ending with jasmine. Let it, however, *not* be Spring, nor Summer, nor Autumn, but Winter in its sternest shape. . . .

But here, to save myself the trouble of too much verbal description, I will introduce a painter, and give him directions for the rest of the picture. Painters do not like white cottages, unless a good deal weather-stained ; but as the reader now understands that it is a winter night, his services will not be required except for the inside of the house.

Paint me, then, a room seventeen feet by twelve, and not more than seven and a half feet high. This, reader, is somewhat ambitiously styled, in my family, the "drawing-room ;" but being contrived "a double debt to pay," it is also, and more justly, termed "the library ;" for it happens that books are the only article of property in which I am richer than my neighbors. Of these I have about five thousand, collected gradually since my eighteenth year. Therefore, painter, put as many as you can into this room. Make it populous with books ; and furthermore paint me a good fire, and furniture plain and modest, befitting the unpretending cottage of

a scholar. And near the fire paint me a tea-table ; and (as it is clear that no creature can come to see me on such a stormy night) place only two cups and saucers upon the tea-tray ; and if you know how to paint such a thing, symbolically or otherwise, paint me an eternal teapot—eternal *a parte ante* and *a parte post* ; for I usually drink tea from eight o'clock at night to four in the morning. And as it is very unpleasant to make tea, or to pour it out for oneself, paint me a lovely young woman sitting at the table. Paint her arms like Aurora's, and her smiles like Hebe's :—but no, dear M—— ! not even in jest let me insinuate that thy power to illuminate my cottage rests upon a tenure so perishable as mere personal beauty, or that the witchcraft of angelic smiles lies within the empire of any earthly pencil.

Pass, then, my good painter, to something more within its power ; and the next article brought forward should naturally be myself—a picture of the Opium-eater, with his “little golden receptacle of the pernicious drug” lying beside him on the table. As to the opium, I have no objection to see a picture of *that* ; you may paint it if you choose ; but I apprise you that no “little” receptacle would, even in 1816, answer my purpose, who was at a distance from the “stately Pantheon” and all drug-gists (mortal or otherwise). No, you may as well paint the real receptacle, which was not of gold, but of glass, and as much like a sublunary wine-decanter as possible. In fact, one day, by a series of happily conceived experiments, I discovered that it was a decanter. Into this you may put a quart of ruby-colored laudanum ; that and a book of German metaphysics placed by its side, will sufficiently attest my being in the neighborhood.—*Autobiographic Sketches.*

De Quincey began the use of opium in 1804, he being then in his nineteenth year. He had come up from Oxford to London. For a week or two he had suffered from neuralgia, and a friend advised him to take laudanum to allay the intense pain ; so one rainy Sunday he entered a druggist's

shop in Oxford Street, "near the stately Pantheon," purchased a vial of the drug, and carried it to his lodgings. The effect of the first dose was something magical; not only was the pain removed, but it acted upon him as an intellectual stimulant and exhilarant. From that day to his death—fifty-five years—there were probably few days in which he did not use opium in some form; at first habitually in moderate doses; only on Saturdays he was wont to shut himself up for what he calls an "opium debauch." This appears to have been his condition up to 1812. "It was then," he writes, "that I became a regular and confirmed (no longer an intermitting) opium-eater." From this time the quantity consumed grew larger and larger until it rose to 320 grains of solid opium, or 8,000 drops of laudanum a day—that is, to about seven wine-glasses. Not long before his marriage, in 1816, he reduced the quantity by seven-eighths—taking for a year or more only 1,000 drops of laudanum instead of 8,000 a day. "That was," he says, "a year of brilliant water (to speak after the manner of jewellers) set, as it were, and insulated in the gloomy umbrage of opium." But the reformation was brief; during the following two years he not only resumed his former rate of consumption, but increased it to sometimes 12,000 drops a day.

He had long meditated a great philosophical work, to be entitled *De Emendatione Intellectus*, but the opium habit had rendered him incapable of any continuous use of his intellectual powers, and the idea was tacitly abandoned. At this time he happened to receive a copy of Ricardo's *Principles of*

Political Economy. "The author," he said, "was the first man who shot light into what had hitherto been a dark chaos of materials." He wrote, or dictated to his wife gentle thoughts which grew out of his reading; and in time the manuscript for a book to be called *Prolegomena to all Future Systems of Political Economy* was completed all but a few pages. Arrangements had been made for printing it; but when a thing *must* be done, De Quincey found himself unable to do it; the arrangements were countermanded, and the work was left unfinished.

Early in 1819 De Quincey found himself in great pecuniary straits. This seems to have enabled him partially to shake off the fetters of opium, and to do something. He gladly accepted the offer of the editorship of the *Westmoreland Gazette*, a journal which had been set up by some gentlemen who called themselves "Friends of the Constitution," to oppose the "infamous levelling doctrines" of Mr. Brougham and the Whigs. The salary was to be three guineas a week; but as the paper was published at Kendal, some leagues from his home, De Quincey acceded to an arrangement by which two guineas a week was to be paid to a sub-editor on the spot, he himself receiving only one guinea. His career as editor was not a very successful one, and lasted only about a year. He had, however, made some kind of arrangement to write for *Blackwood* and *The Quarterly Review*—engagements which would bring him £180 a year; at least so he wrote to his wealthy uncle, who had returned to India, concluding with a request to be allowed

to draw upon him for £500, "say £150 now, and the other £350 in six or eight months hence." It was his purpose, he added, to remove to London, and resume his training for the profession of the law. But his destiny was to shape itself quite otherwise.

The leading metropolitan magazine was then *The London Magazine*, which had a brilliant corps of contributors, among whom were Charles Lamb, William Hazlitt, Allan Cunningham, Henry Francis Cary, and "Barry Cornwall." The booksellers, Taylor and Hessey, who were the publishers, were also the nominal editors; but for assistant editor there was a young man of twenty-three, named Thomas Hood. In this magazine for September, 1821, appeared an article of twenty pages, entitled *Confessions of an Opium-eater, being an Extract from the Life of a Scholar*; to which was appended an editorial note stating that "the remainder of this very interesting article will be given in the next number." The second part of the *Confessions* appeared in October. These papers excited no little attention, and a continuation of them was strongly urged. This was promised by the author; but the matter was never furnished, and in September, 1822, the two parts of the *Confessions* were published in a small volume, with an apology from the publishers for the failure to supply the continuation. Among the most striking passages in the *Confessions* are those in which De Quincey describes his later dreams while under the influence of opium. Two of these may be taken as exemplars of many:

DREAMS OF THE ORIENT.

Southern Asia, in general, is the seat of awful images and associations. As the cradle of the human race it would have a dim and reverential feeling connected with it. But there are other reasons. No man can pretend that the wild, barbarous, and capricious superstitions of Africa, or of savage tribes elsewhere affect in the way that he is affected by the ancient monumental, cruel, and elaborate religions of Hindostan, etc. The mere antiquity of Asiatic things, of their institutions, history, modes of faith, etc., is so impressive that to me the vast age of the race and name overpowers the sense of youth in the individual. A young Chinese seems to me an antediluvian man renewed. Even Englishmen, though not bred in any knowledge of such institutions, cannot but shudder at the mystic sublimity of castes that have flowed apart, and refused to mix, through such immemorial tracts of time, nor can any man fail to be awed by the names of the Ganges or the Euphrates.

It contributes much to these feelings that Southern Asia is, and has been for thousands of years, the part of the world most swarming with human life ; the great *officina gentium*. Man is a weed in those regions. The vast empires also, into which the enormous population of Asia has always been cast gives a further sublimity to the feelings associated with all oriental names or images. In China—over and above what it has in common with the rest of Southern Asia—I am terrified by the modes of life, by the manners, and by the barrier of utter abhorrence and want of sympathy placed between us by feelings deeper than I can analyze. I could sooner live with lunatics or brute animals.

All this, and much more than I can say, or have time to say, the reader must enter into before he can comprehend the unimaginable horrors with which these dreams of oriental imagery and mythological tortures impressed upon me. Under the connecting feelings of tropical heat and vertical sunlights I brought together all creatures, birds, beasts, and reptiles, all trees and

plants, usages and appearances, that are to be found in all tropical regions, and assembled them in China or Hindostan. From kindred feelings I soon brought Egypt and all her gods under the same law. I was stared at, hooted at, grinned at, chattered at, by monkeys, by paroquets, by cockatoos. I ran into pagodas, and was fixed for centuries at the summit, or in secret rooms; I was the idol; I was the priest; I was worshipped; I was sacrificed. I fled from the wrath of Brahma, through all the forests of Asia; Vishnu hated me; Siva lay in wait for me. I came suddenly upon Isis and Osiris; I had done a deed, they said, which the Ibis and the Crocodile trembled at. I was buried for a thousand years in stone coffins, with mummies and sphinxes, in narrow chambers at the heart of eternal pyramids. I was kissed, with cancerous kisses, by crocodiles; and was laid, confounded with all unutterable abortions amongst weeds and Nilotic mud. . . . Sooner or later came a reflux of feeling that swallowed up the astonishment, and left me, not so much in terror, as in hatred and abomination of what I saw. Over every form, and threat, and punishment, and dim sightless incarceration, brooded a killing sense of Eternity and Infinity.

Into these dreams only it was, with one or two exceptions, that any circumstances of physical horror entered. All before had been moral and spiritual terrors. But here the main agents were ugly birds, or snakes, or crocodiles—especially the last. The cursed crocodile became to me the object of more horror than all the rest. I was compelled to live with him, and (as always the case in my dreams) for centuries. Sometimes I escaped, and found myself in Chinese houses. All the feet of the tables, sofas, etc., soon became instinct with life. The abominable head of the crocodile, and his leering eyes, looked out at me, multiplied into ten thousand repetitions, and I stood loathing and fascinated. So often did this hideous reptile haunt my dreams, that many times the very same dream was broken up in the very same way: I heard gentle voices speaking to me (I hear everything when I am sleeping), and instantly I awoke; it was broad noon, and my children were stand-

ing, hand in hand, at my bedside, come to show me their colored shoes, or new frocks, or to let me see them dressed for going out. No experience was so awful to me, and at the same time so pathetic, as this abrupt translation from the darkness of the infinite to the gaudy summer air of highest noon, and from the unutterable abortions of miscreated gigantic vermin to the sight of infancy and innocent *human* creatures.—*Opium-eater*.

DREAMS OF STRUGGLE.

Suddenly would come a dream of far different character—a tumultuous dream—commencing with a music such as now I often heard in sleep—music of preparation and of awakening suspense. The undulations of fast-gathering tumults were like the opening of the Coronation Anthem; and, like *that*, gave the feeling of a multitudinous movement of infinite cavalcades filing off, and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day—a day of crisis and of ultimate hope for human nature, then suffering mysterious eclipse, and laboring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, but I knew not where—somehow, but I know not how—by some beings, but I knew not by whom—a battle, a strife, an agony, was traveling through all its stages—was evolving itself, like the catastrophe of some mighty drama, with which my sympathy was the more insupportable from deepening confusion as to its local scene, its cause, its nature, and its undecipherable issue. I (as is usual in dreams, where, of necessity, we make ourselves central to every movement) had the power, and yet not the power to decide it. I had the power, if I could raise myself, to will it; and yet again had *not* the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantics was upon me, or the oppression of inexpressible guilt. “Deeper than ever plummet sounded,” I lay inactive. Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake, some mightier cause than ever yet the sword had pleaded, or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms; hurryings to and fro, trepidations of innumerable fugitives—I knew not whether from the

good cause or the bad ; darkness and lights ; tempest and human faces ; and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms and features that were worth all the world to me ; and but a moment allowed—and clasped hands, with heart-breaking parting ; and then everlasting farewells ; and with a sigh such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of Death, the sound was reverberated—everlasting farewells ! And again, and yet again reverberated—everlasting farewells !—And I awoke in struggles, and cried aloud, “I will sleep no more !”—*Opium-eater.*

Although the promised continuation of the *Confessions* was not written, De Quincey contributed papers on many subjects, all bearing the signature of “The English Opium-eater.” His connection with the *London Magazine* lasted from his thirty-seventh to his forty-first year. During these four years he lived in humble lodgings in London, his family remaining at the cottage in Grasmere, where he visited them rarely, if ever. He intimates that the days of his opium-eating were past. But this must be taken in the qualified sense that he used smaller quantities, upon the whole. To John Wilson he wrote in February, 1825 :

DE QUINCEY AT FORTY.

At this time I am quite free from opium ; but it has left the liver—the Achilles's heel of almost every human fabric—subject to affections which are tremendous for weight of wretchedness attached to them. To fence with these on the one hand, and with the other to maintain the war with the wretched business of hack-author, with all its horrible degradation, is more than I am able to bear. At this moment I have not a place to hide my head in. Something I meditate—I know not

what. . . . With a good publisher, and leisure to premeditate what I write, I might yet liberate myself : after which, having paid everybody, I would slink into some dark corner, educate my children, and show my face no more.

It is certain that during this residence in London De Quincey was miserably poor. Near the close of that year, as we learn quite incidentally, he received a considerable remittance from his mother, so that he was able to return to his family at Grasmere. John Wilson, with whom De Quincey had formed a close friendship while both resided in the Lake region, was now the "Christopher North" of *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*; and through his interest De Quincey was formally engaged as a contributor to that publication. His first paper, upon *Lessing's Laocoon*, was printed in January, 1827; next month appeared the famous essay *On Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts*; and this was followed in March by the paper on *The Toilette of a Hebrew Lady*. This connection with *Blackwood* naturally drew De Quincey to Edinburgh, where for the next three years he passed his time much as he did at Grasmere. Finally it was decided by or rather for De Quincey, that his wife and children should come to him at Edinburgh. They accordingly left Grasmere in 1830, although De Quincey was nominally the tenant of the cottage there for several years longer. When the family was reunited at Edinburgh, De Quincey was forty-five years of age; his wife about thirty-two. During the next four years he was a fre-

quent contributor to *Blackwood*. Then there was an unexplained interruption of his papers in that periodical. But the connection was resumed in 1837, when appeared a narrative article entitled *The Revolt of the Tartars*; followed in succeeding years by many others, among which is the essay on *The Essenes*.

De Quincey had begun to write for *Tait's Magazine*, in which for several years appeared some of his most notable papers, prominent among which is the series entitled *Sketches of Life and Manners from the Autobiography of an English Opium-eater*. During these years at Edinburgh, De Quincey developed those marked eccentricities in personal conduct of which his biographers have made so much. Domestic bereavements followed one after another. His youngest son died in 1833 at the age of five. Two years after, at the age of eighteen, died his eldest son, William, "my first-born child, the crown and glory of my life," wrote De Quincey long afterward. Two years later—that is, in 1837—died his wife, to whom he had been married twenty-one years before.

De Quincey, at the age of fifty-six, was left a widower, with six children, Margaret, the eldest, being a girl yet in her teens. For a couple of years De Quincey lived in lodgings by himself, which he had taken so that he might have a place for his books and where he could carry on his literary labors. Then Margaret and her younger brother Horace took household matters into their own hands. Not without the consent of their father—who in all practical affairs was as helpless as an

infant—they took a pretty cottage at Lasswade, seven miles from Edinburgh. That, of course, required money; but this was not wanting. Where it came from we can only guess; certainly not from De Quincey's own scanty earnings as a magazinist; most likely from his mother and her wealthy brother, now far advanced in years. This Lasswade cottage, known yet as "De Quincey's Villa," was his nominal home during the twenty remaining years of his life, though much of it was spent in obscure lodgings at Edinburgh, where he did his work. He shifted these from time to time, as they became filled up with his accumulated books and papers. At one time, as we are told, he was paying rent for four or five such obscure lodging-places; but whenever he walked out to Lasswade, there was a cheerful home ready for his reception. In a letter to Mary Russell Mitford he gives a pleasant description of his daughters and of their life at Lasswade, after his sons, now grown up, had gone to follow their respective vocations: one with the army in China; another in India; the third, as a physician, to Brazil.

DE QUINCEY'S DAUGHTERS.

They live in the most absolute harmony I have ever witnessed. Such a sound as that of dissension in any shade or degree, I have not once heard issuing from their lips. And it gladdens me beyond measure that all day long I hear from their little drawing-room intermitting sounds of gayety and laughter, the most natural and spontaneous. Three sisters more entirely loving to each other, and more unaffectedly drawing their daily pleasures from sources that will always continue to lie

in their power, viz., books and music, I have not either known or heard of.

One of these sisters furnishes a picture of De Quincey when at home in the Lasswade cottage. One room was set apart for him, where he could work day and night to his heart's content. The evenings, or the intervals between his daily working time and his nightly working time or stroll, were spent in the drawing-room, with his children and any of his friends or theirs who happened to be present. Of this time his daughter says:

DE QUINCEY AT LASSWADE.

The newspaper was brought out, and he, telling in his own delightful way, rather than reading the news, would on questions from this one or that one of the party, often including young friends of his children, neighbors, or visitors from distant places, illuminate the subject with such a wealth of memories, of old stories, of past or present experiences, of humor, of suggestions, even of prophecy, as by its very wealth makes it impossible to give any taste of it. . . . He was not a reassuring man for nervous people to live with, as those nights were exceptions on which he did not set something on fire; the commonest incident being for some one to look up from a book or work to say casually, "Papa, your hair is on fire;" of which a calm "Is it, my love?" and a hand rubbing out the blaze was all the notice taken.

This idyllic way of life was brought to a close in the most natural way. In 1853 Margaret, the eldest daughter, was married to Robert Craig, the son of a neighbor, and the young couple took up their residence in Ireland. Two years afterward, Florence, the second daughter, went out

to India to become the wife of Colonel Baird Smith, a distinguished officer of Engineers, whose name appears often in the history of the Sepoy mutiny. Emily, the youngest daughter, was thereafter much away visiting her sister in Ireland or other friends. After this De Quincey lived mainly in his modest lodgings in Edinburgh, where he could best perform his literary work, which now assumed a new direction. The Boston house of Ticknor & Fields had already undertaken, with De Quincey's approbation and assistance, to bring out a collected edition of his Works, Mr. James T. Fields undertaking the labor of collecting the writings from the various periodicals in which they had from time to time appeared. This American edition, begun in 1851 and completed in 1855, is in twenty volumes. In 1853 Mr. Hogg, the Edinburgh publisher, arranged with De Quincey to prepare another edition of his Works. The two editions differ in this: The American edition comprises all the writings of De Quincey (with the exception of *Klosterheim*, a very poor novel, published in 1832, and never formally acknowledged by him) as they were originally written. The Edinburgh edition not only omits many of the writings entirely, but also in many cases several papers are fused into one. The Edinburgh edition, in fourteen volumes (to which two more were added after the death of De Quincey), bore the title, *Selections, Grave and Gay, from writings published and unpublished, by Thomas De Quincey*.

During the later years of his life De Quincey

had carefully ascertained the least quantity of opium which would render life endurable, and he limited himself to that quantity—a very considerable one indeed. Up to the autumn of 1859, when he had entered upon his seventy-fifth year, his mental power was unabated. He indeed meditated writing a *History of England* in twelve volumes, which he thought he could complete in four years. His physical health also was better than it had been at any period during the last half-century. But late in October he took to his bed. There was no definite malady; only the physical machine had run to the full time for which it had been wound up. His youngest daughter, who was upon a visit to her sister in Ireland, was hastily summoned to his lodgings in Edinburgh, and found him too weak to bear removal to Lasswade. On the 4th of December, his daughter, Mrs. Craig, was summoned from Ireland. She arrived just in time to be recognized and welcomed by her dying father. He passed away in the morning of the 8th, having been in a doze for several hours, occasionally murmuring some words about his father and mother. All at once he threw up his arms and exclaimed, as if in surprised recognition, "Sister! Sister! Sister!" That sister was the one best-loved of all, who had died seventy years before at the age of ten. That apparent recognition was his last act upon earth.

Though De Quincey's career was distinctively that of a man of letters, he entered upon it at a later period of his life than did any great English author, with the single exception of Cowper. The

Confessions of an Opium-eater, his first, and perhaps his most notable work, was written at the age of thirty-six. That and all the rest of the twenty volumes of his collected Works, were written as magazine articles, and for the mere sake of earning his daily bread—and his daily opium. Except from necessity he would most likely never have written a page for publication. Yet from the reading of his works no one would imagine that any of them were written except because he had something which he must say to the world. For amplitude of learning, subtlety of thought, and magnificence of diction, he has few equals in all our literature. Our citations are from the Edinburgh edition, which contains De Quincey's final emendations.

TWO ERAS IN THE HISTORY OF GREEK LITERATURE.

There were two groups or clusters of Grecian wits, two deposits or stratifications of the national genius; and these were about a century apart. What makes them specially remarkable is the fact that each of these brilliant clusters had gathered separately about that man as their central pivot, who, even apart from this relation to the literature, was otherwise the leading spirit of his age. The one was Pericles, the other was Alexander of Macedon. Except Themistocles, who may be ranked as senior to Pericles by one generation (or thirty-three years), in the whole deduction of Grecian annals no other public man—statesman, captain-general, administrator of the national resources—can be mentioned as approaching to these two men in splendor of reputation, or even in real merit. No man can pretend to forget two such centres as Pericles for the elder group, or Alexander of Macedon (the "strong he-goat" of Jewish prophecy) for the junior. Round these two *foci*, in two different but adjacent centuries,

gathered the total starry heavens, the galaxy, the Pantheon of Grecian intellect. . . .

That we may still more severely search the relations in all points between the two systems, let us assign the chronological *locus* of each, because that will furnish another element toward the exact distribution of the chart representing the motion and the oscillations of human genius. Pericles had a very long administration. He was Prime-Minister of Athens for upwards of one entire generation. He died in the year 429 before Christ, and in a very early stage of that great Peloponnesian war, which was the one sole intestine war for Greece, affecting every nook and angle of the land. Now, in this long public life of Pericles we are at liberty to fix upon any year as his chronological *locus*. On good reasons, not called for in this place, we fix on the year 444 before Christ. This is too remarkable to be forgotten. *Four, four, four*, what in some games of cards is called a *prial* (we assume, by an elision of the first vowel, for "parial"), forms an era which no man can forget. It was the fifteenth year before the death of Pericles, and not far from the bisecting year of his political life.

Now, passing to the other system, the *locus* of Alexander is quite as remarkable, as little liable to be forgotten when once indicated, and more easily determined, because selected from a narrower range of choice. The exact chronological *locus* of Alexander is 333 years before Christ. Everybody knows how brief was the career of this great man: it terminated in the year 325 before Christ. But the *annus mirabilis* of his public life, the most effective and productive year throughout his oriental annals, was the year 333 before Christ. Here we have another *prial*, a period of *threes* for the *locus* of Alexander, if properly corrected. Thus far the elements are settled, the chronological longitude and latitude of the two great planetary systems into which Greek literature breaks up and distributes itself: 444 and 333 are the two central years for the two systems; allowing, therefore, an interspace of 111 years between the *foci* of each. . . .

Passing onward from Pericles, you find that all the

rest of *his* system were men in the highest sense creative, absolutely setting the very first example, each in his particular walk of composition; themselves without previous models, and yet destined, every man of them, to become models for all after generations; themselves without fathers or mothers, and yet having all posterity for their children. First came the three *divini spiritus* under a heavenly afflatus—Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, the creators of Tragedy out of a village mummery; next comes Aristophanes, who breathed the breath of life into Comedy; then comes the great philosopher, Anaxagoras, who first theorized successfully on man and the world. Next come—whether *great* or not—the still more *famous* philosophers, Socrates, Plato, Xenophon; then comes, leaning upon Pericles, as sometimes Pericles leaned upon him, the divine artist Phidias; and behind this immortal man walk Herodotus and Thucydides. What a procession to Eleusis would these men have formed! what a frieze, if some great artist would arrange it dramatically as Chaucer has arranged the Pilgrimage to Canterbury!

Now let us step on a hundred years forward. We are now within hail of Alexander; and a brilliant consistory of Grecian men is that by which *he* is surrounded. There are now exquisite masters of the more refined comedy; there are again great philosophers, for all the great schools are represented by able successors; and, above all others, there is the one philosopher who played with men's minds (according to Lord Bacon's comparison) as freely as ever his princely pupil did with their persons—there is Aristotle. There are great orators; and, above all others, that great orator whom succeeding generations (wisely or not) have adopted as the representative name for what is conceivable as oratorical perfection—there is Demosthenes. Aristotle and Demosthenes are in themselves bulwarks of power; many hosts lie in those two names. For artists, again, to range against Phidias, there is Lysippus the sculptor, and there is Apelles the painter. For great captains and masters of strategic art, there is Alexander himself, with a glittering cortège of general officers, well qualified to wear the crowns which they will win, and to head

the dynasties which they will found. Historians there are now, as in the former age, and upon the whole it cannot be denied that the "turn-out" is showy and imposing. . . .

Before comparing the second "deposit" (geologically speaking) of Grecian genius with the first, let us consider what it was (if anything) that connected them. Here, reader, we would wish to put a question: Saving your presence, did you ever see what is called a dumb-bell? We have, and know it by more painful evidence than that of sight. You, therefore, O reader! if personally cognizant of dumb-bells, we will remind—if not, we will inform—that it is a cylindrical bar of iron or lead, issuing at each end in a globe of the same metal, and usually it is sheathed in green baize. . . .

Now, reader, it is under this image of a dumb-bell that we couch our allegory. Those globes at each end are the two systems or separate clusters of Greek literature; and that cylinder which connects them is the long man that ran into each system, binding the two together. Who was that? It was Isocrates. *Great* we cannot call him in conscience, and therefore by way of compromise we call him *long*, which in one sense he certainly was; for he lived through four-and-twenty Olympiads, each containing four solar years. He narrowly escaped being a hundred years old; and though that did not carry him from centre to centre, yet as each system might be supposed to pretend a radius each way of twenty years, he had, in fact, full personal cognizance (and pretty equally) of the two systems, remote as they are, which composed the total world of Grecian genius. . . .

Now, then, reader, you have arrived at that station from which you overlook the whole world of Greek literature, as a few explanations will soon convince you. Where is Homer? where is Hesiod? you ask: where is Pindar? Homer and Hesiod lived 1,000 years before Christ, or, by the lowest computation, near 900. For anything that we know, they may have lived with Tubal Cain. At all events, they belong to no power or agency that set in motion the age of Pericles, or that operated on that age. Pindar, again, was a solitary emanation

of some unknown influences at Thebes, more than five hundred years before Christ. These are all that can be cited *before* Pericles.

Next, for the ages *after* Alexander, it is certain that Greece proper was so much broken in spirit by the loss of her autonomy, dating from that era, as never again to have rallied sufficiently to produce a single man of genius—not one solitary writer who acted as a power upon the national mind. Callimachus was nobody, and not decidedly Grecian. Theocritus, a man of real genius in a limited way, is a Grecian in that sense only according to which an Anglo-American is an Englishman. Besides that, one swallow does not make a summer. Of any other writers—above all others of Menander, apparently a man of divine genius—we possess only a few wrecks; and of Anacreon, who must have been a poet of original power, we do not certainly know that we have even any wrecks: of those which pass under his name not merely the authorship, but the era, is very questionable indeed. Plutarch and Lucian, the unlearned reader must understand, both belong to post-Christian ages. And for all the Greek emigrants who may have written histories, such as we value for their matter more than for their execution, one and all, they belong too much to Roman civilization that we should ever think of connecting them with native Greek literature. Polybius, in the days of the second Scipio, Dion Cassius, and Appian in the acme of Roman civility, are no more Grecian authors because they wrote in Greek than the emperors Marcus Antonius and Julian were other than Romans because, from monstrous coxcombry, they chose to write in Greek **their barren memoranda.**

JOAN OF ARC.

What is to be thought of *her*? What is to be thought of the poor shepherd-girl from the hills and forests of Lorraine, that—like the Hebrew shepherd-boy from the hills and forests of Judea—rose suddenly out of the quiet, out of the safety, out of the religious inspiration rooted in deep pastoral solitudes, to a station in the van of armies, and to a more perilous station at the right

hand of kings? The Hebrew boy inaugurated his patriotic mission by an *act*, by a victorious act such as no man could deny. But so did the girl of Lorraine, if we read her story as it was read by those who saw her nearest. Adverse armies bore witness to the boy as no pretender; but so they did to the gentle girl. Judged by the voices of all who saw them from a station of good-will, both were found true and loyal to any promises involved in their first acts. Enemies it was that made the difference between their subsequent fortunes. The boy rose to a splendor and a noon-day prosperity, both personal and public, that ran through the records of his people, and became a by-word amongst his posterity for a thousand years. The poor forsaken girl, on the contrary, drank not herself from that cup of rest which she had secured for France. She never sang together with them the songs that rose from her native Domrémy, as echoes to the departing steps of invaders. She mingled not in the festal dances at Vaucouleurs which celebrated in rapture the redemption of France. No! for her voice was then silent. No! for her feet were dust.

Pure, innocent, noble-hearted girl! whom, from the earliest youth, ever I believed in as full of truth and self-sacrifice, this was amongst the strongest pledges for *thy* side, that never once—no, not for a moment of weakness—didst thou revel in the vision of coronets and honors from man. Coronets for thee! Oh, no. Honors, if they come when all is over, are for those that share thy blood. Daughter of Domrémy, when the gratitude of the king shall awaken, thou shalt be sleeping with the dead. Call her, King of France, but she will not hear thee! Cite her, by thy apparitors, to come and receive a robe of honor, but she will be found *en contumace*. When the thunders of universal France, as even yet may happen, shall proclaim the grandeur of the poor shepherd-girl that gave up all for her country—thy ear, young shepherd-girl, will have been deaf for five centuries. To suffer and to do, that was thy portion in life; to *do*—never for thyself, always for others; to *suffer*—never in the persons of generous champions, always in thy own: that was thy destiny; and not for a moment

was it hidden from thyself. "Life," thou saidst, "is short, and the sleep which is in the grave is long; let me use that life, so transitory, for the glory of those heavenly dreams destined to comfort the sleep which is so long."

This pure creature—pure from every suspicion of even a visionary self-interest, even as she was pure in senses more obvious—never once did this holy child, as regarded herself, relax her belief in the darkness that was travelling to meet her. She might not prefigure the very manner of her death; she saw not in vision, perhaps, the ærial altitude of the fiery scaffold, the spectators without end on every road pouring into Rouen as to a coronation; the surging smoke, the volleying flames; the hostile faces all around; the pitying eye that lurked but here and there until nature and imperishable truth broke loose from artificial restraints:—these might not be apparent through the mists of the hurrying future. But the voice that called her to death, *that* she heard forever.

THE THREE LADIES OF SORROW.

I know them thoroughly, and have walked in all their kingdoms. Three sisters they are, of one mysterious household, and their paths are wide apart; but of their dominion there is no end. Them I saw often conversing with Levana,* and sometimes about myself. Do they talk then? Oh, no! Mighty phantoms like these disdain the infirmities of language. They may utter voices through the organs of man, when they dwell in human hearts, but amongst themselves there is no voice nor sound; eternal silence reigns in *their* kingdoms. They spake not, as they talked with Levana; they whispered not; they sang not; though oftentimes methought they *might* have sung: for I upon earth had heard their mysteries oftentimes deciphered by harp and timbrel, by dulcimer and organ. Like God, whose ser-

* *Levana* (the "lifter-up") was the Roman goddess of Education, who was supposed to "lift up" every new-born human being from the earth, in token that it should live; and to rule the influences to which it should be subject thenceforth till its character should be fully formed.

vants they are, they utter their pleasure not by sounds that perish, or by words that go astray, but by signs in heaven, by changes on earth, by pulses in secret rivers, heraldries painted in darkness, and hieroglyphics, written on the tablets of the brain. *They* wheeled in mazes ; *I* spelled their steps. *They* telegraphed from afar ; *I* read the signals. *They* composed together ; and on the mirror of darkness *my* eye traced the plots. Theirs were the symbols ; *mine* are the words. What is it the sisters are ? What is it that they do ? Let me describe their form and their presence : if Form it were that still fluctuated in the outline, or Presence it were that forever advanced to the front, or forever receded amongst shades.

The eldest of the three is named *Mater Lachrymarum*, "Our Lady of Tears." She it is that night and day raves and moans, calling for vanished faces. She stood in Rama, where a voice was heard of lamentation—Rachael weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted. She it was that stood in Bethlehem on the night when Herod's sword swept its nurseries of innocents, and the little feet were stiffened forever, which, heard at times as they tottered along floors overhead, woke pulses of love in household hearts that were not unmarked in heaven. Her eyes are sweet and subtle, wild and sleepy, by turns ; oftentimes rising to the clouds, oftentimes challenging the heavens. She wears a diadem round her head. And I knew by childish memories that she could go abroad upon the winds, when she heard the sobbing of litanies or the thundering of organs, and when she beheld the mustering of summer clouds.

This sister, the eldest, it is that carries keys more than papal at her girdle which open every cottage and every palace. She, to my knowledge, sat all last summer by the bedside of the blind beggar—him that so often and so gladly I talked with, whose pious daughter, eight years old, with the sunny countenance, resisted the temptations of play and village mirth to travel all day long on dusty roads with her afflicted father. For this did God send her a great reward. In the springtime of the year, and whilst her own spring was budding, He

took her to Himself. But her blind father mourns forever over *her* ; still he dreams at midnight that the little guiding hand is locked within his own ; and still he awakens to a darkness that is now within a second and a deeper darkness. This *Mater Lachrymarum* also has been sitting all the winter of 1844-5 within the bed-chamber of the Czar, bringing before his eyes a daughter not less pious, that vanished to God not less suddenly, and left behind her a darkness not less profound. By the power of the keys it is that our Lady of Tears glides, a ghostly intruder, into the chamber of sleepless men, sleepless women, sleepless children, from Ganges to Nile, from Nile to Mississippi. And her, because she is the first-born of her house, and has the widest empire, let us honor with the title of Madonna.

The second sister is called *Mater Suspiriorum*, "Our Lady of Sighs." She neither scales the clouds nor walks abroad upon the winds. She wears no diadem. And her eyes, if they were ever seen, would be neither sweet nor subtle ; no man could read their story ; they would be found filled with perishing dreams, and with wrecks of forgotten delirium. But she raises not her eyes ; her head, on which sits a dilapidated turban, droops forever, forever fastens on the dust. She weeps not, she groans not. But she sighs inaudibly at intervals. Her sister, Madonna, is oftentimes stormy and frantic, ringing in the highest against heaven, and demanding back her darlings. But our Lady of Sighs never clamors, never defies, dreams not of rebellious aspirations. She is humble to abjectness. Hers is the meekness that belongs to the hopeless. Murmur she may, but it is in her sleep. Whisper she may, but it is to herself in the twilight. Mutter she does at times, but it is in solitary places that are desolate as she is desolate, in ruined cities and when the sun has gone down to his rest.

This sister is the visitor of the Pariah, of the Jew, of the bondsman to the oar in the Mediterranean galleys ; of the English criminal in Norfolk Island, blotted out from the books of remembrance in sweet far-off England ; of the baffled penitent reverting his eyes for ever upon a solitary grave, which to him seems the altar overthrown of some past and bloody sacrifice, on which altar

no oblations can now be availing, whether toward pardon that he might implore, or toward reparation that he might attempt. Every slave that at noonday looks up to the tropical sun with timid reproach, as he points with one hand to the earth, our general mother, but for *him* a step-mother—as he points with the other hand to the Bible, our general teacher, but against him sealed and sequestered; every woman sitting in darkness, without love to shelter her head, or hope to illumine her solitude, because the heaven-born instincts kindling in her nature germs of holy affections, which God implanted in her womanly bosom, having been stifled by social necessities, now burn sullenly to waste, like sepulchral lamps amongst the ancients; every nun defrauded of her unreturning Maytime by wicked kinsmen, whom God will judge; all that are betrayed, and all that are rejected; outcasts by traditionary law, and children of hereditary disgrace—all of these walk with our Lady of Sighs. She also carries a key, but she needs it little. For her kingdom is chiefly amongst the tents of Shem, and the houseless vagrant of every clime. Yet in the very walks of man she finds chapels of her own; and even in glorious England are some that, to the world, carry their heads proudly as the reindeer, who yet secretly have received her mark upon their foreheads.

But the third sister, who is also the youngest! Hush! whisper whilst we speak of *her*! Her kingdom is not large, or else no flesh should live; but within that kingdom all power is hers. Her head, turreted like that of Cybele, rises almost beyond the reach of sight. She droops not; and her eyes, rising so high, *might* be hidden by distance. But being what they are, they cannot be hidden; through the treble veil of crape which she wears, the fierce light of a blazing misery, that rests not for matins or for vespers, for noon of day or noon of night, for ebbing or for flowing tide, may be read from the very ground.

She is the defier of God. She is also the mother of lunacies, and the suggestress of suicides. Deep lie the roots of her power, but narrow is the nation that she rules. For she can approach only those in whom a profound nature has been upheaved by central convulsions,

in which the heart trembles and the brain rocks under conspiracies of tempests from without and tempests from within. Madonna moves with uncertain steps, fast or slow, but still with tragic grace. Our Lady of Sighs creeps timidly and stealthily. But this youngest sister moves with incalculable motions, bounding, and with tiger's leaps. She carries no key ; for, though coming rarely amongst men, she storms all doors at which she is permitted to enter at all. And *her* name is *Mater Tenebrarum*, "Our Lady of Darkness."





DERBY (EDWARD GEOFFREY SMITH STANLEY), EARL OF, an English statesman and scholar, born in March, 1799; died in October, 1869. He was educated at Eton and at Christ Church College, Oxford, where he distinguished himself in classical scholarship, gaining the prize for Latin verse in 1819. Up to 1835, he was styled simply Mr. Stanley; then, his father succeeding to the earldom of Derby, he was known by the "courtesy-title" of Lord Stanley; in 1844 he was summoned by writ to the House of Lords, as Baron Stanley of Bickerstaff; and upon the death of his father in 1851, he succeeded as fourteenth earl to the earldom of Derby, and to the great ancestral estates of the family in England and Ireland. Under all of these names and titles Lord Derby was eminent as a statesman. He first entered Parliament in 1821, at the age of twenty-two, and soon took rank among the foremost orators of the time. From time to time he held various cabinet positions, the largest being that of Prime Minister (for the fourth time) in 1866-68. In literature the Earl of Derby is known almost wholly by his translation of the *Iliad*, of which the first edition appeared in 1864, and the sixth, with many corrections, in 1867. In the Preface to the first edition, Lord Derby says:

ON TRANSLATING HOMER.

Numerous as have been the translators of the *Iliad*, or parts of it, the metres which have been selected are almost as various: the ordinary couplet in rhyme, the Spenserian stanza, the trochaic or ballad metre, all have had their partisans, even to that "pestilent heresy" of the so-called English hexameter; a metre wholly repugnant to the genius of our language; which can only be pressed into the service by a violation of every rule of prosody. . . . But in the progress of the work I have been more and more confirmed in the opinion that (whatever may be the extent of my own individual failure), if justice is ever to be done to the easy flow and majestic simplicity of the grand old poet, it can only be in the heroic blank verse. . . .

I have adopted, not without hesitation, the Latin rather than the Greek nomenclature for the heathen deities. I have been induced to do so from the manifest incongruity of confounding the two; and from the fact that though English readers may be familiar with the names of Zeus, or Aphrodite, or even Poseidon, those of Hera, or Ares, or Hephæstus, or Leto would hardly convey to them a definite signification. It has been my aim throughout to produce a translation, and not a paraphrase: not indeed such a translation as would satisfy, with regard to each word the rigid requirements of accurate scholarship; but such as would fairly and honestly give the sense and meaning of every passage, and of every line; omitting nothing, and expanding nothing; and adhering, as closely as our language will allow, even to every epithet which is capable of being translated, and which has, in the particular passage, anything of a special and distinctive character.
—*Preface to the Translation of the Iliad.*

VULCAN FORGES THE ARMOR OF ACHILLES.

He left her thus, and to his forge returned;
The bellows then directing to the fire,
He bade them work; through twenty pipes at once

Forthwith they poured their diverse-tempered blasts ;
Now briskly seconding his eager haste,
Now at his will and as the work required.
The stubborn brass, and tin, and precious gold,
And silver, first he melted in the fire ;
Then on its stand his weighty anvil placed ;
And with one hand the hammer's ponderous weight
He wielded, while the other grasped the tongs.

And first a shield he fashioned, vast and strong,
With rich adornment ; circled with a rim,
Threefold, bright-gleaming, whence a silver belt
Depended ; of five folds the shield was formed ;
And on its surface many a fair design
Of curious art his practised skill had wrought.

Thereon were figured earth, and sky, and sea,
The ever-circling sun, and full-orbed moon,
And all the Signs that crown the vault of heaven ;
Pleiads, and Hyads, and Orion's might,
And Arctos, called the Wain, who wheels on high
His circling course, and on Orion waits ;
Sole star that never bathes in the ocean wave.

And two fair populous towns were sculptured there ;
In one were marriage, pomp, and revelry,
And brides, in gay procession, through the streets
With blazing torches from their chambers borne,
While frequent rose the hymeneal song.
Youths whirled around in joyous dance, with sound
Of flute and harp ; and, standing at their doors,
Admiring women on the pageant gazed.

Meanwhile a busy throng the forum filled :
There between two a fierce contention rose,
About a death-fine ; to the public one
Appealed, asserting to have paid the whole ;
While one denied that he had aught received.
Both were desirous that before the judge
The issue should be tried ; with noisy shouts
Their several partisans encouraged each.
The heralds stilled the tumult of the crowd.
On polished chairs, in solemn circle, sat
The reverend Elders ; in their hands they held
The loud-voiced herald's sceptres ; waving these,
They heard the alternate pleadings ; in the midst

Two talents lay of gold, which he should take
Who should before them prove his righteous cause.

Before the second town two armies lay,
In arms refulgent ; to destroy the town
The assailants threatened, or among themselves
Of all the wealth within the city stored
An equal half as ransom to divide.
The terms rejecting, the defenders manned
A secret ambush ; on the walls they placed
Women and children mustered for defence,
And men by age enfeebled ; forth they went,
By Mars and Pallas led ; these wrought in gold,
In golden arms arrayed, above the crowd
For beauty and stature, as befitting gods,
Conspicuous shone ; of lesser height the rest.
But when the destined ambuscade was reached,
Beside the river, where the shepherds drove
Their flocks and herds to water, down they lay,
In glittering arms accoutred ; and apart
They placed two spies, to notify betimes
The approach of flocks of sheep and lowing herds.
These, in two shepherds' charge, ere long appeared,
Who, unsuspecting as they moved along,
Enjoyed the music of their pastoral pipes.
Then on the booty, from afar discerned,
Sprang from their ambuscade ; and cutting off
The herds and fleecy flocks, their guardians slew.
Their comrades heard the tumult, where they sat
Before their sacred altars, and forthwith
Sprang on their cars, and with fast-stepping steeds
Pursued the plunderers, and o'ertook them soon.
There on the river's bank they met in arms,
And at each other hurled their brazen spears.
And there were figured Strife and Tumult wild,
And deadly Fate, who in her iron grasp
One newly wounded, one unwounded bore,
While by the feet from out the press she dragged
Another slain : about her shoulders hung
A garment crimsoned with the blood of men.
Like living men they seemed to move, to fight,
To drag away the bodies of the slain.

And there was graven a wide-extended plain

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Of fallow land, rich, fertile meadow-soil,
Thrice ploughed ; where many ploughmen up and
down

Their teams were driving ; and as each attained
The limit of the field, would one advance,
And tender him a cup of generous wine :
Then would he turn, and to the end again
Along the furrow cheerly drive his plough.
And still behind them darker showed the soil,
The true presentment of a new-ploughed field,
Though wrought in gold ; a miracle of art.

There too was graven a cornfield, rich in grain,
Where with sharp sickles reapers plied their task,
And thick, in even swathe, the trusses fell ;
The binders, following close, the bundles tied :
Three were the binders ; and behind them boys
In close attendance waiting, in their arms
Gathered the bundles, and in order piled.
Amid them, staff in hand, in silence stood
The king, rejoicing in the plenteous swathe.
A little way removed, the heralds slew
A sturdy ox, and now beneath an oak
Prepared the feast ; while women mixed, hard by,
White barley porridge for the laborers' meal.

And with rich clusters laden, there was graven
A vineyard fair, all gold ; of glossy black
The bunches were, on silver poles sustained :
Around, a darksome trench ; beyond, a fence
Was wrought, of shining tin ; and through it led
One only path, by which the bearers passed,
Who gathered in the vineyard's bounteous store.
There maids and youths, in joyous spirits bright,
In woven baskets bore the luscious fruit.
A boy, amid them, from a clear-toned harp
Drew lovely music ; well his liquid voice
The strings accompanied : they all with dance
And song harmonious joined, and joyous shouts,
As the gay bevy lightly tripped along.

Of straight-horned cattle too a herd was graven :
Of gold and tin the heifers all were wrought :
They to the pasture, from the cattle-yard,
With gentle lowings, by a babbling stream,

Where quivering reed-beds rustled, slowly moved.
Four golden shepherds walked beside the herd,
By nine swift dogs attended ; then amid
The foremost heifers sprang two lions fierce,
Upon the lordly bull : he, bellowing loud,
Was dragged along, by dogs and youths pursued.
The tough bull's-hide they tore, and gorging lapped
The intestines and dark blood ; with vain attempt
The herdsmen, following closely, to the attack
Cheered their swift dogs ; these shunned the lions' jaws,
And close around them baying, held aloof.

And there the skilful artist's hand had traced
A pasture broad with fleecy flocks o'erspread,
In a fair glade, with folds, and tents, and pens.

There, too, the skilful artist's hand had wrought
With curious workmanship, a mazy dance,
Like that which Dædalus in Cnossus erst
At fair-haired Ariadne's bidding framed.
There, laying each on other's wrists their hand,
Bright youths and many-suited maidens danced ;
In fair white linen these, in tunics those,
Well woven, shining soft with fragrant oils ;
These with fair coronets were crowned, while those
With golden swords from silver belts were girt.
Now whirled they round with nimble practised feet,
Easy, as when a potter, seated, turns
A wheel, new fashioned by his skilful hand,
And spins it round, to prove if true it run ;

About the margin of the massive shield
Was wrought the mighty strength of the ocean
stream.

The shield completed, vast and strong, he forged
A breast-plate, dazzling bright as flame of fire ;
And next, a weighty helmet for his head,
Fair, richly wrought, with crest of gold above ;
Then last, well-fitting greaves of pliant tin.

The skilled artificer his works complete
Before Achilles's goddess-mother laid ;
She like a falcon, from the snow-clad heights
Of huge Olympus, darted swiftly down,
Charged with the glittering arms by Vulcan wrought.

—*Iliad*, XX., 528-700.



DÉROULÈDE, PAUL, a French poet and politician, was born in Paris, September 2, 1846. He studied in Paris and at Versailles; and was put to the law, but chose the army in preference. In 1867 he inserted some verses in the *Review Nationale* under the nom de plume of Jean Rebel. He assisted at the opening ceremonies of the Suez Canal in 1869; and returning to Paris he brought out at the Théâtre Française a drama in one act in verse, entitled *Juan Strenner*. He was a volunteer in the Franco-Prussian war, and was wounded at the battle of Sedan; escaped to Belgium; returned to Paris; fought against the Commune; received the decoration of the Legion of Honor; was prominent in politics as Chairman of the League of Patriots, and was throughout the exciting political life of Boulanger his most prominent supporter. Of his literary works, his *Chansons d'un Soldat*, in two series, issued in 1872 and 1875, were extremely popular, and in 1877 his fame was enhanced by the publication of a five-act poetical drama entitled *L'Hetman*; which was followed in 1880 by *La Moabite*. Later works by "the author of *The Songs of a Soldier*" are, *De l'Education Nationale* (1882); *Monsieur le Uhlan et les Trois Couleurs* (1884), an illustrated Christmas story; *Refrains Militaires* (1888); a romance entitled *Histoire d'Amour* (1890); and *Chants du Paysan* (1894).

"The poems of Déroulède, crowned by the French Academy," says Vapereau's *Dictionnaire des Contemporains*, "enjoyed a truly popular success; which they well deserved for the truthfulness of their patriotic sentiment. They ran through numerous editions, and were widely scattered abroad in the form of extracts, which were distributed in the barracks and in the schools."

"Paul Déroulède's appearances in politics," said the London *Athenæum*, upon the publication of *Chants du Paysan* in 1894, "have often been so grotesque and eccentric to British taste, that it is to be feared the ordinary Englishman regards him as a kind of mountebank. This would be unjust, for something better than mere Chauvinism and charlatanism has gone to the popularizing of the more than three hundred editions of his *Chants du Soldat* and its Tyrtæan sequels. There are many worse poetical inspirations than a very ardent patriotism; while M. Déroulède's faculties of expression are far indeed from despicable. The same qualities reproduce themselves not unsuccessfully in his *Chants du Paysan*, the fruit, as he tells us, of some months' retirement (in more or less disgust at things political and semi-political) to the Angoumois."

COMRADES FOREVER!

The tomb for me? The tomb? But why?

I would not rest thus all alone;

Nay, let me in the trenches lie

Beside my brother warriors thrown.

Comrades of old, of the wars gone by,

I, too, come; my last "halt" draws nigh:

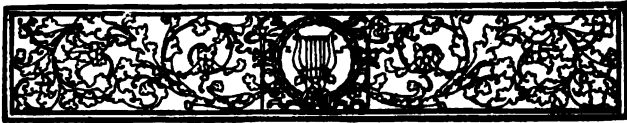
Brave hearts, ye're bound to mine own!

The sheet for me? The sheet? But why?
Let all such go to bed to groan;
The warrior elsewhere ne'er will die,
But on the field of blood alone.
Comrades of old, of the wars gone by,
Friends of my prayers, of my dying sigh,
Brave hearts, ye're bound to mine own!

The tear for me? The tear? But why?
Funeral bells for the conquered moan;
"Victorious France!" is all my cry;
Victorious France! thy foes are flown!
Comrades of old, of the wars gone by,
Pain's a delusion, and death is a lie!
Brave hearts, ye're bound to mine own!

—From *Poèmes Militaires*; translated for the UNIVERSITY OF LITERATURE.





DERZHAVIN, GABRIEL (properly, DER-SHAWIN, GAVRIL ROMANOWITSCH), a Russian statesman and poet, born in 1743; died in 1816. He was of noble Tartar descent; entered the gymnasium at Kazan, his birthplace, in 1758; thence he went to St. Petersburg, entered the military, and subsequently the civil service. In 1791 the Empress Catharine II. made him Secretary of State, and a few years afterward President of the College of Commerce. Upon the accession, in 1796, of Paul to the imperial throne, Derzhavin was placed at the head of the Council of State. In 1800 he became Imperial Treasurer, and in 1802 Minister of Justice. A complete edition of his Works, in five volumes, was put forth at St. Petersburg in 1810-15. They comprise an Ode on the Birth of the Emperor Alexander, one on Irreligion, and the magnificent one upon God, which has been translated into many Oriental and most Occidental languages.

ODE TO GOD.

O thou Eternal One ! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide ;
Unchanged through Time's all-devastating flight,
Thou only God ;—there is no God beside!
Being above all beings ! Mighty One !
Whom none can comprehend, and none explore,
Who fillest existence with Thyself alone ;
Embracing all—supporting—ruling o'er :
Being, whom we call God—and know no more !

In its sublime research, Philosophy
May measure out the ocean-deep, may count
The sands or the sun's rays ; but, God ! for Thee
There is no weight nor measure, none can mount
Up to Thy mysteries ; Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try
To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark ;
And thought is lost ere thought can mount so high,
E'en like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First Chaos, then Existence ;—Lord, on Thee
Eternity had its foundation ; all
Sprang forth from Thee—of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin ; all life, all beauty Thine,
Thy word created all, and doth create ;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine.
Thou art and wert, and shall be ! glorious, great,
Life-giving, life-sustaining Potentate !

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround,
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath !
Thou the beginning and the end has bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death.
As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from thee ;
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in thy praise.

A million torches, lighted by Thy hand,
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss ;
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them ?—Piles of crystal light,
A glorious company of golden streams,
Lamps of celestial ether, burning bright,
Suns of lighting systems, with their joyous beams !
But Thou to those are as the noon to night.

Yes ! as a drop of water to the sea,
All this magnificence to Thee is lost :

What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee?
And what am I, then? Heaven's unnumbered host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance, weighed
Against Thy greatness; is a cipher brought
Against infinity! What am I, then?—Naught!

Naught! But the effluence of Thy light divine,
Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too:
Yes, in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine,
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
Naught! But I live, and on Hope's pinions fly
Eager toward Thy presence; for in Thee
I live and breathe, and dwell, aspiring high,
Even to the eternal throne of Thy divinity;
I am, O God! and surely Thou must be!

Thou art! directing, guiding all, Thou art!
Direct my understanding, then, to Thee;
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart.
Though but an atom 'mid immensity,
Still I am something fashioned by Thy hand;
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realm where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundary of the spirit land!

The chain of being is complete in me;
In me is matter's last gradation lost;
And the next step is Spirit—Deity!
I can command the lightning, and am dust!
A monarch and a slave; a worm, a god!
Whence came I here, and how? so marvellously
Constructed and conceived? Unknown? This clod
Lives surely through some higher energy;
From out itself alone it could not be.

Creator! yes! Thy wisdom and thy word
Created *me*. Thou source of life and good!
Thou, spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude,

Filled me with an immortal soul to spring
 O'er the abyss of death, and bade it wear
 The garments of eternal day, and wing
 Its heavenly flight, beyond this little sphere,
 E'en to its source—to Thee—its Author—there !

O thought ineffable ! O vision blest !
 Though worthless our conception all of Thee,
 Yet shall thy shadowed image fill our breast,
 And waft its homage to Thy Deity.
 God ! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar ;
 Thus seek Thy presence, Being wise and good—
 Mid Thy vast works, admire, obey, adore ;
 And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
 The soul shall speak in tears its gratitude.

—*Translation of BOWRING.*

MONODY ON PRINCE MESTCHASKY.

O iron tongue of Time, with thy sharp metallic tone,
 The terrible voice affrights me :
 Each beat of the clock summons me,
 Calls me, and hurries me to the grave.
 Scarcely have I opened my eyes upon the world,
 Ere Death grinds its teeth,
 And with his scythe that gleams like lightning,
 Cuts off my days, which are but grass.

Not one of the horned beasts of the field,
 Not a single blade of grass escapes,
 Monarch and beggar alike are food for the worm.
 The noxious elements feed the grave,
 And Time effaces all human glory ;
 As the swift waters rush toward the sea,
 So our days and years flow into Eternity,
 And Empires are swallowed up by greedy Death.

We crawl along the edge of the treacherous abyss,
 Into which we quickly fall headlong :
 With our first breath of life we inhale death,
 And are only born that we may die.
 Stars are shivered by him,
 And suns are momentarily quenched,

Each world trembles at his menace,
And Death unpitifully levels all.

The mortal scarcely thinks that he can die.
And idly dreams himself immortal,
When Death comes to him as a thief,
And in an instant robs him of his life.
Alas ! where fondly we fear the least,
There will Death the sooner come ;
Nor does the lightning-bolt with swifter blast
Topple down the towering pinnacle.

Child of luxury, child of freshness and delight,
Mestchasky, where hast thou hidden thyself ?
Thou hast left the realms of light,
And withdrawn to the shores of the dead ;
Thy dust is here, but thy soul is no more with us.
Where is it? It is there. Where is *there*? We know
not.

We can only weep and sob forth,
Woe to us that we were ever born into the world !

They who are radiant with health,
Love, joy, and peace,
Feel their blood run cold
And their souls to be fretted with woe.
Where but now was spread a banquet, there stands a
coffin ;
Where but now rose mad cries of revelry,
There resounds the bitter wailing of mourners ;
And over all keeps Death his watch :

Watches us one and all—the mighty Czar
Within whose hands are lodged the destinies of a
world ;
Watches the sumptuous Dives,
Who makes of gold and silver his idol-gods ;
Watches the fair beauty rejoicing in her charms ;
Watches the sage, proud of his intellect ;
Watches the strong man, confident in his strength ;
And, even as he watches, sharpens the blade of his
scythe.

O Death, thou essence of fear and trembling !
O Man, thou strange mixture of grandeur and of nothingness !

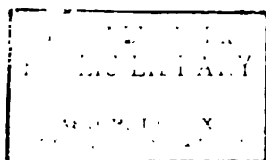
To-day a god, and to-morrow a patch of earth :
To-day buoyed up with cheating hope,
And to-morrow, where art thou, man ?
Scarce an hour of triumph allowed thee,
Ere thou hast taken thy flight to the realms of Chaos,
And thy whole course of life, a dream, is run.

Like a dream, like some sweet vision,
Already my youth has vanished quite.
Beauty no longer enjoys her potent sway,
Gladness no more, as once entrances me,
My mind is no longer free and fanciful,
And all my happiness is changed.
I am troubled for a longing for fame ;
I listen ; the voice of fame now calls me.

But even so will manhood pass away,
And together with fame all my aspirations.
The love of wealth will tarnish all,
And each passion in its turn
Will sway the soul and pass.
Avaunt happiness, that boasts to be within our grasp—
All happiness is but evanescent and a lie :
I stand at the gate of eternity.

—*Translation of* CHARLES EDWARD TURNER.









DESCARTES (or **DESCARTES**, Latinized into **CARTESIUS**), **RENÉ**, a French philosopher, born at La Haye, in Touraine, March 31, 1596; died at Stockholm, in February, 1650. He was of a noble family in Touraine; was trained in the Jesuit College of La Flèche, where he prosecuted his philosophical studies with great success. But in compliance with the wishes of his family he entered the army in 1616, and saw considerable military service during the ensuing five years. Leaving the army, he travelled for several years in various parts of Europe, devoting himself to a close observation of natural phenomena, and to the formulation of his theory of the principles of human knowledge. He acquired a high reputation among all learned men, and is justly placed by the side of Bacon, Newton, and Kant among the founders of modern philosophical research, which he pushed into every department of physical and metaphysical investigation. In 1644 he put forth his *Principia Philosophiæ*, and soon after received a pension of 3,000 livres from the King of France. In 1648 Queen Christina of Sweden invited him to come to Stockholm as director of an academy which she proposed to found, with a salary of 3,000 crowns. He died two years after, and was buried at Stockholm; but sixteen years afterward Louis XIV. caused his remains to be

brought to Paris, where they were reinterred in the church of Ste. Geneviève du Mont. The writings of Descartes, some in Latin, some in French, are very numerous. The latest, and probably best, edition is that of Victor Cousin, *Œuvres Complètes de Descartes* (11 vols., 1824-26). No entire translation into English, of any of his works has been published; but Professor Mahaffy's volume upon Descartes (London, 1885) contains a fair summary of his teachings, in the various departments of human knowledge, with translations of the important passages.

DO ANIMALS THINK?

As to the understanding conceded by Montaigne and others to brutes I differ, not for the reason usually alleged that man possesses an absolute dominion over the brutes, which may not always be true, either as regards strength or cunning; but I consider that they imitate or surpass us only in those actions which are not directed by thought—such as walking, eating, and putting our hands out when we are falling. And people who walk in their sleep are said to have swum across rivers, in which they would have been drowned had they awaked. As regards the movements of the passions, although they are accompanied in us by thought, because we possess that faculty, it is yet plain that they do not depend upon it, because they occur often in spite of it, so that even their more violent occurrence in the brutes cannot prove to us that they have thoughts. In fine, there is no single external action which can convince those who examine it that our body is not merely a machine which moves of itself, but has in it a thinking mind, except the use of words, or other signs (such as those of mutes) made in relation to whatever presents itself, without any regard to the passions. This excludes the talking of parrots, and includes that of the insane, as the latter may be *à propos*, though it

be absurd, while the former is not. It also excludes the cries of joy or pain, as well as all that can be taught to animals by acting on their hopes or fears of bodily pleasure or pain ; which is the principle of all training of animals.

It is remarkable that language, so defined, applies to man only ; for although Montaigne and Charron say there is more difference among men than between men and brutes, there has never yet been found a brute so perfect as to use some sign to inform other animals of things not relating to their passions ; nor is there any man so imperfect who does not use such signs—even the deaf and dumb inventing them. This latter fact seems to prove that it is not from a want of organs that brutes do not speak. Nor can we argue that they talk among themselves, but that we do not understand them ; for dogs express to us their passions so well that they could certainly express their thoughts if they had any.

I know that the beasts do many things better than we do, which only proves that they act by natural springs, like a clock, which marks time better than we can determine it by our judgment. The habits of bees, the return of the swallows, and the order of flying cranes, and the supposed battle-order of monkeys, is of the same kind ; and finally that of dogs and cats, which scratch the earth to bury their excrements, though they hardly ever really do so ; which shows that they do it by instinct, without thinking. We can only say that though the beasts perform no acts which can prove to us that they think, still, because of the likeness of their organs to ours, we may conjecture that there is some thought joined to them, as we perceive in our own case, although theirs must be far less perfect. To this I have nothing to reply, except that, if they thought as we do, they must have an immortal soul, which is not likely, as we have no reason to extend it to some animals without extending it to all—such as worms, oysters, sponges, etc.

THE NATURE OF IDEAS.

Among our thoughts, some are, as it were, images of things, and to these only is properly applied the term

idea, as when I have before me a man, a chimera, heaven, an angel, or even God. Other thoughts have a different form, as when I wish or fear, affirm or deny; then I conceive, indeed, something as the subject of my mental action, but I also add something else by this action to the idea in my mind; and of this kind of thoughts, some are called *volitions* or *affections*, and the rest *judgments*. The mere perception of ideas cannot possibly contain any error; it is in our judgments concerning them that error consists. Thus I infer from these ideas that they are produced by external objects like them, because I fancy that I am so taught by nature, and because they do not depend upon my will. And yet these inferences may be false. For being *taught by nature* means not only the evidence of that *natural light* which is the highest and most perfect guarantee of the truth of our simple intuitions—it may also mean a certain *spontaneous inclination, a blind and rash impulse*, which certainly deceives me, for example, in the choice between virtue and vice, and therefore cannot be trusted in the distinction of truth and falsehood. Thus our ideas might be produced by no external cause, but by some as yet undiscovered faculty within ourselves; and even if they were, this external cause need not resemble our ideas. Nay, in many cases we know that it does not. It is only by reflecting carefully on the truth revealed to us by natural light, that all ideas of mental objects must be derived from causes which contain formally all the reality possessed objectively by the ideas, that I am able to deduce this conclusion: All the ideas of body which are clear to my mind—viz., trinal extension, figure, place, movement, substance, duration, and number—are real and true; those of light, color, taste, heat, cold, etc., are so obscure and confused that nature teaches me nothing about their reality or their causes. They may even proceed from non-being, or from some want in my nature. And so of many other ordinary prejudices, which have infected not only common life, but even philosophy.

BEING AND NON-BEING.

When I come to examine the cause of the many errors which are manifestly made by human nature, I find that

together with the idea of a Being of sovereign perfection, I have as its opposite a negative idea of non-being (*le néant*)—that is, of what is infinitely removed from all perfection; and that I am, so to speak, intermediate between the sovereign Being and non-being, that there is nothing in me which can lead to error, in so far as the sovereign Being has produced me. But if I regard myself as participating to some extent in the *néant* or non-being—viz., in so far as I am not myself the sovereign Being, and that I am deficient in several things—I find myself exposed to an infinity of deficiencies. And thus I know that error, as such, is nothing real depending on God, but only a defect; and that to err I require no particular faculty given me by God for that purpose, but it merely happens that I am deceived because the power given me by God to discern truth from falsehood is not infinite.





DESJARDINS, PAUL, a French educator, reformer, and journalist, is known as the chief exponent of "desjardinism"—a term variously described as the expression of the purest and utmost ideality of thought, and as the protest of literary France against the gross materialism of what is popularly known as "French literature." He studied at the École Normale Supérieure, in Paris; entering the section des lettres in 1879, from which he was graduated in 1881. He devoted himself to teaching; and was for a time professor of rhetoric at the lyceum of Le Mans, and afterward of philosophy and rhetoric at the celebrated military college of La Flèche. In 1885 he became professor of rhetoric at the Communal College of St. Stanislaus, in Paris. This position he held for ten years, exchanging in 1895 for the chair of rhetoric at the Lycée Michelet. He first came into general public notice as a member of the brilliant editorial staff of the *Journal des Débats*, and as a writer—"of amazing universality"—for the newspaper and periodical press generally. His series of *Notes Contemporaines*, including *Les Obscurs*, *Esquisses*, *Compagnons de la Vie Nouvelle*, and *Portraits* (of innumerable illustrations, *Illustré*, and comparatively unknown, *Inconnu*, people of our own day), were particularly praised by the advocates of "the pure passion of the Ideal."

Un Critique, an article in which he said that Voltaire had no soul, was much criticised, favorably and unfavorably, by the disciples and the opponents of the psychic school. A little book of eighty-two pages, entitled *Le Devoir Présent*, published by Desjardins in 1892, brought upon him a flood of questions from almost every part of the literary world; and these he answered through the columns of the daily papers in a series of articles on *The Conversion of the Church*. With other authors he formed a "Union" for *Moral Action*; to the organ of which, more and more exclusively, he gave his contributions on literary spirituality.

"The vast gulf," writes Madame Blaze de Bury, "that separates Paul Desjardins from—we might almost say—all other schools and other masters here in France, is best indicated by the one word irony. More or less, irony has reigned for centuries over the thought of France, from Rabelais to Balzac, and from La Rochefoucauld to the pessimists of our own age; and few, indeed, and interrupted have been the flashes of idealism or tenderness, even of cheaper pity, in between. It is a wholesome thing for those who in this strange nation are careless of its general morality, and feel little dissatisfaction with its want of soul, to read the admirable reflections of M. Desjardins on the old malady of Gaul. It has many aspects. We all know to what measure of punishment Alexandre Dumas consigned it in its final stage of incurability, when its *ricanement* wakes the echoes of the boulevards. Desjardins mourns over it tenderly,

though it offends all the delicate and grave susceptibilities of his nature, which suffers in the midst of a civilization that vainly seeks to fly from regret at its own inability to feel."

POETRY AS INFLUENCED BY PAINTING.

For the many weary years during which poetry (real poetry) lay dead in France, those among our artists who felt the loveliness of Nature, and chief among them our landscape painters—Rousseau, Millet, Dupré, and, truest of all, Corot—garnered up within their studio walls the divine faculty of finding inspiration in the Invisible. Their *ateliers* were temples. And as painting itself is a language, though disguised—a language speaking by hints, suggesting what the soul seeks to convey—it came to pass that all art, thus prepared by the action of a mute ideal, became itself suggestive, and therefore inapt at loudness or coarseness of speech, interpreting by imagery the finer emotions untranslatable in words; and thus these veiled images, sufficient for the imagination of the eye, gave to painting a soul that nevertheless stopped short of the definite expression of a spoken tongue. There does remain to our young poetry of to-day a sort of indistinctness, full of charm, a kind of melodious haze made up of broken silences (*des silences brisés*) and movements half implied. Its earlier accents in their untaught sincerity were full of the sweet lisps of childhood's incompleteness—it was, as it were, a dim art, surrounded by the vaporous shadows of an extinct time.—*From Les Obscurs; translated by MADAME BLAZE DE BURY.*

THE ALPINE PEASANTS AND THE PARISIANS.

The speech and thought of these men is plain and direct, devoid of artifice, clear and fathomable; they furnish you an unvarnished tale of their own simple experience, the life-experience of a man, no more! They neither invent nor disguise, and are totally incapable of presenting either fact or circumstance in a way that shall suggest to the hearer another or a dif-

ferent sense. Our woful habit of ridiculing what lies at the bottom of our hearts they have never learned ; they copy, line by line, and stroke by stroke, the meaning that is in them, the intentions of their inner mind. In our Parisian haunts, it seems to me that their success would be a problem ; but they are heedless of "success ;" and to us, when we escape from our vitiated centres, from an atmosphere poisoned by that perpetual straining after effect, the pure undressed simplicity of these "primitives" is as refreshing as to our over-excited and exhausted nerves are the green, quiet, hidden nooks of their Alpine solitudes. With them there is no need of imaginative expression ; the trouble of thought is useless ; their words are the transparent revelation of their beliefs. The calm brought to the hyper-civilized spirit by this plainness and directness of nature is absolutely indescribable ; and when I came to reflect on the profoundness of mental quietude—I might say of consolation—that I had attained to during my wanderings, I could not help recognizing what a cruel, fatal part is played in the lives of all of us by irony. It is, with Frenchmen, a kind of veneer worn, even by the most unpretentious, in place of whatever may be real in them ; and where this outward seeming is absent, they are completely at a loss. Well-bred Frenchmen rarely, if ever, have or pronounce an opinion, or pass a judgment—unless with a playful obliquity of judgment, and on things in general. They assume an air of knowing what they are talking about, and of having probed the vanity of all human effort before they have ever attempted or approached it ; and even this indifference, this disdain, this apparent dislike to the responsibility of so much as an opinion, even this is not natural, not innate ; its formula is not of their own creation ; it is but the repetition of what was originated by some one else. The truth is, that in our atmosphere all affirmative action is difficult ; it is hard either to be or to do. This habit of irony has destroyed all healthful activity here. It is a mere instrument of evil ; if you grasp it, it turns to mischief in your hands, and either slips from and eludes them, or wounds you—as often as not mortally.

—*From Notes Contemporaines.*

THE GOOD IS ALL.

We must labor, labor hard, to understand, respect, and tenderly love in others whatever contains one single grain of simple, intrinsic Goodness. Believe me, this is everywhere, and it is everywhere to be found, if you will only look for it.

The supremacy of the truly Good!—here lies the root of the whole teaching—the whole new way of looking at things and judging men.

The fame of Voltaire will be cruelly diminished by all this,—I know it well. But do you really hold by Voltaire so much as that? Voltaire had no soul; mind that (though I think Ste. Beuve forgot it); and remember that, in place of the mere cleverness of those vanished days, some great thing of which we know nothing yet, but only guess, may, and surely will, be born.—*From Un Critique.*





DE VERE, SIR AUBREY, an Irish poet, was born at Curragh Chase, County Limerick, August 28, 1788; died there, July 5, 1846. He was the eldest son of Vere Hunt, who was created a baronet of Ireland in 1784. He succeeded to the title upon the death of his father in 1818; and by royal license he assumed the surname and arms of De Vere in 1832. He was educated partly by a private tutor at Ambleside, and was afterward a student with Byron and Peel at Harrow. "He led the life of a quiet country gentleman, and his modesty prevented him from publishing much in his lifetime." His *Julian the Apostate*, a dramatic poem which he published in 1822, is mentioned in Burke's *Peerage and Baronetage* for 1807; as are also *The Duke of Mercia*, a historical drama which appeared in 1823, and *The Song of Faith*, which he issued four years before his death. His later works, published posthumously, include *Mary Tudor* (1847), a historical drama which Sir Aubrey had written in 1844; and the *Sonnets*, which had been included in the issue of 1842, but which were published separately in 1875, with a memoir by his son, Aubrey Thomas De Vere. Wordsworth pronounced these sonnets to be "the most perfect of our age;" and Leslie Stephen says that "they show his chivalrous sentiment," that "he was a man of high patriotic feeling, attached to

no party, and though inclining to Toryism, averse to the old-fashioned prejudices of the party."

The Quarterly Review for April, 1896, after quoting with admiration the estimate of Sir Aubrey by his gifted son: "In that brow I see three things—Imagination, Reverence, and Honor," proceeds as follows:—"We should be content to rest Sir Aubrey De Vere's reputation upon his sonnets, pronounced by Wordsworth 'amongst the most perfect of our age,' or upon that magnificent creation, *Mary Tudor*, which two such different minds as those of Mr. Gladstone and the late Cardinal Manning agreed in placing next to Shakespeare. The high level sustained by his poetry is one of its most striking characteristics. He is never paltry; and the verse moves with a conscious unflagging dignity that corresponds to the grave and luminous current of thought beneath."

LADY JANE GREY IN PRISON.

A prison in the Tower. LADY JANE GREY, alone, sewing a shroud. She turns an hour-glass.

Jane.—I nevermore shall turn that glass. For me
Time is fulfilled: and ere those sands run down,
My trembling fingers must complete their task—
Their final task—or not in work of mine
Shall his dear limbs, composed in death, be wrapped.
With what a speed they haste! by mine own heart
I count the flying seconds of his life.
Oh what a task for wedded hands!—'Tis done,
And now I fold and lay thee to my bosom,
Which his espoused head so loved to press.
[Enter the Duchess of Suffolk.
What noise is that?—not time—it is not time?
Oh my dear mother. [Falls on her neck.

Duchess.—Wretched—wretched mother !

Jane.—It is not much to die. Whoever faints
Has tasted death, waking in pain or sorrow.
Have comfort.—Desolate I leave you not :
My father near and other duteous daughters.

Duchess.—Thy father hath gone forth and raised his
banner
To dare the Queen. This act hath sealed thy doom.
The father slays his child !

Jane.— God's will be done !
How dark soe'er his ways or blind our eyes !
My precious mother ! weep not—leave me some
strength !

Duchess.—Would I were dead !

Jane.— Live for my sister's sake.
She needs thy counsel, and my sad example :
For there is that in Herbert's father's heart
May move him to attempt the crown for her.

Duchess.—Oh, let her rather labor in the fields,
And spring for bread beside a cottage hearth,
Than step unto a throne ! Thou fatal blood !
Predestinated race ! all who partake
Thy veins must pour them forth on battle-fields,
Or the foul scaffold ! Doomed Plantagenet !
The Tudor follows in your steps.

Jane.— Our sands
Have almost run. I must be quick. Will he
See me once more ? one last, last kiss bestow ?

Duchess.—The malice of the Queen forbids.

Jane.— Say mercy—
Else were our hearts left beggared of all firmness.
'Tis best thus. We shall meet—yes, ere yon sun,
Now high in heaven, shall from the zenith stoop,
Together will they lay us in one coffin,
Together our poor heads. Weep not, my mother !
But hear me. Promise you will see this done.

Duchess.—I promise.

Jane.— So our bones shall intermingle ;
And rise together, when the angelic trump
Shall lift us to the footstool of our Judge !
What shall I give thee ?—they have left me little—
What slight memorial through soft tears to gaze on ?

This bridal ring—the symbol of past joy?
 I cannot part with it : upon this finger
 It must go down into the grave. Perchance
 After long years some curious hand may find it,
 Bright like our better hopes, amid the dust,
 And piously, with a low sigh, replace it.
 Here—take this veil, and wear it for my sake.
 And take this winding-sheet to him ; and this
 Small handkerchief so wetted with my tears,
 To wipe the death-damp from his brow. This kiss—
 And this—my last—print on his lips and bid him
 Think of me to the last and wait my spirit.
 Farewell, my mother ! farewell, dear, dear, mother,
 These terrible moments I must pass in prayer—
 For the dying—for the dead ! Farewell ! farewell !
—*Mary Tudor.*

COLUMBUS.

He was a man whom danger could not daunt,
 Nor sophistry perplex, nor pain subdue ;
 A stoic, reckless of the world's vain taunt,
 And steeled the path of honor to pursue ;
 So, when by all deserted, still he knew
 How best to soothe the heart-sick, or confront
 Sedition ; schooled with equal eye to view
 The frowns of grief, and the base pangs of want.
 But when he saw that promised land arise
 In all its rare and bright varieties,
 Lovelier than fondest fancy ever trod,
 Then softening nature melted in his eyes :
 He knew his fame was full, and blessed his God ;
 And fell upon his face, and kissed the virgin sod !

DIOCLETIAN AT SALONA.

Take back these vain insignia of command,
 Crown, truncheon, golden eagle—baubles all—
 And robe of Tyrian dye, to me a pall ;
 And be forever alien to my hand,
 Though laurel-wreathed, War's desolating brand,
 I would have friends, not courtiers, in my hall ;
 Wise books, learned converse, beauty free from thrall,

And leisure for good deeds, thoughtfully planned.
Farewell, thou garish world ! thou Italy,
False widow of departed Liberty !
I scorn thy base caresses. Welcome the roll
Between us of my own bright Adrian Sea !
Welcome these wilds, from whose bold heights my soul
Looks down on your degenerate Capitol !

TIME MISSPENT.

There is no remedy for time misspent ;
No healing for the waste of idleness
Whose very languor is a punishment
Heavier than active souls can feel or guess :
O hours of idleness and discontent,
Not now to be redeemed ! ye sting not less
Because I know this span of life was lent
For lofty duties, not for selfishness ;
Not to be wiled away in aimless dreams,
But to improve ourselves, and serve mankind,
Life and its choicest faculties were given.
Man should be better than he seems,
And shape his acts, and discipline his mind,
To walk adorning earth with hope of heaven.

SAD IS OUR YOUTH, FOR IT IS EVER GOING.

Sad is our youth, for it is ever going,
Crumbling away beneath our very feet ;
Sad is our life, for onward it is flowing
In current unperceived, because so fleet ;
Sad are our hopes, for they are sweet in sowing,—
But tares, self-sown, have overtopped the wheat ;
Sad are our joys, for they are sweet in blowing,—
And still, oh still, their dying breath is sweet ;
And sweet is youth, although it hath bereft us
Of that which made our childhood sweeter still ;
And sweet is middle life, for it hath left us
A nearer good to cure an older ill ;
And sweet are all things, when we learn to prize them,
Not for their sake, but His, who grants them or denies
them !



DE VERE, MAXIMILIAN SCHELE, an American teacher and writer, born near Wexio, Sweden, in 1820. After some time spent in military and diplomatic service in Prussia, he emigrated to the United States, and in 1844 was appointed Professor of Modern Languages in the University of Virginia. Besides several text-books for the study of the French language, he is the author of *Outlines of Comparative Philology* (1853); *Stray Leaves from the Book of Nature* (1856); *Studies of our English* (1867); *The Great Empress*, a novel, and *Wonders of the Deep* (1869); *Americanisms* (1871); and *The English of the New World* (1873). He has translated into English Spielhagen's *Problematic Characters*, *Through Night to Light*, and *The Hohensteins*.

Upon the publication of Professor De Vere's novel of ancient life entitled *The Great Empress*, the following appreciative words appeared in *The Nation* : " The author seems bitten with the desire to ' ensnare youthful devotees of light literature ' into the acquisition of historical knowledge by keeping carefully out of sight such dry and prosaic matters as dates and precise references, and setting before them instead a highly colored picture of the times and people whom he is describing."

Professor Hart, in his *Manual*, says that the

publications of Professor De Vere, "mostly in the department of linguistics, have been of a scholarly, and at the same time of a popular, character."

THE MOORS.

On many a plain, on lofty table-lands, or close to the ocean's restless pulse, wherever water gathers from a thousand invisible sources, little pools and miniature lakes are formed, which the clayey ground or solid rock beneath prevents from reaching their great home in the sea. Upon these waters little tiny plants appear, hardly visible *confervæ*; they come, man knows not whence, but they multiply in amazing haste, and soon cover the stagnant pool with living green. On a sudden, however, they are gone; they have sunk down to the bottom. There they form layer upon layer; slowly, indeed, for the naked eye measures them only by hundreds of generations; but as particles of sand and stone gather in their hidden folds, and as the bodies and shells of countless minute animals, who found a home in the waters above, are buried amidst them, they rise year after year. Gradually they afford a footing and food for numerous water-worts, in whose mouldering remains mosses and rushes begin to settle. These bind their roots firmly, they join hand in hand and arm in arm, until at last they form a soft green cover of peaty mould, far and near, over the dark, mysterious waters. The older the moor, the firmer and stronger is, of course, this turf-cover over the brownish pool, that gives out a faint, but piercing fragrance. Near the sea-shore, and in rainy regions, larger quantities of water frequently remain between the firm ground and the felt-like cover, so that the surface breathes and heaves like the waves of the great ocean. In drier countries, heath, hair-grass, and even bilberry-bushes, grow in the treacherous mould. But the moisture beneath gnaws constantly at their roots, so that they die off, whilst the herb above clings pertinaciously to life, and sends out ever new shoots—a faint, false resemblance of life, like the turf on the moor itself, in its restless, unstabled suspension above the dark-brown water beneath.

This turf-cover, consisting of countless partly decayed plants, and their closely interwoven roots, is our peat; those vegetable masses that have accumulated at the bottom of the moor are bog-earth, and below them, as the oldest layer of all, lies the so-called black peat. . . . Dark and dismal the green turf stretches far away, as far as eye can reach. It knows neither spring nor summer. Below is the dark, unfathomed abyss. Here and there fierce gusts of wind, or strange powers from below, have torn the gloomy shroud asunder, and the dark, black waters stare at you. . . . Even the bright sun of heaven cannot light up the haunted mirror—its golden face looks pale and leaden. No fish swims in the inhospitable water; no boat passes swiftly from shore to shore. Whatever has life and dreads death, flees the treacherous moor. Woe to the unfortunate man who misses the narrow path! A single step amiss, and he sinks into the gulf; the green turf closes over him, and drowns the gurgling of the waters and the anxious cry of the victim.

Far, far down in the depths of the moor there lies many a secret of olden times. Below the grim, ghastly surface, below the waters, below the black remnants of countless plants, lie the sad memorials of ages unknown to the history of man. Huge trees stand upright, and their gigantic roots rest upon the crowns of still older forest giants! In the inverted oaks of Murten Moor, in Switzerland, many see the famous oak woods that Charlemagne caused to be cut down, now more than a thousand years ago. For centuries the moors have hid in their silent bosom the gigantic works of ancient Rome; and posterity has gazed with awe and wonder at the masterly roads and massive bridges, like those built of perishable wood by Germanicus, when he passed from Holland into the valley of the Weser. Far in the deep lie buried the stone hatchets and flint arrow-heads of Frisians and Cheruski, by the side of the copper kettle and iron helmet of the Roman soldier. A Phœnician skiff was found of late and alongside of it a boat laden with bricks. The skeletons of antediluvian animals rest there peaceably by the corpses of ancient races with sandals on their feet and the skins of animals around

their naked bodies. Hundreds of brave English horsemen, who sought an honorable death in the battle of Solway, were swallowed up, horse and men, by the insatiable moor. . . .

Even in our day moors grasp with their death-hand at living nature around them. Here and there a lofty tree still rises from the dismal depth ; in mountain-valleys even groves and forests sometimes break the sad monotony. But in the unequal struggle the moor is sure to win the battle. Like foul disease, the hungry moor-water gnaws at the roots of the noble trees. It softens the ground, it changes it into morass, and the proud giants of the forest fall one by one before the dark invisible foe beneath them. They resist long and bravely ; but their roots are drowned with the abominable liquid ; their hold is loosened, their leaves turn yellow and crisp ; the wintry storm comes in fury, and the noble tree sinks powerless into the grave at its feet. The struggle may be marked, even now, in all its stages. Thus, in the famous Black Forest of Germany, there rise on many a breezy hill glorious old fir-trees, and graceful, silvery birches. Only a few yards beyond, however, the eye meets with but sorry, stunted dwarfs, trees crippled before they reached their height, old before their time, and weak already in the days of their youth. Their crowns are withered, their branches hung with weird weeping mosses. Then the trees become still fewer and smaller ; low, deformed trunks with twisted branches alone survive. At last these also disappear, and the dead quiet of the moor, with its humble heath, broken here and there by a dead bush or a lowly hillock, reigns alone and triumphant.—*Stray Leaves from the Book of Nature.*





DE VERE, THOMAS AUBREY, an Irish poet and political writer, the third son of Sir Aubrey De Vere, Baronet, of Curragh Chase, in the county of Limerick, was born on the family estate, January 10th, 1814; and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. He died January 20th, 1902 (age 88). At the age of twenty-eight he published a lyrical tale entitled *The Waldenses, or the Fall of Rora*. This poem was well received. De Vere's productions include a large number of works in verse; in which, says Pierre Larousse, "il y a des pages d'une rare beauté, rappelant les plus beaux vers de Thomas Moore." These include *The Search after Proserpine* (1843); *Poems, Miscellaneous and Sacred* (1853); *May Carols* (1857); *The Sisters, Inisfail, and Other Poems* (1861); *The Infant Bridal* (1864), a selection from his poems; *Irish Odes and Other Poems* (1869); *Legends of Saint Patrick* (1872); *Alexander the Great* (1874), a dramatic poem; *Saint Thomas of Canterbury* (1876), another dramatic poem; *Antor and Zara* (1877); *Legends of the Saxon Saints* (1879); *The Foray of Queen Meane, and Other Legends of Ireland's Heroic Age* (1882); *Legends and Records of the Church and the Empire* (1887); *Saint Peter's Chains* (1888); *Poems* (1890), a selection, edited by John Dennis; *The Household Poetry Book; Mediæval Records and Sonnets; Religious Poems of the Nineteenth Century*; these last three being compilations published under De Vere's editorial

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supervision in 1893. As a politician he has exerted by his writings a great influence upon the affairs of Ireland. *English Misrule and Irish Misdeeds*, published in 1848, produced a sensation in the political world; and among his works of this kind should also be mentioned *Ireland's Church Property and the Right Use of It* (1867); *Pleas for Secularization* (1867); *The Church Establishment of Ireland* (1867); *The Church Settlement of Ireland, or Hibernia Pacanda* (1868); *Constitutional and Unconstitutional Political Action* (1881). Of other prose writings, are an excellent work on Turkey entitled *Sketches of Greece and Turkey*, published in two volumes in 1850; a volume of letters and articles on philosophical and religious subjects entitled *Proteus and Amadeus* (1878); *Essays on Poetry* (1887); *Essays Literary and Ethical* (1889).

Many reviewers have made the mistake of crediting the works of Aubrey Thomas De Vere to his father, Sir Aubrey, mentioned previously, and *vice versa*, the similarity of style, as well as name, making such an error quite likely. It is also possible that the younger man incorporated some of his father's writings into his own works. *The Quarterly Review*, in the following exhaustive criticism of *The Waldenses* and the *Miscellaneous Poems* published with that lyric in 1842 by Aubrey Thomas, has evidently noticed the difference in style between the writings of father and son, but fails to account for it on the above hypothesis, ascribing it rather to different periods of one life than to two different persons:

"The poetry in Mr. De Vere's volume bears

upon the face of it the evidence of having been produced at different periods of youthful life. Against none of it do we bring the charge of forced thinking, for there is apparent throughout an easy and spontaneous activity of thought; some of it, however, appears to us to be chargeable with obscurity and subtlety, and the abundance of the author's resources has often betrayed him into a crowding and compressing of thoughts insomuch that those which are worthy to stand conspicuously will often want room and development. We find this fault with not a few of the miscellaneous poems, and these we should conceive to be the product of a period of youthful genius, when all manner of thoughts find a place in the mind, but when the great and small have not yet adjusted themselves according to their due proportions. Others of the miscellaneous poems we attribute to a later period, when this adjustment has taken place; while the 'Lyrical Sketch,' which occupies the first ninety-two pages of the volume, or about one-third of the whole, appears to us to have both the defects and the charms of an earlier period than either—a want of firmness of hand and tone in the execution of the dramatic colloquy, with much force and ardor under the excitement of the lyrical movements, a love of beauty above all things, and a fresh sympathy with the elementary feelings of our nature."

THE ASCENT OF THE ALPS.

Up to lonelier, narrower valleys
Winds an intricate ravine
Whence the latest snow-blast sallies
Through black firs scarce seen.

I hear through clouds the hunter's hollo—
 I hear, but scarcely dare to follow
 'Mid chaotic rock and woods,
 Such as in her lyric moods
 Nature, like a Bacchante, flings
 From half-shaped imaginings.
 There lie two prostrate trunks entangled
 Like intertwined dragons strangled :
 Yon glacier seems a prophet's robes,
 While broken sceptres, thrones, and globes
 Are strewn, as left by rival States
 Of elemental potentates.
 Pale floats the mist, a wizard's shroud :
 There looms the broad crag from the cloud.
 A thunder-graven Sphinx's head, half blind,
 Gazing on far lands through the freezing wind .

Mount higher, mount higher !
 With rock-girdled gyre
 Behind each gray ridge
 And pine-feathered ledge
 A vale is suspended ; mount higher, mount higher !

From rock to rock leaping
 The wild goats, they bound ;
 The resinous odors
 Are wafted around ;
 The clouds disentangled,
 With blue gaps and spangled ;
 Green isles of the valley with sunshine are crowned.

The birches new-budded
 Make pink the green copse ;
 From brier and hazel
 The golden rain drops ;
 As he climbs, the bough shaking,
 Nest-seeking, branch breaking,
 Beneath the white ash-boughs the shepherd-boy stops.

How happy that shepherd !
 How happy the lass !
 How freshly beside them
 The pure zephyrs pass !

Sing, sing ! From the soil
 Springs bubble and boil,
 And sun-smitten torrents fall soft on the grass. . . .

Mount higher, mount higher,
 To the cloudland nigher ;
 To the regions we climb
 Of our long-buried prime—
 In the skies it awaits us—Up higher, up higher !

Loud Hymn and clear Pæan
 From caverns are rolled :
 Far below is Summer—
 We have slipped from her fold ;
 We have passed, like a breath,
 To new life without death—
 The Spring and our Childhood all round we behold.

What are toils to men who scorn them !
 Peril what to men who dare ?
 Chains to hands that once have torn them
 Thenceforth are chains of air !
 The winds above the snow-plains fleet—
 Like them I race with winged feet ;
 My bonds are dropped ; my spirit thrills,
 A freeman of the Eternal Hills !
 Each cloud by turns I make my tent ;
 I run before the radiance sent
 From every mountain's silver mail
 Across dark gulfs from vale to vale :
 The curdling mist in smooth career,
 A lovely phantom fleeting by,
 As silent sails through yon pale mere
 That shrines its own blue sky. . . .

Lo ! like the foam of wintry ocean,
 The clouds beneath my feet are curled ;
 Dividing now with solemn motion
 They give back the world.
 No veil I fear, no visual bond
 In this ærial diamond :
 My head o'er crystal bastions bent,
 'Twixt star-crowned spire and battlement

I see the river of green ice,
 From precipice to precipice,
 Wind earthward slow, with blighting breath
 Blackening the vales below like death.
 Far, far beneath in sealike reach,
 Receding to the horizon's rim,
 I see the woods of pine and beech,
 By their own breath made dim :
 I see the land which heroes trod ;
 I see the land where Virtue chose
 To live alone, and live to God ;
 The land she gave to those
 Who know that on the hearth alone
 True freedom rears her fort and throne.

Lift up, not only hand and eye,
 Lift up, O Man, thy heart on high :
 Or downward gaze once more ; and see
 How spiritual dust can be !
 Then far into the Future dive,
 And ask if there indeed survive,
 When fade the words, no primal shapes
 Of disembodied hills and capes,
 Types meet to shadow Godhead forth ;
 Dread antetypes of shapes on earth ?
 O Earth ! thou shalt not wholly die,
 Of some " new Earth " the chrysalis
 Predestined from Eternity,
 Nor seldom seen through this ;
 On which, in glory gazing, we
 Perchance shall oft remember thee,
 And trace through it thine ancient frame
 Distinct, like flame espied through flame,
 Or like our earliest friends above,
 Not lost, though merged in heavenlier love—
 How changed, yet still the same ! . . .

The sun is set—but upwards without end
 Two mighty beams, diverging,
 Like hands in benediction raised, extend ;
 From the great deep a crimson mist is surging.
 Strange gleams, each moment ten times bright,

Shoot round, transfiguring as they smite
 All spaces of the empyreal height—
 Deep gleams, high Words which God to man doth
 speak,
 From peak to solemn peak, in order driven,
 They speak.—A loftier vision dost thou seek ?
 Rise then—to Heaven !

SORROW.

Count each affliction, whether light or grave,
 God's messenger sent down to thee ; do thou
 With courtesy receive him ; rise and bow ;
 And, ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave
 Permission first his heavenly feet to lave ;
 Then lay before him all thou hast. Allow
 No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,
 Or mar thy hospitality ; no wave
 Of mortal tumult to obliterate
 The soul's marmoreal calmness : grief should be,
 Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate,
 Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free ;
 Strong to consume small troubles ; to command
 Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to
 the end.

A CHURCHYARD.

I.

It stands a grove of cedars vast and green,
 Cathedral-wise disposed, with nave and choir,
 And cross-shaped transept lofty and serene ;
 And altar decked in festival attire
 With flowers like urns of white and crimson fire ;
 A chancel girt with vine-trailed laurel screen ;
 And aisles high arched with cypresses between ;
 Retreats of mournful love, and vain desire.
 Within the porch a silver fount is breathing
 Its pure, cold dews upon the summer air :
 Round it are blooming herbs, and flowers, the care
 Of all the angels of the seasons, wreathing
 Successively their unbought garniture
 Round the low graves of the beloved poor.

II.

But when the winds of night begin to move
Along the murmuring roofs, deep music rolls
Through all the vaults of this cathedral grove ;
A midnight service for departed souls.
Piercing the fan-like branches stretched above
Each chapel, oratory, shrine and stall ;
Then a pale moonshine falls or seems to fall
On those cold grave-stones—altars reared by love
For a betrothal never to be ended ;
And on the slender plants above them swinging ;
And on the dewy lamps from these suspended ;
And sometimes on dark forms in anguish clinging,
As if their bosoms to the senseless mould
Some vital warmth would add—or borrow of its cold.

THE TRUE BLESSEDNESS.

Blessed is he who hath not trod the ways
Of secular delights, nor learned the lore
Which loftier minds are studious to abhor :
Blessed is he who hath not sought the praise
That perishes, the rapture that betrays ;
Who hath not spent in Time's vainglorious war
His youth ; and found—a schoolboy at four score !—
How fatal are those victories that raise
Their iron trophies to a temple's height
On trampled Justice, who desires not bliss,
But peace ; and yet, when summoned to the fight
Combats as one who combats in the sight
Of God and of His angels ; seeking this
Alone—how best to glorify the right.





DEWEY, ORVILLE, an American clergyman, born at Sheffield, Mass., in 1794; died March 21, 1882. He graduated at Williams College in 1814, and studied theology at Andover. Having embraced Unitarian views, he became an assistant to Dr. Channing in Boston; was subsequently pastor of a Unitarian church in New Bedford, and in 1835 was called to the pastorate at the Church of the Messiah in New York. Protracted ill-health compelled him to resign this position in 1848, and retire to his farm in his native town. He made several visits to Europe; the first, beginning in 1833, lasted for two years. Of this he published an account under the title *The Old World and the New* (2 vols., 1836). Subsequent to his retirement from the pastorate of the Church of the Messiah, he occupied pulpits in Albany and Washington; and for four years (1858-62) he was pastor of the "New South" Unitarian Church, in Boston. Besides numerous separate sermons and discourses, he has published several volumes of *Sermons*, entitled respectively *Discourses on Human Nature*, on *Human Life*, on *Commerce and Business*, on *The Nature of Religion*, and on *The Unitarian Belief*. In 1859 he delivered in Boston a series of "Lowell Lectures," which were published under the title *Problem of Human Life and Destiny*. A complete edition of his works, edited by his daughter, appeared in 1885.

THE PROBLEM OF PHYSICAL PAIN.

The law is that of pain : of pain not usually severe nor perpetual, but general, moderate, occasional. And the main question is : Is it useful? Now, in general, we find no difficulty in answering this question in the affirmative. Pain is a sentinel that warns us of danger. And therefore it stands upon the outposts of this citadel, the body ; for pain is keenest, the surgeon's knife is felt keenest, on the surface. Now, be it granted that pain does us some harm ; but it saves us from worse harm. If cold did not pain us it might freeze us to death. If disease did not pain us, we might die before we knew that we were sick. If contacts of all sorts with surrounding objects—the woodman's axe, the carpenter's saw, the farmer's harrow—did not hurt us, they might cut and tear us all to pieces. Think of it. A knife, held by a careless hand, approaches us ; it touches the skin. We start back. Why? Because there is pain. But for this it might have entered the body, and cut some vital organ. An old Greek verse says, "The gods *sell* us the blessings they bestow." These are the best terms for us. They make us careful and prudent. Unconditional giving might lead to reckless squandering. Pain, then, is a teacher of prudence and self-care. Nay, and if happiness alone were considered, it might be argued that an occasional bitter drop gives a zest to the cup of enjoyment ; as hunger does to the feast, or sharp cold to the winter's fire.

But in moral relations, the argument is still stronger. Here is a human soul clothed with a body, to be trained to virtue, to self-command, to spiritual strength and nobleness. Would perpetual ease and pleasure, a perpetual luxury of sensation best do that? We know that it would not. Every wise and thoughtful man, at least, knows that some pain, some sickness, some rebuke of the senses, is good for him. Such a man often feels, in long-continued states of ease and comfort, that it is time that something should come to try, to discipline, to inure and ennoble his nature. He is afraid of uninterrupted enjoyment. Pain, patiently and nobly endured,

In this sense, therefore, death was a part of the original plan ; the departure from this world, that is to say, was a part of it ; even as that most ancient Scripture record of it implies. But still, doubtless, this departure may have assumed a particular character in consequence of sin. It may be, I repeat, a death dark and fearful—distressful both to body and mind. Vice, for instance, brings on disease ; and disease produces death ; and *this* death, thus premature and agonizing, is the fruit of sin. And doubtless in many ways, and in every way, departure from this world must be a more afflictive event, both to the sufferer and to survivors, in consequence of our moral darkness, wanderings, and weakness. Nevertheless—for I must insist upon this point—the departure, in *some* way, is inevitable. The over-crowded dwelling must dismiss some of its inmates ; the over-populous nation must send out colonies. Thus must the world, so to speak, colonize its inhabitants, translate them to another country. Else death would come amidst horrors now unknown ; amidst the agonies of famine and the suffocation of fulness. . . .

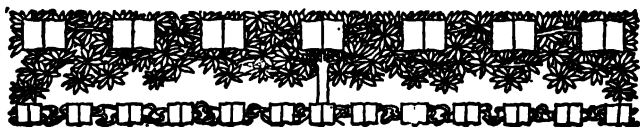
Yet not with terror only, but with tenderness does death touch the human heart—touches it with a gracious sympathy and sorrow. One may know the house where death has set his mark, long after the time. Traces are left in its affections that are never worn out. Traces are left *in memoriam*, in poetry, in all human sentiment. Death is not the sundering, but the consecration of friendship. It strengthens that holy bond. It makes the departed dearer. It gives new power and sanctity to their example. It invests their virtues with the radiance of angel beauty. It canonizes them as patron saints and guardian angels of the household.

Nor could it fulfil its high mission if men departed from the world in families, in tribes, in generations. Then indeed were we spared the sorrows of bereavement ; but at the expense of much that is most sacred in life. If families were dismissed from life together, they would inevitably become selfish ; contracting their thoughts and affections within those domestic spheres in which all their destinies were bound up. If generations were mowed down at once, like the ripened har-

vests, then had there been no history of public deeds, nor record of private worth. The invisible presence of virtue that now pervades and hallows the earth, that consecrates our dwellings, and makes them far more than the abodes of life, would be withdrawn from the fellowship of men ; and the signal lights of heroic example that are now shining through the ages would all go out in utter darkness. . . .

Nay, in another respect the grandeur of death imparts a reflected dignity to life. God puts honor on the being to whom he says "Thou shalt die!"—to whom he does not veil the event as he does the animal natures, but unfolds the clear prospect. He to whom the grandest achievement of courage and heroism should be proposed, could not be a mean creature. But every man is to meet the grandeur of death.

Yes, and in the bosom of death are powers greater than itself. I have *seen* them. I have seen them triumph, when death was nearest and mightiest ; and I believe in them—I *believe* in those unborn powers of life and immortality, more than I believe in death. They will bear me up more than death will weigh me down. I live : and this living conscious being which I am to-day, is a greater wonder to me than it is that I should go on and on. How I came to be astonishes me far more than how I should *continue* to be. And if I am to continue, if I am to live for ever, I must have a realm fitted for such life. Eternity of being must have infinitude of space for its range. I would visit other worlds ; and especially does the desire grow intense as the boundless splendors of the starry heavens are unfolded wider and wider. But I cannot go to them—I cannot skirt the coasts of Sirius and the Pleiades with this body. Then—some time—in God's good time—let it drop. Let my spirit wander free. Let this body drop ; as when one leaves the vehicle that had borne him on a journey—to ascend some lofty mountain—to lift his gaze to wider heavens and a vaster horizon. So let my spirit wander free, and far. Let it wander through the realms of infinite good ; its range as unconfined as its nature ; its faith, the faith of Christ ; its hope, a hope full of immortality.—*Lowell Lectures.*



DIAZ, ABBY (MORTON), an American juvenile writer and industrial reformer, is a descendant of George Morton, one of the early Pilgrim settlers at Plymouth, Mass., where she was born November 22, 1821. Her father and his family were earnest in the anti-slavery movement, and were for a time resident at Brook Farm. She was educated at the Bridgewater Normal School. It is related of Abby Morton that, while attending the public schools of her native town, she would knit garters and deny herself butter and other articles of diet, that she might earn and save money to give to the anti-slavery cause ; and that her copy-books were made at home of paper, each sheet of which bore the figure of a slave upon his knees.

She married a Cuban gentleman, who died a few years after, leaving her in straitened circumstances, with two little sons to support. In her endeavor to earn a living for herself and children she taught a singing-school, became a public school teacher, was housekeeper at a summer resort, made the boys' clothes herself, took the oversight of the sewing department of a large clothing house, and sent short stories to the magazines. An unexpected check for \$40 from the *Atlantic*, in 1861, for a little piece she had sent to that monthly, decided her to make her living, and do good at the same time, by means of her pen. She soon became well known for her children's stories, pub-

lished in *Young Folks* and other magazines. Among these may be mentioned *William Henry's Letters*, telling the folks at home how things get along at boarding school; *Pink and Blue*, *Farmer Hill*, *Little Country Girl*, *Early Life of a Bachelor*, and *The Schoolmaster's Story*. For Edward Eggleston, at the instigation of William Dean Howells, she contributed *The Schoolmaster's Trunk*, a series of letters ("found in the trunk") on household life and work. Similar papers, with these, were included in her *Bybury Book* and *Domestic Problems*. These writings brought her recognition as an authority; and in 1876 the Woman's Congress at Philadelphia chose her to read an essay on *Development of Character in Schools*, which was afterward published in the *Arena*. She wrote largely on Christian science, and became prominent as an organizer of societies for the protection of working women from the rapacity of dishonest employers, and as a lecturer on all sorts of timely topics. Some of her lectures had previously appeared in substance in her communications to *The Independent*. Later publications of hers, more especially for the young, are: *King's Lily and Rosebud*, *Polly Cologne*, showing how dolly Polly was lost, and how she was found; *King Grimalkin and Pussyanita*, being reports of the fine stories pussy tells the king; *John Spicer's Lectures*, verbatim reports of the wise lectures of eight-year-old Johnnie before his juvenile audiences in Barn Hall.

"As a humorist," says the *Atlantic Monthly*, "Mrs. Diaz must be recognized among the first who amiably and profitably please."

Her later works include *Bybury to Beacon Street* (1887); *Mother Goose's Christmas Party* (1891); *Only a Flock of Women* (1893).

AN OLD-TIME "SCHOOL-MARM."

Marm Cobb had a full round face, and her double cap-ruffle made it look fuller and rounder. Above that double-ruffle was a wide black ribbon, made up into a bow in front, and above the ribbon was the cap-crown. . . .

The school-marm sat with her feet on a block, or sometimes on a foot-stove, and seldom rose from her chair. A very long stick, which was always at hand, saved her the trouble of rising. I know not from what kind of a tree that stick was cut, but it had the farthest reach and the most tingle in its end of any stick I ever felt. Every afternoon just before the time for closing school, marm would lift the great Bible into her lap, and, with her thimble, give three raps on its cover. At that signal, we gathered around her in a semi-circle, and, folding our hands, stood while she read a chapter aloud. She read in a kind of sing-song way, now and then pausing to say, in a deep, hollow tone of voice, "Selah!" . . .

When the other scholars were gone, those of us who had to "stay" after school, helped to carry out the crickets and pile them up in the back room. Then we looked on while marm set her little three-legged table, and made herself a cup of tea. . . . Sometimes, while waiting for the tea-kettle to boil, she would drop her school-marm manners, and tell us about the blue pictures on the tiles around the fireplace. Every Saturday noon she gave the floor a thorough sweeping, scattered clean sand over it, and by drawing her broom over the sand this way and that, made what was called the "herring-bone pattern." Then she would put on her great black silk bonnet, and her red broadcloth cloak, take an umbrella for a cane, and walk off with a slow, measured tread, to eat her Saturday dinner with her son.—*Chronicles of the Stimpett Family.*



DIAZ DEL CASTILLO, BERNAL, a Spanish warrior and historian, was born at Medina del Campo, about 1498; died in Guatemala about 1593. In 1519 he joined Cortés in his adventurous expedition to Mexico, where he became distinguished for his signal intrepidity. He received an extensive allotment of land, and remained in America after the conquest. He claimed to have fought in no less than one hundred and nineteen engagements; and said that he had become so used to war that he could not sleep without his armor. About the year 1552, reading the *Chronicle of Gomara*, his anger was aroused when he saw that the author had attributed the conquest solely to Cortés; and determining that himself and his companions should have their share of the glory of victory, he set about writing the history of the taking of Mexico himself. Long after his death the manuscript was found by a monk, stowed away out of sight in a library, and was published at Madrid in 1632, under the title *Historia Verdadera de la Conquista de Nueva España*.

"The literary merits of this work," says Prescott, "are of a very humble order, as might be expected from the condition of the writer. He has not even the art to conceal his own vulgar vanity, which breaks out with a truly comical ostentation in every page of the narrative. And yet

we should have charity for this, when we find that it is attended with no disposition to depreciate the merits of others, and that its display may be referred in part to the singular simplicity of the man."

HIS MANUSCRIPT.

When my chronicle was finished, I submitted it to two licentiates, who were desirous of reading the story, and for whom I felt all the respect which an ignorant man naturally feels for a scholar. I besought them, at the same time, to make no change or correction in the manuscript, as all there was set down in good faith. When they had read the work, they much commended me for my wonderful memory. The language, they said, was good old Castilian, without any of the flourishes and finicalities so much affected by our fine writers. But they remarked, that it would have been as well, if I had not praised myself and my comrades so liberally, but had left that to others. To this I answered, that it was common for neighbors and kindred to speak kindly of one another; and, if we did not speak well of ourselves, who would? Who else witnessed our exploits and our battles,—unless, indeed, the clouds in the sky, and the birds that were flying over our heads? —*From La Conquista; translated by WILLIAM H. PRES-COTT.*

HIS MANNER OF LIFE.

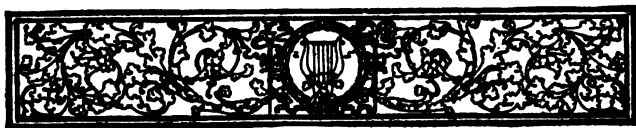
I may say without vaunting, that I was so accustomed to this way of life, that since the conquest of the country I have never been able to lie down undressed, or in a bed; yet I sleep as sound as if I were on the softest down. Even when I make the rounds of my *encomienda*, I never take a bed with me; unless, indeed, I go in the company of other cavaliers, who might impute this to parsimony. But even then I throw myself on it with my clothes on. Another thing I must add, that I cannot sleep long in the night without getting up to look at the heavens and the stars, and stay awhile in the open air, and this without a bonnet or covering of any

sort on my head. And, thanks to God, I have received no harm from it. I mention these things, that the world may understand of what stuff we, the true Conquerers, were made, and how well drilled we were to arms and watching.—*From the Conquest ; translated by* PRESCOTT.

HOW THEY FOUGHT.

We commended ourselves to God and the Holy Virgin, and boldly rushed forth upon the evening, under the cry of *Santiago ! Santiago !* Our cavalry charged the enemy's line five abreast, and broke it, we rushing in after them close at their heels. What a terrific battle and remarkable victory was this ! How we fought man to man ! and those dogs like the very furies themselves ! and many of our men did they kill and wound with their pikes and huge broadswords. In this way we continued fighting courageously, for God and the Blessed Virgin strengthened us, and St. Santiago de Compostella certainly came to our assistance ; and one of Quauhtemoctzin's chief officers, who was present at the battle, beheld him with his own eyes, as he afterward affirmed. Near to the place where this terrible and bloody battle was fought lay the township of Otumpan, by which name this battle will be known through all times to come.—*From The Memoirs ; LOCKHART'S translation.*





DIBDIN, CHARLES, an English dramatist and writer of songs, born at Southampton in 1745; died in 1814. He was destined for the Church; but manifesting a talent for music, he went to London at the age of sixteen, and for awhile supported himself by composing ballads for music-dealers and tuning pianos. He was engaged in several unsuccessful theatrical enterprises until, at the age of forty-five, he instituted a sort of musical entertainment, which he called *The Whim of the Moment*, of which he was the sole author, composer, and performer. This proved successful, and he kept up this and similar entertainments until 1805, when he retired from professional life, having received a government pension of £200. But his improvidence kept him in continual poverty. He wrote nearly fifty dramatic pieces, none of which attained a permanent success. His place in literature rests mainly upon his sea-songs, the number of which exceeds 1,000. The best-known of these are *Poor Jack*, and *Tom Bowling*, written upon the death of his brother, Thomas Dibdin, a sea-captain.

POOR JACK.

Go, patter to lubbers and swabs, do you see,
'Bout danger, and fear, and the like ;
A tight-water boat and good sea-room give me,
And it ain't to a little I'll strike.

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Though the tempest topgallant mast smack smooth
should smite

And shiver each splinter of wood,
Clear the deck, stow the yards, and house everything
tight.

And under reef foresail we'll scud :
Avast ! nor don't think me a milksop so soft,
To be taken for trifles aback ;
For they say there's a Providence sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack !

I heard our good chaplain palaver one day
About souls, heaven, mercy, and such :
And, my timbers ! what lingo he'd coil and belay ;
Why, 'twas just all as one as High Dutch ;
For he said how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see,
Without orders that come down below ;
And a many fine things that proved clearly to me
That Providence takes us in tow :
For, says he, do you mind me, let storms e'er so oft
Take the topsails of sailors aback,
There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack !

I said to our Poll (for d'ye see she would cry
When last we weighed anchor for sea),
What argufies snivelling and piping your eye ?
Why, what a young fool you must be !
Can't you see the world's wide, and there's room for us
all,

Both for seamen and lubbers ashore ?
And so if to Old Davy I go, my dear Poll,
Why, you never will hear of me more.
What then ? all's a hazard : come, don't be so soft,
Perhaps I may, laughing, come back ;
For, d'ye see ? there's a cherub sits smiling aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

D'ye mind me, a sailor should be every inch
All as one as a piece of the ship,
And with her brave the world, without offering to flinch,
From the moment the anchor's a-trip.

As for me, in all weathers, all times, sides, and ends,
 Naught's a trouble from duty that springs ;
 For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino's my friend's,
 And as for my life, 'tis the King's.
 Even when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft
 As for grief to be taken aback ;
 For the same little cherub that sits up aloft
 Will look out a good berth for poor Jack.

TOM BOWLING.

Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
 The darling of our crew ;
 No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
 For Death has broached him to.
 His form was of the manliest beauty,
 His heart was kind and soft ;
 Faithful below he did his duty,
 But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
 His virtues were so rare ;
 His friends were many and true-hearted,
 His Poll was kind and fair :
 And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly ;
 Ah, many's the time and oft !
 But mirth is turned to melancholy,
 For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
 When He, who all commands,
 Shall give, to call life's crew together,
 The word to pipe all hands.
 Thus Death, who kings and tars dispatches,
 In vain Tom's life has doffed ;
 For though his body's under hatches,
 His soul is gone aloft.

CHARLES DIBDIN, JR., born in 1768 ; died in 1833, and THOMAS, born in 1771 ; died in 1841, were, like their father, actors and dramatists. The latter wrote a *Metrical History of England*

THOMAS FROGNALL DIBDIN, nephew of Charles, and son of "Tom Bowling," was born in Calcutta in 1776, and died in 1847. He was educated at Oxford, studied law, but afterward entered the Church, received the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and became rector of St. Mary's, Bryanstone Square, London. He was the author of several volumes of *Travels*, at home and in France and Germany; and of numerous learned bibliographical and antiquarian works. The most important of these are *Bibliotheca Spenceriana*, an account of the rare books collected by Earl Spencer (7 vols.); *Typographical Antiquities of Great Britain* (4 vols.), and *Bibliographical Decameron* (3 vols.). He also put forth *Reminiscences of a Literary Life* (2 vols., 1836).

ALL'S WELL.

Deserted by the waning moon,
When skies proclaim night's cheerless noon,
On tower, or fort, or tented ground
The sentry walks his lonely round;
And should a footstep haply stray
Where caution marks the guarded way,
"Who goes there? Stranger, quickly tell!"
"A friend!" "The word?" "Good-night;" "all's well."

Or, sailing on the midnight deep,
When weary messmates soundly sleep,
The careful watch patrols the deck,
To guard the ship from foes or wreck;
And while his thoughts oft homeward veer,
Some friendly voice salutes his ear,—
"What cheer? Brother, quickly tell;
Above—below." Good-night. All's well.
—*The British Fleet.*



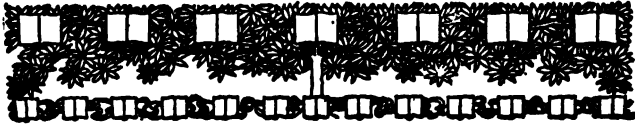
DICK, THOMAS, a Scottish divine, born in 1775 ; died in 1857. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh, for the ministry of the Secession Church of Scotland, and was ordained in 1803. After brief pastoral service he became a teacher in Perth. His book, *The Christian Philosopher*, published in 1824, attained great popularity, and enabled him to give up teaching and devote himself to literary and scientific studies. He published several popular works ; among them *The Philosophy of Religion* (1825) ; *The Philosophy of a Future State* (1828) ; *The Improvement of Society by a Diffusion of Knowledge* (1833) ; *Celestial Scenery* (1837) ; *The Sidereal Heavens* (1840) ; *The Practical Astronomer* (1845), and *Telescope and Microscope* (1851).

THE IMMENSITY OF THE UNIVERSE.

Of this universe we can only form an approximate idea by comparing one small portion of it with another, and by allowing the mind to dwell for a considerable time on every scene we contemplate. We must first endeavor to acquire a comprehensive conception of the magnitude of the globe on which we dwell, and the numerous diversity of objects it contains ; we must next stretch our view to some of the planetary globes, which are a thousand times greater in magnitude ; and to such an orb as the sun, which fills a space thirteen hundred thousand times more expansive. Ranging through the whole of the planetary system, we must fix our attention upon every particular scene and object, imagine ourselves traversing the hills and plains, and immense regions

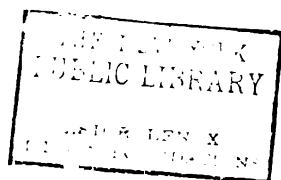
of Jupiter, and surveying the expansive rings of Saturn in all their vast dimensions and rapid motions, till we have obtained the most ample idea which the mind can possibly grasp of the extent and grandeur of the planetary system. Leaving this vast system, and proceeding through boundless space till all its planets have entirely disappeared, and its sun has dwindled to the size of a small twinkling star, we must next survey the thousand stars that deck the visible firmament, every one of which must be considered as a sun, accompanied with a system of planets no less spacious and august than ours. Continuing our course through depths of space immeasurable by human art, we must penetrate into the centre of the Milky Way, where we are surrounded by suns, not only in thousands, but in *millions*. In a scene like this, the boldest imagination is overpowered and bewildered amid the number and magnitude, and feels utterly incompetent to grasp the ten thousandth part of the overwhelming idea presented before it.

Soaring beyond all these objects, we behold, as it were, a new universe in the immense magnitude of the planetary and other nebulae, where separate stars have never been perceived, and, besides all these, there may be thousands and ten thousands and millions of opaque globes of prodigious size existing throughout every region of the universe, and even in that portion of it which is within the limit of our inspection, the faintness of whose light prevents it from ever reaching our eyes. But, far beyond all such objects as those we have been contemplating, a boundless region exists, of which no human eye has yet caught a glimpse, and which no finite intelligence has ever explored. What scenes of power, of goodness, of grandeur and magnificence may be displayed within this unapproachable and infinite expanse, neither men nor angels can describe, nor form the most rude conception of. But we may rest assured that it is not an empty void, but displays the attributes of the Deity in a manner no less admirable and glorious, and perhaps much more so, than all the scenes of creation within the range of our vision.—*The Sidereal Heavens.*



DICKENS, CHARLES, an English novelist, born February 7, 1812; died June 9, 1870. He was the son of a clerk in the Navy Pay Office, a well-meaning but unpractical man, who could not adjust his means to his necessities, and was always in difficulties. His mother, a woman of some accomplishments, endeavored to assist in the maintenance of the family, by opening a school for young ladies, but she was unsuccessful in obtaining pupils. Mr. Dickens was at length confined in the Marshalsea prison and his family took up their residence in Camden town, then a poverty-stricken suburb of London. When Charles was nine years old he was placed in a blacking warehouse, where he earned six shillings a week. In this neglected, uncongenial, irksome way of earning a scanty living he continued for two years. He had already made acquaintance with Tom Jones, Roderick Random, and other heroes of Fielding and Smollett; with the Vicar of Wakefield, Don Quixote, and Robinson Crusoe, whose lives and adventures he had found among a small collection of books owned by his father. He beguiled many an hour by fancying himself one or another of the characters about whom he had read. Among his companions in the warehouse he was famous as a story-teller, and he wrote a tragedy, *Misnar, the Sultan of India*, founded on





one of the *Tales of the Genii*. This life, which to another boy might have been ruinous, was a part of his apprenticeship to fame. His uncommon powers of observation took note of everything that came before them. Many of the immortal characters in his novels are drawn from the men and women with whom he came in contact in these gloomy days. A quarrel between the elder Dickens and one of the partners in the blacking business released the boy from his slavery. A small legacy somewhat improved the condition of the family, and Charles was sent to school: but at the age of fifteen he was engaged as office-boy to an attorney in Gray's Inn. His father having become a reporter for the *Morning Chronicle*, the son determined to follow the same calling, and after mastering the difficulties of shorthand, obtained employment first in Doctors' Commons, and after two years of practice there, in the parliamentary gallery, as reporter for *The True Sun*. He was then nineteen years of age. At twenty-three he was engaged by the *Morning Chronicle*.

His first published sketch, *Mrs. Joseph Porter over the Way*, appeared in the *Old Monthly Magazine* for January, 1834. This was succeeded by other sketches, with the signature of "Boz," the shortened form of a name given in sport to a younger brother, in allusion to the son of the Vicar of Wakefield; first "Moses," it became "Boses," and then "Boz." The sketches were well received, but when at the end of the year the young author demanded payment for similar articles, it was re-

fused. The editor of the *Chronicle* engaged him to continue them in that paper, where they attracted much attention. In 1836 they were published collectively in two volumes, illustrated by Cruikshank.

About this time Chapman & Hall proposed to Dickens a work of fiction in monthly numbers, to be illustrated by Seymour, a comic artist. In accordance with this proposal Dickens began *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*. On the death of Seymour, before the publication of the second number, Hablot Knight Browne, under the pseudonym of "Phiz," took his place. The first numbers were not successful, but the appearance of Sam Weller gained many readers, and the author was soon the most popular writer of the day. Before the completion of *Pickwick*, *Oliver Twist* was begun in *Bentley's Magazine*. *Pickwick* appeared in book form in 1837, *Oliver Twist* in 1838, and *Nicholas Nickleby* in 1839. Under the general title of *Master Humphrey's Clock*, *The Old Curiosity Shop* and *Barnaby Rudge* were published in monthly numbers in 1840-41. In 1842 Dickens visited America, sailing for Boston in January, and returning to England in June. On his return he published *American Notes for General Circulation* (1842), and *Martin Chuzzlewit* (1843).

The Christmas Carol (1843) was the first of his popular holiday stories. The others are *The Chimes* (1844), *The Cricket on the Hearth* (1845), *The Battle of Life* (1846), *The Haunted Man* (1848), *Dr. Mari-gold's Prescription* (1865), *Mugby Function* (1866), and *No Thoroughfare* (1867), the last of which was

written in conjunction with Wilkie Collins. *Pictures from Italy* first appeared in *The Daily News*, of which Dickens was editor, during four months of the year 1846. Next came *Dombey and Son* (1847-48) and *David Copperfield* (1849-50).

Dickens now established the weekly periodical, *Household Words*, in which his *Child's History of England* (1852) and *Hard Times* (1854) were published. *Bleak House* (1852-53) and *Little Dorrit* (1856-57) appeared serially. In consequence of a dispute with the publishers, *Household Words* was discontinued in 1859, and Dickens established another weekly publication, *All the Year Round*, in which he published *A Tale of Two Cities* (1860), *Great Expectations* (1861), and *The Uncommercial Traveller*. *Our Mutual Friend* (1864-65) was his last completed work, *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, begun in April, 1870, being interrupted by his death in June of that year. During the last years of his life Dickens gave frequent readings from his own works, visiting the United States for that purpose in 1867-68, and giving his last reading in England in March, 1870.

SAM WELLER'S VALENTINE.

Sam had unconsciously been a full hour and a half writing words in small text, smearing out wrong letters with his little finger, and putting in new ones, which required going over very often to render them visible through the old blots, when he was roused by the opening of the door and the entrance of his parent. "Vell, Sammy," said the father. "Vell, my Proosian Blue," responded the son, laying down his pen. "What's the last bulletin about mother-in-law?"

"Mrs. Veller passed a wery good night, but is uncom-

mon perwerse and unpleasant this mornin'. Signed upon oath, S. Veller, Esquire, Senior. That's the last vun as was issued, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller, untying his shawl.

"No better yet?" inquired Sam.

"All the symptoms aggerwated," replied Mr. Weller, shaking his head. "But wot's that, you're a-doin' of—pursuit of knowledge under difficulties—eh, Sammy?"

"I've done now," said Sam, with slight embarrassment; "I've been a writin'."

"So I see," replied Mr. Weller. "Not to any young 'ooman, I hope, Sammy."

"Why it's no use a-sayin' it a'n't," replied Sam. "It's a valentine."

"A what!" exclaimed Mr. Weller, apparently horror-stricken by the word.

"A valentine," replied Sam.

"Samivel, Samivel," said Mr. Weller, in reproachful accents, "I didn't think you'd ha' done it. Arter the warnin' you've had o' your father's wicious propensities; arter all I've said to you upon this here wery subject; arter actiwallly seein' and bein' in the company o' your own mother-in-law, vich I should ha thought wos a moral lesson as no man could never ha' forgotten to his dyin' day! I didn't think you'd ha' done it, Sammy! I didn't think you'd ha' done it!" . . .

"Nonsense," said Sam. "I a'n't a-goin' to get married, don't fret yourself about that. Order in your pipe, and I'll read you the letter—there."

Sam dipped his pen into the ink to be ready for any corrections, and began with a very theatrical air:

"'Lovely'"—

"Stop," said Mr. Weller, ringing the bell. "A double glass o' the invariable, my dear."

"Very well, sir," replied the girl; who with great quickness appeared, vanished, returned, and disappeared.

"They seem to know your ways here," observed Sam.

"Yes," replied his father, "I've been here before, in my time. Go on, Sammy."

"'Lovely creetur,'" repeated Sam.

"'Ta'n't in poetry, is it?" interposed his father.

"No, no," replied Sam.

"Wery glad to hear it," said Mr. Weller. "Poetry's unnat'ral; no man ever talked poetry 'cept a beadle on boxin' day, or Warren's blackin' or Rowland's oil, or some o' them low fellows; never let yourself down to talk poetry, my boy. Begin ag'in, Sammy."

Mr. Weller resumed his pipe with critical solemnity, and Sam once more commenced, and read as follows: "'Lovely creetur i feel myself a dammed——'"

"That a'n't proper," said Mr. Weller, taking his pipe from his mouth.

"No; it a'n't 'dammed,'" observed Sam, holding the letter up to the light, "it's 'shamed,' there's a blot there—'I feel myself ashamed.'"

"Wery good," said Mr. Weller. "Go on."

"'Feel myself ashamed, and completely cir——' I forget what this here word is," said Sam, scratching his head with the pen, in vain attempts to remember.

"Why don't you look at it, then?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"So I *am* a-lookin' at it," replied Sam, "but there's another blot. Here's a *c* and a *i* and a *d*."

"'Circumwented,' p'r'aps," suggested Mr. Weller.

"No it a'n't that," said Sam; "'circumscribed'; that's it."

"That a'n't as good a word as circumwented, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, gravely.

"Think not?" said Sam.

"Nothin' like it," replied his father.

"But don't you think it means more?" inquired Sam.

"Vell p'raps it is a more tender word," said Mr. Weller, after a few moments' reflection. "Go on, Sammy."

"'Feel myself ashamed and completely circumscribed in a dressin' of you, for you *are* a nice gal and nothin' but it.'"

"That's a wery pretty sentiment," said the elder Mr. Weller, removing his pipe to make way for the remark.

"Yes, I think it is rayther good," observed Sam, highly flattered.

"Wot I like in that 'ere style of writin'," said the elder Mr. Weller, "is, that there a'n't no callin' names in it—no Wenuses, nor nothin' o' that kind. Wot's the good o' callin' a young 'ooman a Venus or a angel, Sammy?"

"Ah! what indeed?" replied Sam.

"You might jist as well call her a griffin, or a unicorn, or a King's Arms at once, which is wery well known to be a collection of fabulous animals," added Mr. Weller.

"Just as well," replied Sam.

"Drive on, Sammy," said Mr. Weller.

Sam complied with the request, and proceeded as follows: "'Afore I see you I thought all women was alike.'"

"So they are," observed the elder Mr. Weller, parenthetically.

"'But now,'" continued Sam, "'now I find what a reg'lar soft-headed, inkred'lous turnup I must ha' been; for there a'n't nobody like you though I like you better than nothin' at all.' I thought it best to make that rayther strong," said Sam, looking up. Mr. Weller nodded approvingly, and Sam resumed. "'So I take the privilage of the day, Mary, my dear, to tell you that the first and only time I see you, your likeness was took on my h'art in much quicker time and brighter colors than ever a likeness was took by the profeel machine, altho' it *does* finish a portrait and put the frame and glass on complete with a hook at the end to hang it up by and all in two minutes and a quarter.'"

"I am afeerd that werges on the poetical, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, dubiously.

"No it don't," replied Sam, reading on very quickly to avoid contesting the point—"Except of me Mary my dear as your walentine, and think over what I've said.—My dear Mary I will now conclude.' That's all," said Sam.

"That's rayther a sudden pull up, a'n't it, Sammy?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"Not a bit on it," said Sam; "she'll wish there was more, and that's the great art of letter-writin'."—*The Pickwick Club.*

MISS SALLY BRASS.

Miss Sally Brass, then, was a lady of thirty-five or thereabouts, of a gaunt and bony figure, and a resolute bearing, which, if it repressed the softer emotions of love, and kept admirers at a distance, certainly inspired a feeling akin to awe in the breasts of those male strangers who had the happiness to approach her. In face she bore a striking resemblance to her brother, Samson—so exact, indeed, was the likeness between them, that had it consorted with Miss Brass's maiden modesty and gentle womanhood to have assumed her brother's clothes in a frolic and sat down beside him, it would have been difficult for the oldest friend of the family to determine which was Sampson and which Sally, especially as the lady carried upon her upper lip certain reddish demonstrations, which, if the imagination had been assisted by her attire, might have been mistaken for a beard. These were, however, in all probability, nothing more than eyelashes in a wrong place, as the eyes of Miss Brass were quite free from any such natural impertinences. In complexion Miss Brass was sallow—rather a dirty sallow, so to speak—but this hue was agreeably relieved by the healthy glow which mantled in the extreme tip of her laughing nose. Her voice was exceedingly impressive—deep and rich in quantity, and, once heard, not easily forgotten. Her usual dress was a green gown, in color not unlike the curtain of the office window, made tight to the figure, and terminating at the throat, where it was fastened behind by a peculiarly large and massive button. Feeling, no doubt, that simplicity and plainness are the soul of elegance, Miss Brass wore no collar or kerchief except upon her head, which was invariably ornamented with a brown gauze scarf, like the wing of the fabled vampire, and which, twisted into any form that happened to suggest itself, formed an easy and graceful head-dress.

Such was Miss Brass in person. In mind, she was of a strong and vigorous turn, having from her earliest youth devoted herself with uncommon ardor to the study

of the law ; not wasting her speculations upon its eagle flights, which are rare, but tracing it attentively through all the slippery and eel-like crawlings in which it commonly pursues its way. Nor had she, like many persons of great intellect, confined herself to theory, or stopped short where practical usefulness begins ; inasmuch as she could engross, fair-copy, fill up printed forms with perfect accuracy, and, in short, transact any ordinary duty of the office down to pouncing a skin of parchment or mending a pen. It is difficult to understand how, possessed of these combined attractions, she should remain Miss Brass ; but whether she had steeled her heart against mankind, or whether those who might have wooed and won her were deterred by fears that, being learned in the law, she might have too near her fingers' ends those particular statutes which regulate what are familiarly termed Actions for Breach, certain it is she was still in a state of celibacy, and still in daily occupation of her old stool opposite to that of her brother Samson. And equally certain it is, by the way, that between those two stools a great many people had come to the ground.—*Old Curiosity Shop.*

THE BROWN FORESTER OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

A thin-faced, spare-figured man of middle age and stature, dressed in a dusty drabbish-colored suit, such as I never saw before. He was perfectly quiet during the first part of the journey ; indeed I don't remember having so much as seen him until he was brought out by circumstances, as great men often are. The canal extends to the foot of the mountain, and there of course it stops, the passengers being conveyed across it by land-carriage, and taken on afterward by another canal-boat, the counterpart of the first, which awaits them on the other side. There are two canal lines of passage-boats ; one is called the *Express*, and one—a cheaper one—the *Pioneer*. The *Pioneer* gets first to the mountain, and waits for the *Express* people to come up, both sets of passengers being conveyed across it at the same time. We were the *Express* company, but when we had crossed the mountain and had come to the second

boat, the proprietors took it into their heads to draft all the Pioneers into it likewise, so that we were five-and-forty at least, and the accession of passengers was not all of that kind which improved the prospect of sleeping at night. Our people grumbled at this, as people do in such cases, but suffered the boat to be towed off with the whole freight aboard nevertheless; and away we went down the canal. At home I should have protested lustily, but, being a foreigner here, I held my peace. Not so this passenger. He cleft a path among the people on deck—we were nearly all on deck—and without addressing anybody whomsoever, soliloquized as follows :

"This may suit *you*, this may, but it don't suit *me*. This may be all very well with down-easters and men of Boston raising, but it won't suit my figure no how; and no two ways about *that*; and so I tell you. Now I'm from the brown forests of the Mississippi, *I* am, and when the sun shines on me, it does shine—a little. It don't glimmer where *I* live, the sun don't. No. I am a brown forester, I am. I ain't a Johnny Cake. There are no smooth-skins where I live. We're rough men there. Rather. If down-easters and men of Boston raising like this, I am glad of it, but I'm none of that raising, nor of that breed. No. This company wants a little fixing, *it* does. I am the wrong sort of a man for 'em, *I* am. They won't like me, *they* won't. This is piling of it up, a little too mountainous, this is."

At the end of every one of these short sentences, he turned upon his heel and walked the other way; checking himself abruptly when he had finished another short sentence, and turning back again. It is impossible for me to say what terrific meaning was hidden in the words of this brown forester, but I know that the other passengers looked on in a sort of admiring horror, and that presently the boat was put back to the wharf, and as many of the Pioneers as could be coaxed or bullied into going away were got rid of. When we started again some of the boldest spirits on board made bold to say to the obvious occasion of this improvement in our prospects, "Much obliged to you, sir;" whereunto the

brown forester—waving his hand, and still walking up and down as before—replied :

“No, you an’t. You’re none o’ my raising. You may act for yourselves, *you* may. I have p’inted out the way. Down-easters and Johnny Cakes can follow if they please. I an’t a Johnny Cake, *I* an’t. I am from the brown forests of the Mississippi, *I* am ;” and so on as before.

He was unanimously voted one of the tables for his bed at night—there is a great contest for the tables—in consideration of his public services, and he had the warmest corner by the stove throughout the rest of the journey. But I never could find out that he did anything except sit there ; nor did I hear him speak again until, in the midst of the bustle and turmoil of getting the luggage ashore in the dark at Pittsburgh, I stumbled over him as he sat smoking a cigar on the cabin steps, and heard him muttering to himself, with a short laugh of defiance : “I an’t a Johnny Cake, *I* an’t. I’m from the brown forests of the Mississippi, *I* am !”

I am inclined to argue from this that he had never left off saying so.—*American Notes.*

DR. BLIMBER’S SCHOOL.

Whenever a young gentleman was taken in hand by Doctor Blimber, he might consider himself sure of a pretty tight squeeze. The Doctor only undertook the charge of ten young gentlemen, but he had, always ready, a supply of learning for a hundred, on the lowest estimate ; and it was at once the business and delight of his life to gorge the unhappy ten with it.

In fact, Doctor Blimber’s establishment was a great hot-house, in which there was a forcing apparatus incessantly at work. All the boys blew before their time. Mental green peas were produced at Christmas, and intellectual asparagus all the year round. Mathematical gooseberries (very sour ones too) were common at untimely seasons, and from mere sprouts of bushes, under Doctor Blimber’s cultivation. Every description of Greek and Latin vegetable was got off the driest twigs of boys, under the frostiest circumstances. Nature

was of no consequence at all. No matter what a young gentleman was intended to bear, Doctor Blimber made him bear to pattern somehow or other.

This was all very pleasant and ingenious, but the system of forcing was attended with its usual disadvantages. There was not the right taste about the premature productions, and they didn't keep well. Moreover, one young gentleman, with a swollen nose and an excessively large head (the oldest of the ten, who had "gone through" everything), suddenly left off blowing one day, and remained in the establishment a mere stalk. And people did say that the Doctor had rather overdone it with young Toots, and that when he began to have whiskers he left off having brains. . . .

The Doctor was a portly gentleman in a suit of black, with strings at his knees, and stockings below them. He had a bald head, highly polished; a deep voice; and a chin so very double, that it was a wonder how he ever managed to shave into the creases. He had likewise a pair of little eyes that were always half shut up, and a mouth that was always half expanded into a grin, as if he had, that moment, posed a boy, and were waiting to convict him from his own lips. Inasmuch, that when the Doctor put his right hand into the breast of his coat, and with his other hand behind him, and a scarcely perceptible wag of his head, made the commonest observation, to a nervous stranger it was like a sentiment from the Sphinx, and settled his business. . . .

Miss Blimber, too, although a slim and graceful maid, did no soft violence to the gravity of the house. There was no light nonsense about Miss Blimber. She kept her hair short and crisp, and wore spectacles. She was dry and sandy with working in the graves of deceased languages. None of your live languages for Miss Blimber. They must be dead—stone dead—and then Miss Blimber dug them up like a ghoul. Mrs. Blimber, her mamma, was not learned herself, but she pretended to be, and that did quite as well. She said, at evening parties, that if she could have known Cicero, she thought she could have died contented. It was the steady joy of her life to see the Doctor's young gentlemen go out

his chair to her side of the fire, instead of sitting opposite ; and there he would remain in a nook between Mrs. Pipchin and the fender, with all the light of his little face absorbed into the black bombazine drapery, studying every line and wrinkle of her countenance, and peering at the hard gray eye until Mrs. Pipchin was sometimes fain to shut it on pretence of dozing.

Mrs. Pipchin had an old black cat, who generally lay coiled upon the centre foot of the fender, purring egotistically, and winking at the fire until the contracted pupils of his eyes were like two notes of admiration. The good old lady might have been—not to record it disrespectfully—a witch, and Paul and the cat her two familiars, as they all sat by the fire together. It would have been quite in keeping with the appearance of the party if they had all sprung up the chimney in a high wind one night, and never been heard of any more.—*Dombey and Son*.

THE VOICE OF THE WAVES.

But as Paul himself was no stronger than he had been on his first arrival, though he looked much healthier in the face, a little carriage was got for him, in which he could lie at his ease, with an alphabet and other elementary works of reference, and be wheeled down to the sea-side. Consistent in his odd tastes, the child set aside a ruddy-faced lad who was proposed as the drawer of this carriage, and selected, instead, his grandfather—a weazen, old, crab-faced man, in a suit of battered oil-skin, who had got tough and stringy from long pickling in salt water, and who smelt like a weedy sea-beach when the tide is out.

With this notable attendant to pull him along, and Florence always walking by his side, and the despondent Wickam bringing up the rear, he went down to the margin of the ocean every day ; and there he would sit or lie in his carriage for hours together ; never so distressed as by the company of children—Florence alone excepted, always.

“Go away, if you please,” he would say to any child who came to bear him company. “Thank you, but I don’t want you.”

Some small voice near his ear would ask him how he was, perhaps.

"I am very well, I thank you," he would answer. "But you had better go and play, if you please."

Then he would turn his head, and watch the child away, and say to Florence, "We don't want any others, do we? Kiss me, Floy."

He had even a dislike, at such times, to the company of Wickam, and was well pleased when she strolled away, as she generally did, to pick up shells and acquaintances. His favorite spot was quite a lonely one, far away from most loungers; and with Florence sitting by his side at work, or reading to him, or talking to him, and the wind blowing on his face, and the water coming up among the wheels of his bed, he wanted nothing more.

"Floy," he said one day, "where's India, where that boy's friends live?"

"Oh, it's a long, long distance off," said Florence, raising her eyes from her work.

"Weeks off?" asked Paul.

"Yes, dear. Many weeks' journey, night and day."

"If you were in India, Floy," said Paul, after being silent for a minute, "I should—what is that mamma did? I forget."

"Loved me!" answered Florence.

"No, no. Don't I love you now, Floy? What is it—died. If you were in India, I should die, Floy."

She hurriedly put her work aside, and laid her head down on his pillow, caressing him. And so would she, she said, if he were there. He would be better soon.

"Oh! I am a great deal better now!" he answered. "I don't mean that. I mean that I should die of being so sorry and so lonely, Floy!"

Another time, in the same place, he fell asleep, and slept quietly for a long time. Awaking suddenly, he listened, started up, and sat listening.

Florence asked him what he thought he heard.

"I want to know what it says," he answered, looking steadily in her face. "The sea, Floy, what is it that it keeps on saying?"

She told him that it was only the noise of the rolling waves.

"Yes, yes," he said. "But I know they are always saying something. Always the same thing. What place is over there?" He rose up, looking eagerly at the horizon.

She told him that there was another country opposite, but he said he didn't mean that; he meant further away—further away!

Very often afterward, in the midst of their talk, he would break off, to try to understand what it was that the waves were always saying; and would rise up in his couch to look toward the invisible region, far away.—*Dombey and Son.*

AN ENCHANTED DWELLING.

Ham carrying me on his back and a small box of ours under his arm, and Peggotty carrying another small box of ours, we turned down lanes bestrewn with bits of chips and little hillocks of sand, and went past gas-works, rope-walks, boat-builders' yards, shipwrights' yards, ship-breakers' yards, caulkers' yards, riggers' lofts, smiths' forges, and a great litter of such places, until we came out upon the dull waste I had already seen at a distance; when Ham said,

"Yon's our house, Mas'r Davy!"

I looked in all directions, as far as I could stare over the wilderness, and away at the sea, and away at the river, but no house could I make out. There was a black barge, or some other kind of superannuated boat, not far off, high and dry on the ground, with an iron funnel sticking out of it for a chimney, and smoking very cosily, but nothing else in the way of a habitation that was visible to *me*.

"That's not it?" said I. "That ship-looking thing?"

"That's it, Mas'r Davy," returned Ham.

If it had been Aladdin's palace, roc's egg and all, I suppose I could not have been more charmed with the romantic idea of living in it. There was a delightful door cut in the side, and it was roofed in, and there were little windows in it; but the wonderful charm of it was, that it was a real boat which had no doubt been upon the water hundreds of times, and had never been

intended to be lived in on dry land. That was the captivity of it to me. If it had ever been meant to be lived in I might have thought it small, or inconvenient, or lonely; but never having been designed for any such use, it became a perfect abode.

It was beautifully clean inside, and as tidy as possible. There was a table, and a Dutch clock, and a chest of drawers, and on the chest of drawers there was a tea-tray with a painting on it of a lady with a parasol, taking a walk with a military-looking child who was trundling a hoop. The tray was kept from tumbling down by a Bible; and the tray, if it had tumbled down, would have smashed a quantity of cups and saucers and a teapot that were grouped around the book. On the walls there were some common colored pictures, framed and glazed, of scripture subjects; such as I have never seen since in the hands of pedlers, without seeing the whole interior of Peggotty's brother's house again at one view. Abraham in red, going to sacrifice Isaac in blue, and Daniel in yellow, cast into a den of green lions, were the most prominent of these. Over the little mantelshef was a picture of the *Sarah Jane* lugger, built at Sunderland, with a real little wooden stern stuck on to it—a work of art, combining composition with carpentry, which I considered to be one of the most enviable possessions that the world could afford. There were some hooks in the beams of the ceiling, the use of which I did not divine then; and some lockers and boxes and conveniences of that sort, which served for seats and eked out the chairs.

All this I saw in the first glance after I crossed the threshold—child-like, according to my theory—and then Peggotty opened a little door and showed me my bedroom. It was the completest and most desirable bedroom ever seen—in the stern of the vessel; with a little window, where the rudder used to go through; a little looking-glass, just the right height for me, nailed against the wall, and framed with oyster-shells; a little bed, where there was just room enough to get into; and a nosegay of seaweed in a blue mug on the table. The walls were whitewashed as white as milk, and the patchwork counterpane made my eyes quite ache with

its brightness. One thing I particularly noticed in this delightful house was the smell of fish; which was so searching that when I took out my pocket-handkerchief to wipe my nose, I found it smelt exactly as if it had wrapped up a lobster. On my imparting this discovery in confidence to Peggotty, she informed me that her brother dealt in lobsters, crabs, and crawfish; and I afterward found that a heap of these creatures, in a state of wonderful conglomeration with one another, and never leaving off pinching whatever they laid hold of, were usually to be found in a little wooden outhouse where the pots and kettles were kept. We were welcomed by a very civil woman in a white apron, whom I had seen curtsying at the door when I was on Ham's back, about a quarter of a mile off. Likewise by a most beautiful little girl (or I thought her so), with a necklace of blue beads on, who wouldn't let me kiss her when I offered to, but ran away and hid herself.

By and by, when we had dined in a sumptuous manner off boiled dabs, melted butter, and potatoes, with a chop for me, a hairy man with a very good-natured face came home. As he called Peggotty "Lass," and gave her a hearty smack on the cheek, I had no doubt, from the general propriety of her conduct, that he was her brother; and so he turned out—being presently introduced to me as Mr. Peggotty, the master of the house. . . .

After tea, when the door was shut and all was made snug (the nights being cold and misty now), it seemed to me the most delicious retreat that the imagination of man could conceive. To hear the wind getting up out at sea, to know that the fog was creeping over the desolate flat outside, and to look at the fire and think that there was no house near but this one, and this one a boat, was like enchantment. Little Em'ly had overcome her shyness, and was sitting by my side upon the lowest and least of the lockers, which was just large enough for us two, and just fitted into the chimney corner. Mrs. Peggotty, with the white apron, was knitting on the opposite side of the fire. Peggotty at her needle-work was as much at home with St. Paul's and the bit of wax-candle as if they had never known any other

roof. Ham, who had been giving me my first lesson in all-fours, was trying to recollect a scheme of telling fortunes with the dirty cards, and was printing off fishy impressions of his thumb on all the cards he turned. Mr. Peggotty was smoking his pipe. I felt it was a time for conversation and confidence.

"Mr. Peggotty!" says I.

"Sir," says he.

"Did you give your son the name of Ham, because you lived in a sort of ark?"

Mr. Peggotty seemed to think it a deep idea, but answered:

"No, sir. I never give him no name."

"Who gave him that name, then?" said I, putting question number two of the catechism to Mr. Peggotty.

"Why, sir, his father give it him," said Mr. Peggotty.

"I thought you were his father!"

"My brother Joe was *his* father," said Mr. Peggotty.

"Dead, Mr. Peggotty?" I hinted, after a respectful pause. "Drowndead," said Mr. Peggotty.

I was very much surprised that Mr. Peggotty was not Ham's father, and began to wonder whether I was mistaken about his relationship to anybody else there. I was so curious to know, that I made up my mind to have it out with Mr. Peggotty.

"Little Em'ly," I said, glancing at her. "She is your daughter, isn't she, Mr. Peggotty?"

"No, sir. My brother-in-law, Tom, was *her* father."

I couldn't help it—"Dead, Mr. Peggotty?" I hinted, after another respectful silence.

"Drowndead," said Mr. Peggotty.

I felt the difficulty of resuming the subject, but had not got to the bottom of it yet, and must get to the bottom somehow. So I said: "Haven't you *any* children, Mr. Peggotty?"

"No, master," he answered, with a short laugh. "I'm a bachelodre." "A bachelor!" I said, astonished.

"Why, who's that, Mr. Peggotty?" pointing to the person in the apron who was knitting.

"That's Missis Gummidge," said Mr. Peggotty.—
David Copperfield.

THROUGH THE STORM.

In the difficulty of hearing anything but wind and waves, and in the crowd, and the unspeakable confusion, and my first breathless efforts to stand against the weather, I was so confused that I looked out to sea for the wreck, and saw nothing but the foaming heads of the great waves. A half-dressed boatman, standing next me, pointed with his bare arm (a tattoo'd arrow on it, pointing in the same direction) to the left. Then, O great Heaven, I saw it, close in upon us!

One mast was broken short off, six or eight feet from the deck, and lay over the side, entangled in a maze of sail and rigging; and all that ruin, as the ship rolled and beat—which she did without a moment's pause, and with a violence quite inconceivable—beat the side as if it would stave it in. Some efforts were even then being made, to cut this portion of the wreck away; for, as the ship, which was broadside on, turned toward us in her rolling, I plainly descried her people at work with axes, especially one active figure with long curling hair, conspicuous among the rest. But, a great cry, which was audible even above the wind and water, rose from the shore at this moment; the sea, sweeping over the rolling wreck, made a clean breach, and carried men, spars, casks, planks, bulwarks, heaps of such toys, into the boiling surge. The second mast was yet standing, with the rags of a rent sail, and a wild confusion of broken cordage flapping to and fro. The ship had struck once, the same boatman hoarsely said in my ear, and then lifted in and struck again. I understood him to add that she was parting amidships, and I could readily suppose so, for the rolling and beating were too tremendous for any human work to suffer long. As he spoke, there was another great cry of pity from the beach; four men arose with the wreck out of the deep, clinging to the rigging of the remaining mast; uppermost, the active figure with the curling hair.

There was a bell on board; and as the ship rolled and dashed, like a desperate creature driven mad, now showing us the whole sweep of her deck, as she turned on her beam-ends toward the shore, now nothing but

her keel, as she sprang wildly over and turned toward the sea, the bell rang ; and its sound, the knell of those unhappy men, was borne toward us on the wind. Again we lost her, and again she rose. Two men were gone. The agony on shore increased. Men groaned and clasped their hands ; women shrieked, and turned away their faces. Some ran wildly up and down along the beach, crying for help where no help could be. I found myself one of these frantically imploring a knot of sailors whom I knew, not to let those two lost creatures perish before our eyes. They were making out to me, in an agitated way—I don't know how, for the little I could hear I was scarcely composed enough to understand—that the life-boat had been bravely manned an hour ago, and could do nothing ; and that as no man would be so desperate as to attempt to wade off with a rope, and establish a communication with the shore, there was nothing left to try ; when I noticed that some new sensation moved the people on the beach, and saw them part, and Ham come breaking through them to the front.

I ran to him—as well as I know, to repeat my appeal for help. But, distracted though I was, by a sight so new and terrible, the determination in his face, and his look out to sea—exactly the same look as I remembered in connection with the morning after Emily's flight—awoke me to a knowledge of his danger. I held him back with both arms ; and implored the men with whom I had been speaking, not to listen to him, not to do murder, not to let him stir from off that sand !

Another cry arose on shore ; and looking to the wreck, we saw the cruel sail, with blow on blow, beat off the lower of the two men, and fly up in triumph round the active figure left alone upon the mast.

Against such a sight, and against such determination as that of the calmly desperate man who was already accustomed to lead half of the people present, I might as hopefully have entreated the wind. "Mas'r Davy," he said, cheerily grasping me by both hands, "if my time is come, 'tis come. If 'tain't, I'll bide it. Lord above bless you, and bless all ! Mates, make me ready ! I'm a-going off !"

I was swept away, but not unkindly, to some distance, where the people around me made me stay ; urging, as I confusedly perceived, that he was bent on going, with help or without, and that I should endanger the precautions for his safety by troubling those with whom they rested. I don't know what I answered, or what they rejoined ; but, I saw hurry on the beach, and men running with ropes from a capstan that was there, and penetrating into a circle of figures that hid him from me. Then, I saw him standing alone, in a seaman's frock and trousers : a rope in his hand, or slung to his wrist : another round his body ; and several of the best men holding, at a little distance, to the latter, which he laid out himself, slack upon the shore, at his feet.

The wreck, even to my unpractised eye, was breaking up. I saw that she was parting in the middle, and that the life of the solitary man upon the mast hung by a thread. Still he clung to it. He had a singular red cap on—not like a sailor's cap, but of a finer color ; and as the few yielding planks between him and destruction rolled and bulged, and his anticipative death-knell rang, he was seen by all of us to wave it. I saw him do it now, and thought I was going distracted, when his action brought an old remembrance to my mind of a once dear friend.

Ham watched the sea, standing alone, with the silence of suspended breath behind him, and the storm before, until there was a great retiring wave, when, with a backward glance at those who held the rope which was made fast round his body, he dashed in after it, and in a moment was buffeting with the water ; rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the foam ; then drawn again to land. They hauled in hastily.

He was hurt. I saw blood on his face, from where I stood ; but he took no thought of that. He seemed hurriedly to give them some directions for leaving him more free—or so I judged from the motion of his arm—and was gone as before.

And now he made for the wreck, rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the rugged foam, borne in toward the shore, borne on toward the ship, striving hard and valiantly. The distance was nothing,

but the power of the sea and wind made the strife deadly. At length he neared the wreck. He was so near that with one more of his vigorous strokes he would be clinging to it—when, a high, green, vast hill-side of water, moving in shoreward, from beyond the ship, he seemed to leap up into it with a mighty bound, and the ship was gone!

Some eddying fragments I saw in the sea, as if a mere cask had been broken, in running to the spot where they were hauling in. Consternation was in every face. They drew him to my very feet—insensible—dead. He was carried to the nearest house; and—no one prevented me now—I remained near him, busy, while every means of restoration were tried; but he had been beaten to death by the green wave, and his generous heart was stilled forever.

As I sat beside the bed when hope was abandoned and all was done, a fisherman, who had known me when Emily and I were children, and ever since, whispered my name at the door.

"Sir," said he, with tears starting to his weather-beaten face, which, with his trembling lips, was ashy pale, "will you come over yonder?"

The old remembrance that had been recalled to me, was in his look. I asked him, terror-stricken, leaning on the arm he held out to support me:

"Has a body come ashore?"

He said "Yes."

"Do I know it?" I asked then.

He answered nothing.

But he led me to the shore. And on that part of it where she and I had looked for shells, two children—on that part of it where some lighter fragments of the old boat, blown down last night, had been scattered by the wind—among the ruins of the home he had wronged—I saw him lying with his head upon his arm, as I had often seen him lie at school.

No need, O Steerforth, to have said, when we last spoke together, in that hour which I so little deemed to be our parting hour—no need to have said, "Think of me at my best!" I had done that ever; and could I change now, looking on this sight! They brought a

hand-bier, and laid him on it, and covered him with a flag, and took him up and bore him on toward the houses. All the men who carried him had known him, and gone sailing with him, and seen him merry and bold. They carried him through the wild roar, a hush in the midst of the tumult; and took him to the cottage where death was already. But when they set the bier down on the threshold, they looked at one another, and at me, and whispered. They felt as if it were not right to lay him down in the same quiet room.—*David Copperfield.*

THE CHILD OF THE MARSHALSEA.

At what period of her early life the little creature began to perceive that it was not the habit of all the world to live locked up in narrow yards surrounded by high walls with spikes at the top, would be a difficult question to settle. But she was a very, very little creature indeed, when she had somehow gained the knowledge, that her clasp of her father's hand was to be always loosened at the door which the great key opened; and that while her own light steps were free to pass beyond it, his feet must never cross that line. A pitiful and plaintive look, with which she had begun to regard him when she was still extremely young, was perhaps a part of this discovery.

With a pitiful and plaintive look for everything, indeed, but with something in it for only him that was like protection, this Child of the Marshalsea and child of the Father of the Marshalsea, sat by her friend the turnkey in the lodge, kept the family room, or wandered about the prison-yard, for the first eight years of her life. With a pitiful and plaintive look for her wayward sister; for her idle brother; for the high blank walls; for the faded crowd they shut in; for the game of the prison children as they whooped and ran, and played at hide-and-seek, and made the iron bars of the inner gateway "Home." . . .

The first half of sixteen years of her life was only just accomplished, when her pitiful and plaintive look saw her father a widower. From that time the protection that

her wondering eyes had expressed toward him, became embodied in action, and the Child of the Marshalsea took upon herself a new relation toward the Father.

At first, such a baby could do little more than sit with him, deserting her livelier place by the high fender, and quietly watching him. But this made her so far necessary to him that he became accustomed to her, and began to be sensible of missing her when she was not there. Through this little gate, she passed out of childhood into the care-laden world.

What her pitiful look saw, at that early time, in her father, in her sister, in her brother, in the jail; how much, or how little of the wretched truth it pleased God to make visible to her, lies hidden with many mysteries. It is enough that she was inspired to be something which was not what the rest were, and to be that something, different and laborious, for the sake of the rest. Inspired? Yes. Shall we speak of the inspiration of a poet or a priest, and not of the heart impelled by love and self-devotion to the lowliest work in the lowliest way of life?

With no earthly friend to help her, or so much as to see her, but the one so strangely assorted; with no knowledge even of the common daily tone and habits of the common members of the free community who are not shut up in prisons; born and bred in a social condition, false even with a reference to the falsest condition outside the walls; drinking from infancy of a well whose waters had their own peculiar stain, their own unwholesome and unnatural taste, the Child of the Marshalsea began her womanly life.

No matter through what mistakes and discouragements, what ridicule (not unkindly meant, but deeply felt) of her youth and her little figure, what humble consciousness of her own babyhood and want of strength, even in the matter of lifting and carrying; through how much weariness and hopelessness, and how many secret tears; she trudged on, until recognized as useful, even indispensable. That time came. She took the place of eldest of the three in all things but precedence; was the head of the fallen family; and bore, in her own heart, its anxieties and shames.

At thirteen she could read and keep accounts—that is, could put down in words and figures how much the bare necessities that they wanted would cost, and how much less they had to buy them with. She had been, by snatches of a few weeks at a time, to an evening school outside, and got her sister and brother sent to day-schools by desultory starts, during three or four years. There was no instruction for any of them at home; but she knew well—no one better—that a man so broken as to be the Father of the Marshalsea, could be no father to his own children.

To these scanty means of improvement, she added another of her own contriving. Once, among the heterogeneous crowd of inmates there appeared a dancing-master. Her sister had a great desire to know the dancing-master's art, and seemed to have a taste that way. At thirteen years old, the Child of the Marshalsea presented herself to the dancing-master, with a little bag in her hand, and preferred her humble petition.

"If you please, I was born here, sir."

"Oh! You are the young lady, are you?" said the dancing-master, surveying the small figure and uplifted face.

"Yes, sir."

"And what can I do for you?" said the dancing-master.

"Nothing for me, sir, thank you," anxiously undrawing the strings of the little bag, "but if, while you stay here, you could be so kind as to teach my sister cheap—"

"My child, I'll teach her for nothing," said the dancing-master, shutting up the bag. He was as good-natured a dancing-master as ever danced to the Insolvent Court, and he kept his word. . . .

The success of this beginning, which led to the dancing-master's continuing his instruction after his release, emboldened the poor child to try again. She waited and watched months for a seamstress. In the fulness of time a milliner came in, and to her she repaired on her own behalf. The milliner took her in hand in good will, found her the most patient and earnest of pupils, and made her a cunning workwoman in course of time.

In course of time, and in the very selfsame course of time, the Father of the Marshalsea gradually developed a new flower of character. The more Fatherly he grew as to the Marshalsea, and the more dependent he grew on the contributions of his changing family, the greater stand he made by his forlorn gentility. With the same hand that he pocketed a collegian's half-crown half an hour ago, he would wipe away the tears that streamed over his cheeks if any reference were made to his daughters' earning their bread. So, over and above her other daily cares, the Child of the Marshalsea had always upon her the care of preserving the genteel fiction that they were all idle beggars together. The sister became a dancer. There was a ruined uncle in the family group—ruined by her brother, the Father of the Marshalsea, and knowing no more how, than his ruiner did, but accepting the fact as an inevitable certainty—on whom her protection developed. . . .

To enable this girl to earn her few weekly shillings, it was necessary for the Child of the Marshalsea to go through an elaborate form with the Father. "Fanny is not going to live with us just now, father. She will be here a good deal in the day, but she is going to live outside with uncle."

"You surprise me. Why?"

"I think uncle wants a companion, father. He should be attended to, and looked after."

"A companion? He passes much of his time here. And you attend to him and look after him, Amy, a great deal more than ever your sister will. You all go out so much; you all go out so much."

This was to keep up the ceremony and pretence of his having no idea that Amy herself went out by the day to work.

"But we are always very glad to come home, father; now, are we not? And as to Fanny, perhaps besides keeping uncle company and taking care of him, it may be as well for her not quite to live here, always. She was not born here as I was, you know, father."

"Well, Amy, well. I don't quite follow you, but it's natural I suppose that Fanny should prefer to be outside, and even that you often should, too. So, you

and Fanny and your uncle, my dear, shall have your own way. Good, good. I'll not meddle ; don't mind me."

To get her brother out of the prison ; out of the succession to Mrs. Bangham in executing commissions, and out of the slang interchange with very doubtful companions, consequent upon both, was her hardest task. At eighteen he would have dragged on from hand to mouth, from hour to hour, from penny to penny, until eighty. Nobody got into the prison from whom he derived anything useful or good, and she could find no patron for him but her old friend and godfather.

"Dear Bob," said she, "what is to become of poor Tip ?" His name was Edward, and Ted had been transformed into Tip within the walls.

The turnkey had strong private opinions as to what would become of poor Tip, and had even gone so far, with the view of averting their fulfilment, as to sound Tip in reference to the expediency of running away and going to serve his country. But Tip had thanked him, and said he didn't seem to care for his country.

"Well, my dear," said the turnkey, "something ought to be done with him. Suppose I try and get him into the law ?"

"That would be so good of you, Bob !"

The turnkey had now two points to put to the professional gentlemen as they passed in and out. He put this second one so perseveringly, that a stool and twelve shillings a week were at last found for Tip in the office of an attorney in a great National Palladium called the Palace Court ; at that time one of a considerable list of everlasting bulwarks to the dignity and safety of Albion, whose places know them no more.

Tip languished at Clifford's Inn for six months, and at the expiration of that term, sauntered back one evening with his hands in his pockets, and incidentally observed to his sister that he was not going back again.

"Not going back again ?" said the poor little anxious Child of the Marshalsea, always calculating and planning for Tip, in the front rank of her charges.

"I am so tired of it," said Tip, "that I have cut it."

Tip tired of everything. With intervals of Marshalsea lounging, and Mrs. Bangham succession, his small second mother, aided by her trusty friend, got him into a warehouse, into a market garden, into the hop trade, into the law again, into an auctioneer's, into a brewery, into a stockbroker's, into the law again, into a coach office, into a wagon office, into the law again, into a general dealer's, into a distillery, into the law again, into a wood house, into a dry goods house, into the Billingsgate trade, into the foreign fruit trade, and into the docks. But whatever Tip went into, he came out of tired, announcing that he had cut it. Wherever he went, this foredoomed Tip appeared to take the prison walls with him, and to set them up in such trade or calling; and to prowling about within their narrow limits in the old slipshod, purposeless, down-at-heel way; until the real immovable Marshalsea walls asserted their fascination over him, and brought him back.

Nevertheless, the brave little creature did so fix her heart on her brother's rescue that while he was ringing out those doleful changes she pinched and scraped enough together to ship him for Canada. When he was tired of nothing to do, and disposed in its turn to cut even that, he graciously consented to go to Canada. And there was grief in her bosom over parting with him, and joy in the hope of his being put in a straight course at last.

"God bless you, dear Tip. Don't be too proud to come and see us when you have made your fortune."

"All right!" said Tip, and went.

But not all the way to Canada; in fact, not farther than Liverpool. After making the voyage to that port from London, he found himself so strongly impelled to cut the vessel that he resolved to walk back again. Carrying out which intention, he presented himself before her at the expiration of a month, in rags, without shoes, and much more tired than ever. . . .

This was the life, and this the history, of the Child of the Marshalsea, at twenty-two. With a still surviving attachment to the one miserable yard and block of houses as her birth-place and home, she passed to and fro in it shrinkingly now, with a womanly consciousness

that she was pointed out to every one. Since she had begun to work beyond the walls she had found it necessary to conceal where she lived, and to come and go as secretly as she could, between the free city and iron gates, outside of which she had never slept in her life. Her original timidity had grown with this concealment, and her light step and her little figure shunned the thronged streets while they passed along them.

Worldly wise in hard and poor necessities, she was innocent in all things else. Innocent, in the mist through which she saw her father, and the prison, and the turbid living river that flowed through it and flowed on.—*Little Dorrit*.

MRS. BAGNET'S BIRTHDAY.

It is the old girl's birthday ; and that is the greatest holiday and reddest-letter day in Mr. Bagnet's calendar. The auspicious event is always commemorated according to certain forms settled and prescribed by Mr. Bagnet some years since. Mr. Bagnet, being deeply convinced that to have a pair of fowls for dinner is to attain the highest pitch of imperial luxury, invariably goes forth himself very early in the morning of this day to buy a pair ; he is as invariably taken in by the vender, and installed in the possession of the oldest inhabitants of any coop in Europe. Returning with these triumphs of toughness tied up in a clean blue-and-white cotton handkerchief essential to the arrangements, he in a casual manner invites Mrs. Bagnet to declare at breakfast what she would like for dinner. Mrs. Bagnet, by a coincidence never known to fail, replying fowls, Mr. Bagnet instantly produces his bundle from a place of concealment, amidst generous amazement and rejoicing. He further requires that the old girl shall do nothing all day long but sit in her very best gown and be served by himself and the young people. As he is not illustrious for his cookery, this may be supposed to be a matter of state rather than enjoyment on the old girl's part ; but she keeps her state with all imaginable cheerfulness.

On this present birthday Mr. Bagnet has accomplished the usual preliminaries. He has bought two specimens

of poultry, which, if there be any truth in adages, were certainly not caught with chaff, to be prepared for the spit; he has amazed and rejoiced the family by their unlooked-for production; he is himself directing the roasting of the poultry; and Mrs. Bagnet, with her wholesome brown fingers itching to prevent what she sees going wrong, sits in her gown of ceremony an honored guest. Quebec and Malta lay the cloth for dinner, while Woolwich, serving, as beseems him, under his father, keeps the fowls revolving. To these young scullions Mrs. Bagnet occasionally imparts a wink, or a shake of the head, or a crooked face, as they make mistakes. The dinner is a little endangered by the dry humor of the fowls in not yielding any gravy, and also by the made gravy acquiring no flavor, and turning out of a flaxen complexion. With a similar perverseness, the potatoes crumble off forks in the process of peeling, upheaving from their centres in every direction, as if they were subject to earthquakes. The legs of the fowls, too, are longer than could be desired, and extremely scaly. Overcoming these disadvantages to the best of his ability, Mr. Bagnet at last dishes, and they sit down at table, Mrs. Bagnet occupying the guest's place at his right hand. It is well for the old girl that she has but one birthday a year, for two such indulgences in poultry might be injurious. Every kind of finer tendon and ligament that it is in the nature of poultry to possess is developed in those specimens in the singular form of guitar-strings. Their limbs appear to have struck roots into their breasts and bodies, as aged trees strike roots into the earth. Their legs are so hard as to encourage the idea that they must have devoted the greater part of their long and arduous lives to pedestrian exercises and the walking of matches. But Mr. Bagnet, unconscious of these little defects, sets his heart on Mrs. Bagnet's eating a most severe quantity of the delicacies before her; and as that good old girl would not cause him a moment's disappointment on any day, least of all on such a day, for any consideration, she imperils her digestion fearfully. How young Woolwich cleans the drumsticks without being of ostrich descent his anxious mother is at a loss to understand.

The old girl has another trial to undergo after the conclusion of the repast, in sitting in state to see the room cleared, the hearth swept, and the dinner-service washed up and polished in the back yard. The great delight and energy with which the two young ladies apply themselves to these duties, turning up their skirts in imitation of their mother, and skating in and out on little scaffolds of pattens, inspire the highest hopes for the future, but some anxiety for the present. . . . At last the various cleansing processes are triumphantly completed; . . . and the old girl enjoys the first peace of mind she ever knows on the day of this delightful entertainment.—*Bleak House*.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* for January, 1878, in an article on *Dickens as a Dramatist and Poet*, says that a little volume might almost be made out of the various scattered trifles known as occasional verses which the great novelist wrote. Some of these were written in the albums of his friends; a number were contributed to early issues of the *Daily News*; several made up his little opera entitled *The Village Coquette*; one was a prologue written for Marston's *Patrician's Daughter*; others were to be found here and there in his novels; and a few gems of prose had been shown by Richard Hengist Horne to be virtually blank verse—notably that beautiful passage in *The Old Curiosity Shop*, beginning "And now the bell—the bell She had so often heard by night and day," and ending, "She passed again, and the old church Received her in its quiet shade;" twenty-eight lines of blank verse imbedded in poetical prose. Of the verse of Dickens the best known is the still popular song found in *Pickwick*, entitled *The Ivy Green*; of which it has been related

that the author gave the royalty to Russell, the singer, and of which Percy Fitzgerald writes: "It is a really excellent song, with a very poetical idea for its basis. Many will recall the pleasant style in which that not ungifted entertainer, Henry Russell, used to troll it, and the rather seducing burden, 'Creeping where,' etc. The music may not be of the highest merit, but we would have no other for the words. The pleasant Henry, with his whole *bagage littéraire* of '*Ships on Fire*' and '*Man the Life Boat*,' and his piano, on which he was as much at home as a deft skater on the ice—who gives him a thought now? Yet erst he held audiences spell-bound."

THE IVY GREEN.

O a dainty plant is the ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old !
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold,
The walls must be crumbled, the stones decayed,
To pleasure his dainty whim ;
And the mouldering dust that years have made
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green

Fast he stealeth on, for he wears no wings,
And a stanch old heart has he !
How close he twineth, how tight he clings
To his friend, the huge oak-tree !
And slyly he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,
And he joyously twines and hugs around
The rich mould of dead men's graves.
Creeping where grim death has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed,
And nations have scattered been ;
But the stout old ivy shall never fade
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant in its lonely days
Shall fatten upon the past ;
For the stateliest building man can raise
Is the ivy's food at last.
Creeping on where time has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.





DIDEROT, DENIS, a French savant, born at Langres, in Champagne, in 1713; died in Paris, in July, 1784. He was educated for the Church, but abandoning theology he entered an attorney's office at Paris, devoting himself, however, to literature rather than to law. In consequence of the laxity of some of his earlier works, he was thrown into prison. After his release in 1749 he planned, in conjunction with D'Alembert, the great *Encyclopédie*, upon which his reputation mainly rests. The first two volumes of the *Encyclopédie* appeared in 1751; they were suppressed by the authorities in consequence of their alleged hostility to the Christian religion. The suspension was revoked after a year or two; but in 1757, when five additional volumes had appeared, the suspension was again ordered. D'Alembert now abandoned the work, but Diderot carried it on; and to escape the censorship, the remaining ten volumes were nominally issued at Neufchâtel instead of Paris. Besides the *Encyclopédie*, Diderot wrote numerous other works—fictitious, dramatic, and historical. A collected edition of his works, in fifteen volumes, appeared in 1798.

The Preface to the first volume of the *Encyclopédie* bears the joint signatures of Diderot and D'Alembert. This preface itself would form a considerable volume. We give a few extracts:

DESIGNS OF THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

The Encyclopædia to be now laid before the public is not the work of a single hand or two ; but of a learned body, all the members whereof, except ourselves, either have or deserve an established character as authors. We presume not to anticipate a judgment which only belongs to the proper judges ; but think it incumbent upon us to remove an objection that might otherwise prejudice this great undertaking. We therefore declare, that from the rashness of charging ourselves with a load so disproportioned to our strength, our part, as editors, principally consists in arranging the articles, chiefly contributed by others, entire. . . . The Work has two principal views. That of an Encyclopædia and that of a Philosophical Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and Trades. As an Encyclopædia, it should exhibit, as much as possible, the order, succession, and connection of all the parts of human knowledge. As a Philosophical Dictionary, it should contain the general principles, or fundamentals, of every science and every art, whether liberal or mechanical ; along with the most essential descriptions that constitute the body or substance of each respectively. . . . All human knowledge may be divided into *direct* and *reflex*. The "direct" is what we receive immediately by the senses, without any exertion of the will, and comes uncalled and unobstructed to the mind. The "reflex" is what the mind acquires by speculating upon the "direct," in the way of uniting, separating, arranging, or combining. As all our direct knowledge comes in by the senses, all our Ideas are consequently owing to our Sensations.—*Preface to the Encyclopædia.*

UPON HISTORY.

Man is not contented to live and reign among his contemporaries alone ; but, drawn by curiosity and self-love, eagerly and naturally endeavors at once to embrace the past, the present, and future times. We desire at once to live with our successors and our predecessors. This shows us the origin and design of History, which

unites us with the ages past, by representing their vices, virtues, knowledge, and errors ; and transmitting our own to posterity. It is only by History we learn to esteem men only for the good they do, and not for the seducing pomp that surrounds them. Sovereigns who are so unhappy as to be excluded from truth on all sides, may here pass judgment upon themselves beforehand ; for History is a tremendous, uncorrupt tribunal, which judges their resembling predecessors just as it will do them. Chronology and Geography are the two appendages, or supporters of History : the one fixing the inhabitants of the earth in point of time ; and the other assigning their place upon our globe. They both derive great advantages from the history of the earth and heavens, or from historical facts and celebrated observations ; and may therefore be regarded as descendants of Astronomy and History.

It is one of the principal advantages arising from the history of empires, and their revolutions, to see how mankind, separated as it were into numerous large families, formed different Societies ; how these Societies gave rise to different forms of Government ; and how each people endeavored to distinguish themselves from the rest by Laws, and by particular signs as the means of more easily communicating their thoughts ; whence arose that great diversity of languages and laws which, to our misfortune, is become a principal object of study. Hence also we see the origin of Civil Policy, as a particular and higher kind of Morality, to which it is sometimes difficult, without straining, to accommodate the principles of common moral duty. For, Civil Policy, entering into the principal motives of Government, aims at discovering what may tend to preserve, weaken, or destroy a State. This is perhaps the most difficult kind of study. It requires a deep knowledge of mankind in general, and of the people to be governed, in particular ; as also a great compass and variety of abilities : especially if the politician would not forget that the Law of Nature, being prior to all particular Associations, is the first Law of the People ; and that his being a Statesman does not preclude his being a Man.—
Preface to the Encyclopædia.

INVENTORS AND DISCOVERERS.

The contempt thrown upon mechanic arts seems, in a degree, to reach their Inventors. The names of these benefactors to mankind are rarely heard of ; whilst the great destroyers of our species—called Conquerors—are universally known. Yet we find among artisans many extraordinary proofs of sagacity, genius, assiduity, and invention. Most arts, indeed, are discovered by degrees ; and ages have been employed in bringing them to perfection : as we remarkably find in watch-work. And the same may be said of the sciences. How many discoveries, which have immortalized their finishers, were begun and continued by the labor of preceding ages ! Some of them, already brought near to perfection, might require a little more than a single addition. Should not the inventors of the spring, the chain, and repeating parts of a Watch be equally esteemed with those who have successively studied to perfect Algebra ! But though the contempt cast upon the Arts may not have hindered their gradual improvement, yet there are certain machines so complicated, and their parts so depending upon one another, that it is hard to conceive they should have been invented by different persons. Such extraordinary inventors—instead of having their names buried in oblivion—might well deserve a place among the few discoverers who strike out new paths of science.—*Preface to the Encyclopædia.*

ORIGIN AND USES OF KNOWLEDGE.

It follows, from what has already been said, that the different ways in which our mind operates upon objects, and the different uses it derives from them, are the first means of distinguishing, in general, our different kinds of knowledge from each other ; and that the whole of it relates to our wants, either of necessity, convenience, amusement, real use, or capricious abuse. What advances would the art of Physic have made, to the discredit of sciences merely speculative, were its principles as certain as those of Geometry !—*Preface to the Encyclopædia.*

THE LITERARY WORLD CLASSED.

The general division of knowledge, according to the three faculties of our minds, enables us to make a correspondent division of the literary world into Men of Erudition, Philosophers, and Wits. Memory is the predominant talent of the first, Sagacity of the second, Pleasing of the third : so that, taking Memory for the beginning of Reflection, and adding the combinatory and imitatorial parts thereto, it may be said in general, that the difference betwixt men consists in the nature and the number of the ideas of Reflection each man has respectively ; and that Reflection alone, taken in its most extensive sense, forms the character, or special differences, of men's minds.

These three republics into which we divide the literary world, have scarce anything in common besides a mutual contempt of each other. The philosopher and the poet regard each other as frantics, fed with chimeras. They both agree that the man of erudition is a miser, hoarding the wealth he never enjoys ; and treasuring up the basest as anxiously as the most valuable coin. The man of erudition, regarding the finest productions of genius, without facts, but as mere groups of words, equally despises poets and philosophers for fancying themselves rich, only because their expenses outrun their income. And in this manner it is that men endeavor to make their own deficiencies good.

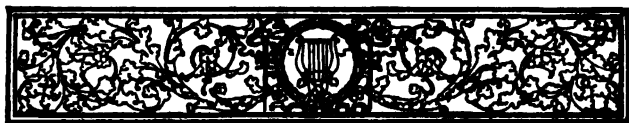
But the learned would better consult their interest if, instead of pretending to stand separate, they mutually supported each other. Society is certainly indebted to the polite arts for its principal pleasures, and to philosophy for its knowledge. But both of these are greatly beholden to Memory, which preserves the original matter of all our knowledge. The labors of the learned have furnished many a subject for philosophers and poets to work on. The ancients, by styling the Muses Daughters of Memory, showed how necessary they thought it to the other faculties of the soul. The Romans built temples to Memory as well as to Fortune.

—*Preface to the Encyclopædia.*

EARLY SHARE OF D'ALEMBERT AND DIDEROT IN THE
ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

M. D'Alembert has either drawn up or revised all the articles of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy that do not depend upon the parts already mentioned ; and has furnished some few articles in the other branches of science. In the articles of Transcendental Mathematics he has particularly endeavored to show the general nature of Methods ; to point out the best books, where the most important particulars in every subject may be found ; to clear up what seemed but imperfectly, or scarce at all attempted before ; and, as far as possible, to give accurate and simple metaphysical principles in all cases.

But the province of M. Diderot is more laborious : he being the author of the most extensive and important part of this Dictionary—a part the most wanted by the public, and the most difficult to execute ; *viz.*, the History of Arts. This history M. Diderot drew up from memoirs communicated to him either by workmen or lovers of Art, or from verbal and ocular information of artificers employed at their work, or of handcraftsmen, which he took the trouble of examining, and sometimes causing models to be made of their engines and apparatus, that he might study them more at his leisure. To this complicated undertaking, which he executed with great exactness, he had added another no less considerable, by supplying in different parts of our Work an immense number of articles that were wanting. He applied himself to the task with a disinterestedness that does honor to his learning, and a zeal deserving the acknowledgment of all well-wishers to Science.—*Preface to the Encyclopædia.*



DIES IRÆ, a famous mediæval Latin Hymn, usually cited by the two opening words, although the proper title is *De Novissimo Judio*, "On the Last Judgment." There has been some question as to the authorship of this Hymn; but there can be little doubt that it was composed by Thomas of Celano, an Italian monk of the Franciscan Order, who died in 1255. The Hymn has been many times translated and paraphrased. In the following version, an attempt has been made not only to give the meaning but to reproduce the form of the original.

I.

*Dies iræ, dies illa
Solvat sæclum in favillâ,
Teste David cum Sibyllâ.*

Day of wrath! ah me that day!
Earth to ashes melts away,
David and the Sibyl say.

II.

*Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando Juxta est venturus,
Cuncta strictè discussurus.*

Ah, what trembling and affright,
When the Judge shall come in sight,
All to search in strictest right.

III.

*Tuba, mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulchra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.*

Sends the trump its wondrous tone
Through the graves of every zone,
Bidding all before the throne.

IV.

*Mors stupebit et natura,
Quum resurget creatura
Judicanti responsura.*

Nature, with death, astounded lies
When all created things arise,
Before the Judge to make replies.

V.

*Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
De quo mundus judicetur.*

Forth is brought the written scroll,
Whereby, if for bliss or dole,
Judged shall be every soul.

VI.

*Judex ergo, quum sedebit,
Quidquid latet, apparebit,
Nil inultam remanebit.*

See the Judge his seat assume :
Hidden things emerge from gloom,
Nothing shall escape its doom.

VII.

*Quod sum miser tunc dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Quum vix justus est securus ?*

Wretched me, what shall I say,
Unto what protector pray,
When the just shall scarce find stay ?

VIII.

*Rex tremendæ majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salve me, fons pietatis !*

O King of awful majesty,
Who to the saved giv'st safety free,
Save me, fount of lenity.

IX.

*Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ :
Ne me perdas illâ diē.*

Gentle Jesu, think, I pray,
I am cause of thy hard way :
Let me not perish in that day.

X.

*Quærens me sediste lassus,
Redemisti crucem passus :
Tantus labor non sit cassus.*

Me seeking hast thou wearied lain,
Redeemed me with thy mortal pain :
Let not such labor be in vain.

XI.

*Juste Judex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis
Ante diem rationis !*

Righteous Judge of retribution,
Unto me grant absolution
Ere the day of execution !

XII.

*Ingemisco tanquam reus,
Culpâ rubet vultus meus :
Supplici parce, Deus !*

Here culprit-like, I groaning bow,
The flush of guilt is on my brow ;
Spare, O God, thy suppliant now.

XIII.

*Qui Mariam absolvisti,
Et latronum exaudisti ;
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.*

Thou didst from guilt set Mary free,
Didst hear the thief on Calvary ;
Hope hast thou also given to me.

XIV.

*Præces meæ non sunt dignæ,
Sed tu bonus fac benignè,
Ne perenni cremer igne !*
Of nothing worth are prayers of mine,
But unto me be thou benign,
Nor to eternal fire consign !

XV.

*Inter oves locum præsta,
Et ab hædis me sequestra,
Statuens in parte dextra !*
Among thy sheep O let me stand,
Sequestered from the goatish band,
Stationed secure at thy right hand.

XVI.

*Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis acribus addictis,
Voca me cum benedictis.*
When the cursèd are confounded,
And by fiercest flames surrounded,
Unto me be mercy sounded.

XVII.

*Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritam quasi cinis ;
Gere curam mei finis.*
Heart crushed to ashes, I am bending,
Unto thee petition sending,
Give to me care at my ending.

XVIII.

*Lachrymosa dies illa,
Qua resurget ex favilla,
Judicantis homo reus ;
Huic ergo parce, Deus.*
Full of tears will be that day
When man to judgment springs from clay,
Guilty man for sentence there—
Spare him, O God, in mercy spare.
—Translation of ALFRED H. GUERNSEY



DILKE, SIR CHARLES WENTWORTH, Baronet, an English statesman and traveller, born at Chelsea, London, September 4, 1843. His father, also Charles Wentworth Dilke (1810-1869) was the son of another Charles Wentworth Dilke (1789-1864), editor and proprietor of the *Athenæum* and of other periodicals. This second Charles Wentworth Dilke was educated at Westminster School and at Cambridge; was one of the most active promoters of the Royal Crystal Palace Exhibition of 1851; one of the Royal Commissioners at the New York Crystal Palace Exhibition in 1853, and of the second London Exhibition in 1862, when he was created a Baronet. He sat in Parliament from 1865 to 1868.

The third Charles Wentworth Dilke was educated at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, where he graduated as "Senior Legalist" in 1866, and was called to the bar at the Middle Temple. Directly afterward he set out upon an extensive tour, visiting Canada; the Eastern and Northwestern States of the Union, Utah, Colorado, and California; New Zealand, Australia, and India—nearly all the regions which are peopled or governed by the English-speaking race. This tour occupied nearly two years. The narrative of his observations was published in 1868, under the title *Greater Britain: a Record of Travel in English-speaking Countries*.

Upon the death of his father he succeeded to the baronetcy and to the proprietorship of the *Athenæum* and of *Notes and Queries*. In 1874 he published anonymously a political satire entitled *The Fall of Prince Florestan of Monaco*. In 1875 he edited the works of his grandfather, under the title of *Papers of a Critic*; and in the same year he made a visit to China and Japan, of which he published accounts in magazines.

Meanwhile in 1868 he was returned to Parliament for the new borough of Chelsea, and was returned to the successive Parliaments, notwithstanding that he publicly avowed that he preferred a republican to a monarchical form of government. In 1880 he became Under-Secretary of State, in the administration of Mr. Gladstone; and at the close of 1882 he was made President of the Local Government Board, with a seat in the Cabinet. He was now universally recognized as one of the most promising public men of the time. But in 1885 he was made co-defendant in a divorce suit. The Court decided against him. At his instance a rehearing of the case was had, when the former decision was emphatically confirmed.

His later works include *The Present Position of European Politics* (1887); *The British Army* (1888); *Problems of Greater Britain* (1890), and *Imperial Defence* (1892), written with Mr. Spencer Wilkinson.

GREATER BRITAIN.

In 1866 and 1867 I followed England round the world: everywhere I was in English-speaking, or English-governed lands. If I remarked that climate, soil,

manners of life, that mixture with other peoples had modified the blood, I saw, too, that in essentials the race was always one. The idea which in all the length of my travels has been at once my fellow and my guide—a key wherewith to unlock the hidden things of strange new lands—is a conception, however imperfect, of the grandeur of our race, already girdling the earth, which it is destined, perhaps, eventually, to overspread. In America the peoples of the world are being fused together, but they are run into an English mould: Alfred's laws and Chaucer's tongue are theirs, whether they would or no. There are men who say that Britain, in her age, will claim the glory of having planted greater Englands across the seas. They fail to perceive that she has done more than found plantations of her own—that she has imposed her institutions upon the offshoots of Germany, of Ireland, of Scandinavia, and of Spain. Through America England is speaking to the world.—*Preface to Greater Britain.*

THE CELTIC IMMIGRATION.

While the Celtic men are pouring into New York, the New Englanders and New Yorkers, too, are moving. They are not dying. Facts are opposed to this portentous theory. They are going West. The unrest of the Celt is mainly caused by discontent with his country's present; that of the Saxon by hope for his private future. The Irishman flies to New York because it lies away from Ireland: the Englishman takes it upon his road to California. Where one race is dominant, immigrants of another blood soon lose their nationality. In New York and Boston the Irish continue to be Celts, for these are Irish cities. In Pittsburg, in Chicago, still more in the country districts, a few years make the veriest Paddy English. On the other hand, the Saxons are disappearing from the Atlantic cities, as the Spaniards have gone from Mexico. The Irish here are beating down the English, as the English have crushed out the Dutch. The Hollander's descendants in New York are English now. It bids fair that the Saxons should be Irish. . . . The Puritans of New England are sprung from those of

the "associated counties;" but the victors of Marston Moor may have been cousins to those no less sturdy Protestants—the Hollanders who defended Leyden. It may be that they were our ancestors—those Dutchmen that we crowded out of New Amsterdam—the very place where we are sharing the fate we dealt. The fiery temper of the new people of the American coast towns, their impatience of free government, are better proofs of Celtic blood than are the color of the eyes and beard.—*Greater Britain, Part I., Chap. 4.*

THE FRENCH-CANADIANS.

Quebec Lower Town is very like St. Peter Port in Guernsey. Norman-French inhabitants, guarded by British troops, step-built streets, thronged fruit market, and citadel upon a rock, frowning down upon the quays, are alike in each. A slight knowledge of the Upper-Normandy *patois* is not without its use. There has been no dying-out of the race among the French-Canadians. They number twenty times the thousands that they did a hundred years ago. The American soil has left their physical type, religion, language, laws, and habits absolutely untouched. They herd together in their rambling villages, dance to the fiddle after mass on Sundays as gayly as once did their Norman sires, and keep up their *fleur-de-lys* and the memory of Montcalm. More French than the French are the Lower-Canadian habitants.—*Greater Britain, Part I., Chap. 6.*

THE CORNFIELDS OF THE NORTHWEST.

"Where men grow tall, there will maize grow tall," is a good sound rule: Limestone makes both bone and straw. The Northwestern States, inhabited by the giant men, are the chosen home of the most useful and beautiful of plants, the maize—in America called "corn." For hundreds of miles the railway track, protected not even by a fence or hedge, runs through the towering plants, which hide all prospects, save that of their own green pyramids. Maize feeds the people, it feeds the cattle and the hogs that they export to feed the cities of

the East ; from it is made yearly, as an Ohio farmer told me, "whiskey enough to float the ark." Rice is not more the support of the Chinese than maize of the English in America.—*Greater Britain, Part I., Chap. 7.*

PHYSICAL CONFORMATION OF NORTH AMERICA.

It is strange how the Western country dwarfs the Eastern States. Buffalo is called a "Western City ;" yet from New York to Buffalo is only 350 miles, and Buffalo is but 700 miles to the west of the most eastern point in all the United States. On the other hand, from Buffalo we can go 2,500 miles westward without quitting the United States. "The West" is eight times as wide as the Atlantic States, and will soon be eight times as strong.

The conformation of North America is widely different to that of any other continent on the globe. In Europe the glaciers of the Alps occupy the centre point, and shed the waters toward each of the surrounding seas ; confluence is almost unknown. So is it in Asia ; the Indus, flowing into the Arabian Gulf, the Oxus into the Sea of Aral, the Ganges into the Bay of Bengal, the Yangtse Kiang into the Pacific, and the Yenesei into the Arctic Ocean, all take their rise in the central tableland. But in South America the mountains form a wall upon the west, whence the rivers flow eastward in parallel lines. In North America alone are there mountains on each coast, and a trough between, into which the rivers flow together, giving in a single valley 23,000 miles of navigable stream to be ploughed by steamships. The map proclaims the essential unity of North America. Political Geography might be a more interesting study than it has yet been made.—*Greater Britain, Part I., Chap. 9.*

THE INDIANS OF THE PLAINS.

"These Red Indians are not red," was our first cry when we saw the Utes in the streets of Denver. They had come into the town to be painted, as English ladies go to London to shop. When we met them with unpainted cheeks we saw that their color was brown,

copper, dirt—anything you please except red. . . . Low in stature, yellow-skinned, small-eyed, and Tartar-faced, the Indians of the plains are a distinct people from the tall, hooked-nose warriors of the Eastern States. It is impossible to set eyes upon their women without being reminded of the dwarf-skeletons found in the mounds of Missouri and Iowa ; but, men or women, the Utes bear no resemblance to the bright-eyed, graceful people with whom Penn traded and Standish fought. They are not less inferior in mind than in body. It was no Shoshoné, no Ute, no Cheyenne, who called the rainbow the "heaven of flowers," the moon the "night queen," or the stars "God's eyes." The tribes of the plains are as deficient, too, in heroes as in poetry ; they have never even produced a general. Their mode of life, the natural features of the country in which they dwell, have nothing in them to suggest a reason for their debased condition.—*Greater Britain, Part I., Chap. II.*

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

Brigham's personal position is [1866] a strange one. He calls himself prophet, and declares that he has revelations from God himself ; but when you ask him quietly what all this means, you will find that for prophet you must read political philosopher. He sees that a canal from Utah Lake to Salt Lake Valley would be of vast utility to the Church and People—that a new settlement is urgently required. He thinks about these things till they dominate in his mind, and take in his brain the shape of physical creations. He dreams of the canal, the city ; sees them before him in his waking moments. That which is so clearly for the good of God's people, becomes God's will. Next Sunday at the Tabernacle he steps to the front, and says : "God has spoken ; He has said unto his prophet, 'Get thee up, Brigham, and build me a city in the fertile valley to the south, where there is water, where there are fish, where the sun is strong enough to ripen the cotton-plants, and give raiment as well as food to My saints on earth.' Brethren willing to aid God's work should come to me before the Bishops' meeting." As the prophet takes his seat again

and puts on his broad-brimmed hat, a hum of applause runs round, and teams and barrows are freely promised. Sometimes the canal, the bridge, the city, may prove a failure—but this is not concealed ; the prophet's human tongue may blunder even when he is communicating holy things. "After all," Brigham said to me one day, "the highest inspiration is good sense—the knowing what to do, and how to do it." . . . Brigham's head is that of a man who nowhere could be second.—*Greater Britain, Part I., Chap. 14.*

SIMILARITY AMONG CHINAMEN.

It is said to be a peculiarity of the Chinese that they all look alike : no European, without he has dealings with them, can distinguish one Celestial from another. The same, however, may be said of the Sikhs, the Australian natives, of most colored races, in short. The points of difference which distinguish the yellow men, the red men, the black men with straight hair, the negroes from any other race whatever, are so much more prominent than the minor distinctions between individuals, that individual characteristics are sunk and lost in the national distinctions. To the Chinese in turn all Europeans are alike ; but beneath these obvious facts there lies a solid grain of truth. Men of similar habits of mind and body are alike among ourselves in Europe. . . . Irish laborers—men who for the most part work hard, feed little, and leave their minds entirely unploughed—are all alike. Chinamen, who all work hard, and work alike, who live alike, and who go farther, and all think alike, are, by a mere law of nature, indistinguishable one from the other.—*Greater Britain, Part I., Chap. 23.*

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

In all history nothing can be found more dignified than the action of America upon the Monroe Doctrine. Since the principle was first laid down in words, in 1823, the national behavior has been courteous, consistent, firm ; and the language used now that America is all powerful, is the same that her statesmen made use of during the rebellion, in the hour of her most instant

peril. It will be hard for political philosophers of the future to assert that a democratic republic can have no foreign policy. . . . Where the conqueror marries into the conquered race, it ends by being absorbed; and the mixed breed gradually becomes pure again in the type of the more numerous race. It would seem that the North American Continent will soon be divided between the Saxon and the Aztec republics. . . . The French mission in Mexico was the making of that great country a further field for the Latin immigration; and when the Californians marched to Juarez's help, it was to save Mexico to North America.—*Greater Britain, Part I., Chap. 25.*

SQUATTER ARISTOCRACY IN AUSTRALIA.

The word "Squatter" has undergone a remarkable change of meaning since the time when it denoted those who stole government land, and built their dwellings upon it. As late as 1837 Squatters were defined by the Chief Justice of New South Wales as people occupying lands without legal title, and who were subject to a fine on discovery. They were described as living by bartering rum with convicts for stolen goods; and as being themselves invariably convicts or "expirees." Escaping suddenly from these low associations, the word came to be applied to graziers who drove their flocks into the unsettled interior; and thence to those of them who received leases from the Crown of pastoral lands.

The squatter is the nabob of Melbourne and Sydney—the inexhaustible mine of wealth. He patronizes balls, promenade concerts, flower-shows; he is the mainstay of the great clubs, the joy of shopkeepers, the good angel of the hotels; without him the opera could not be kept up, and the jockey-clubs would die a natural death.

Neither squatters nor townsfolk will admit that this view of the former's position is exactly correct. The squatters, the townsfolk sometimes say, may well set up to be a great landed aristocracy, for they have every fault of a dominant caste except its generous vices. They are accused of piling up vast hordes of wealth, while

living a most penurious life, and contributing less than would so many mechanics to the revenue of the country, in order that they may return in later life to England, there to spend what they have wrung from the soil of Victoria or New South Wales. The occupation of the whole of the crown lands by squatters has prevented the making of railways to be paid for in land on the American system. But the chief of all the evils connected with squatting is the tendency to the accumulation in a few hands of all the land and all the pastoral wealth of the country—an extreme danger in the face of democratic institutions, such as those of Victoria and New South Wales.—*Greater Britain, Part III., Chap. 4.*

EXTENT OF THE GREATER BRITAIN.

The countries ruled by a race whose very scum and outcasts have founded empires in every portion of the globe even now consist of over 9,500,000 square miles and contain a population of 300,000,000 of people. Their surface is five times as great as that of the empire of Darius, and four and a half times as large as the Roman empire at its greatest extent. It is no exaggeration to say that in power the English countries would be more than a match for the remaining nations of the world. . . . No possible series of events can prevent the English race itself, a century hence, from numbering 300,000,000 of human beings of one national character and one tongue. . . . The ultimate future of any one section of our race is of little moment by the side of its triumph as a whole; but the power of English laws and English principles of government is not merely an English question. Its continuance is essential to the freedom of mankind.—*Greater Britain, Part IV., Chap. 23.*



DIMITRY, CHARLES PATTON, an American journalist, novelist, and poet, son of the Hon. Alexander Dimitry of New Orleans, was born at Washington, D. C., July 31, 1837. He was educated at Georgetown College, from which he received the degree of M.A. in 1867. During the Civil War he was a private in the Louisiana Guard, Confederate Army. He was afterward connected with many prominent papers in the larger cities of the United States—Richmond, Washington, Baltimore, New York, New Orleans. His writings, both prose and poetry, have appeared under various names, "Braddock Field" and "Tobias Guarnerius, Jr.," being his most familiar pseudonyms. Of his novels, the best known is *The House in Balfour Street* (1868). He also wrote *Guilty or Not Guilty* (1864); *Angela's Christmas* (1865); and *The Alderly Tragedy* (1866). "His works," says J. Wood Davidson, writing more particularly of Mr. Dimitry's novels, "are all distinctly able, and all clearly above the popular novels of the day; there is nothing commonplace, or flimsy, or feeble, about any of them." Among his poems is the following:—

VIVA ITALIA.

[*On the departure of the Austrians from Venice, 1860.*]

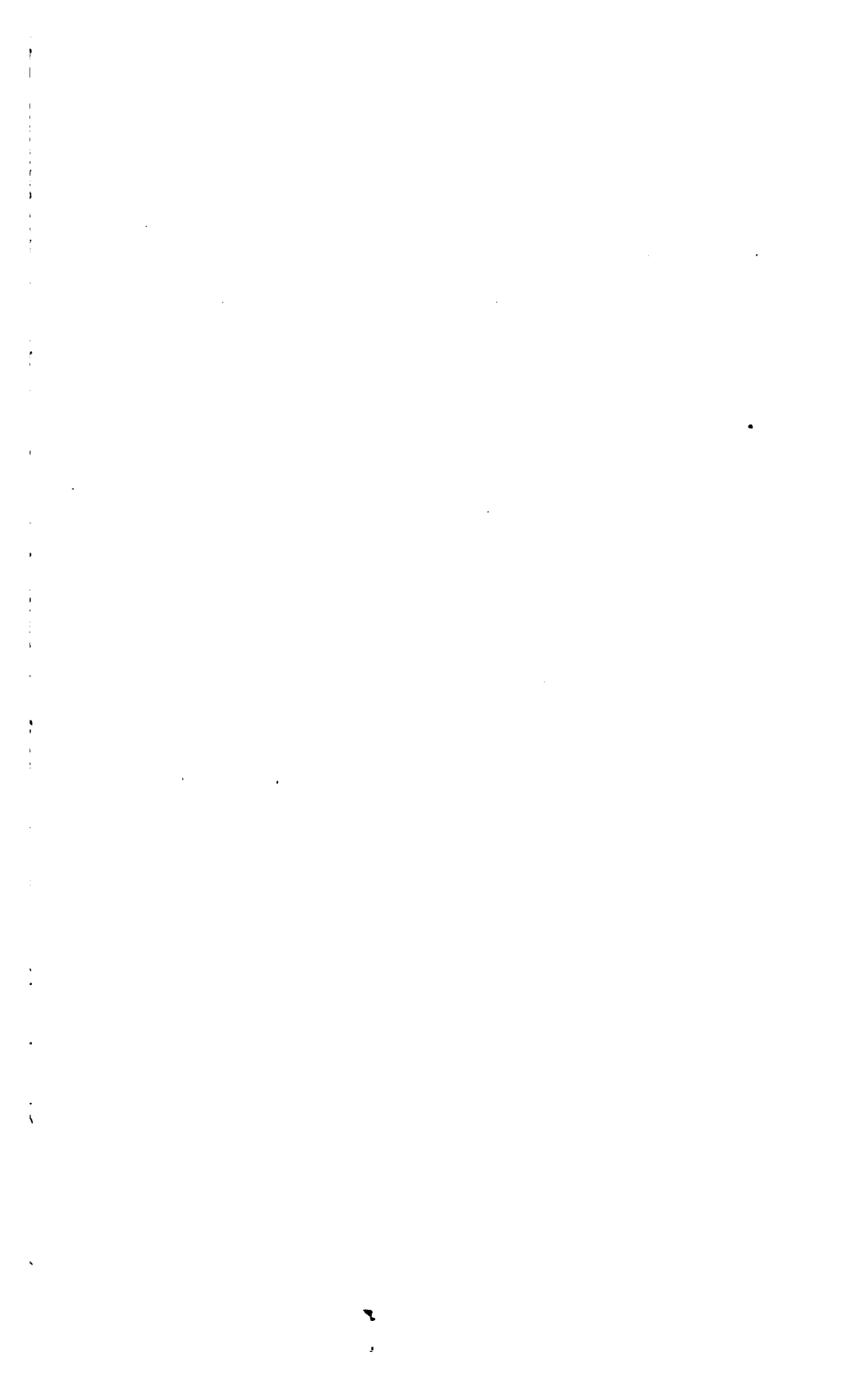
Haste ! open the gate, Giulia,
And wheel me my chair where the sun



VIVA ITALIA.

**"Not these were the cries when our fathers
The gonfalon gave to the breeze,
When Doges sate solemn in council,
And Dandolo harried the seas!"**

Drawing by E. Zies.



May fall on my face while I welcome
 The sound of the life-giving gun !
 The Austrian leaves with the morning,
 And Venice hath freedom to-day !
Viva ! Eviva Italia !
Viva il Re !

Would God that I were only younger
 To stand with the rest on the street,
 To fling up my cap on the Mola,
 And the tricolor banner to greet !
 The gondolas girl—they are passing ;
 And what do the gondoliers say ?
Viva ! Eviva Italia !
Viva il Re !

Oh, cursed be these years, and this weakness,
 That shackle me here in my chair,
 When the people's loud clamor is rending
 The chains that once made them despair !
 So young when the Corsican sold us
 So old when the Furies repay !—
Viva ! Eviva Italia !
Viva il Re !

Not these were the cries when our fathers
 The gonfalon gave to the breeze,
 When Doges sate solemn in council,
 And Dandolo harried the seas !
 But the years of the future are ours,
 To humble the pride of the gray :—
Viva ! Eviva Italia !
Viva il Re !

Bring, girl, from your closet
 The sword that your ancestor bore
 When Genoa's prowess was humbled,
 Her galleys beat back from our shore !
 O great Contareno ! your ashes
 To Freedom are given to-day !
Viva ! Eviva Italia !
Viva il Re !

What ! tears in your eyes, my Giulia ?
 You weep when your country is free ?
 You mourn for your Austrian lover,
 Whose face never more you shall see ?—
 Kneel, girl, beside me, and whisper,
 While to Heaven for vengeance you pray,
Viva ! Evivva Italia !
Viva il Re !

Shame, shame on the weakness that held you,
 And shame on the heart that was won !
 No blood of the gonfalioniere
 Shall mingle with the blood of the Hun !
 Swear hate to the name of the spoiler ;
 Swear lealty to Venice, and say,
Viva ! Evivva Italia !
Viva il Re !

Hark ! heard you the gun from the Mola !
 And hear you the welcoming cheer !
 Our army is coming, Giulia !
 The friends of our Venice are near !—
 Ring out from your old Campanile,
 Free bells from San Marco, to-day,
Viva ! Evivva Italia !
Viva il Re !





DIMOND, WILLIAM, an English dramatist and poet, born at Bath in 1780; died about 1814. His father was patentee of the Theatre Royal at Bath. The son received a good education, and was entered a student of the Inner Temple, with a view to the legal profession. He wrote several dramatic pieces, the latest of which, *The Foundling of the Forest*, was brought out in 1809. He also put forth a little volume entitled *Petrarchal Sonnets*. One poem, *The Mariner's Dream*, preserves his memory.

THE MARINER'S DREAM.

In slumbers of midnight the sailor-boy lay,
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind;
But, watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.

He dreamed of his home—of his dear native bowers—
And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn;
While memory each scene gayly covered with flowers,
And restored every rose, but secreted each thorn.

Then Fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise:—
Now far, far behind him the green waters glide,
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes;

The jessamine clammers, in flower, o'er the thatch,
And the swallow sings sweet from her nest in the wall;

All trembling with transport he raises the latch,
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight ;
 His cheek is bedewed with a mother's warm tear ;
 And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite
 With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast ;
 Joy quickens his pulses ; his hardships seem o'er ;
 And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest :—
 "O God ! thou hast blest me ; I ask for no more !"

Ah ! whence is that flame that now glares on his eye ?
 Ah ! what is that sound which now bursts on his ear ?
 'Tis the lightning's red gleam, painting hell on the sky !
 'Tis the crashing of thunders, the groan of the
 sphere !

He springs from his hammock—he flies to the deck ;
 Amazement confronts him with images dire ;
 Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a-wreck ;
 The masts fly in splinters ; the shrouds are on fire.

Like mountains the billows tremendously swell ;
 In vain the lost wretch calls on Mercy to save ;
 Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,
 And the death-angel flaps his broad wing o'er the wave.

O sailor boy ! woe to thy dream of delight.
 In darkness dissolved the gay frost-work of bliss ;
 Where now is the picture that Fancy touched bright,
 Thy parents' fond pressure, and love's honeyed kiss ?

O sailor-boy ! sailor-boy ; never again
 Shall home, love, or kindred thy wishes repay ;
 Unblessed and unhonored, down deep in the main,
 Full many a fathom, thy frame shall decay.

On a bed of green sea-flowers thy limbs shall be laid ;
 Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow ;
 Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made,
 And every part suit to thy mansion below.

Days, months, years, and ages shall circle away,
 And still the vast waters above thee shall roll ;
 Earth loses thy pattern forever and aye :—
 O sailor-boy ! sailor-boy ! peace to thy soul !



DINGELSTEDT, FRANZ VON, German poet and novelist, was born at Halsdorf, in Hesse, June 30, 1814; died at Vienna, May 15, 1881. He became professor at Cassel in 1836, and in 1841 he was appointed librarian and royal counsellor at Stuttgart. In 1850 he became intendant of the Theatre Royal and counsellor of legation at Munich; and in 1859 he was removed to the same position at Weimar. In 1867 he removed to Vienna, being appointed director of the Court Opera there, which post he exchanged in 1871 for that of director of the Burg Theatre. He translated Shakespeare for the German stage; published a series of novels and a fine tragedy, and several sketches of travels. His collected works fill twelve volumes, of which several are collections of poems displaying great versatility and power. His *Songs of a Cosmopolitan Watchman*, issued in 1841, brought him into so great reputation among the living political poets of Germany that our own Longfellow said he "hoped the poet would not be lost in the politician." Other works of his were: *The House of Barnevelt* (1850), a tragedy; *Night and Morning* (1850), a collection of poems; *The Amazons* (1868). In 1870 he was made a baron by the Emperor of Austria.

Upon the appearance of Dingelstedt's early poems, while their author was an almost unknown

writer, *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*, in an able and appreciative review, said: "The most pleasing quality of these poems is that genial simplicity of thought and expression, that openness and want of affectation, which at once endears the author to the reader. There is no false straining after effect, no meretricious artificiality of costume. The writer is evidently a man of high-minded, and generous, and, at the same time, kindly imagination. He has thought much, if not always correctly, and has felt more; and he gives us his thoughts and sentiments in a plain, unvarnished manner. Oh, if some of our own writers would but remember that the duty of writing intelligible English is even paramount to that of writing poetry! This principle Dingelstedt adheres to. He is not afraid of calling things by their right names, for fear they should sound prosaic; he is not always striving to give a poetical turn to his simplest thoughts, and he appears to think it better to be precise than mystical; and the consequence is, that combined with lightness and brilliancy of execution, a clear epigrammatic strength runs through all his argumentative and didactic poems. The images are distinct and forcible; the language is such as men and women, not mere poetasters, use, while it is completely free from tameness and vulgarity."

THE COSMOPOLITAN WATCHMAN.

The last faint twinkle now goes out
Up in the poet's attic;
The roisterers, in merry rout,
Speed home with steps erratic.

The roofs shower down the feathery snow,
The vane creaks on the steeple ;
The lanterns wag and glimmer low
In the storm o'er the hurrying people.

The houses all stand black and still,
The churches and inns are deserted ;
A body may now wend along as he will,
With nought but his fancies diverted.

No squinting eye now looks this way,
No scandalous tongue is dissembling ;
The heart that has slept the livelong day
May love and hope with trembling.

Dear Night ! thou foe to each base end,
The good a blessing prove thee ;—
They tell me thou art no man's friend ;
But O sweet Night, I love thee.

—*Translated for the London Athenæum.*

THE FLOWERET'S KISS.

Tell me, Floweret, Tell me !
What was it that she said to thee,
The maiden sweet and fair ?—
She gazed so long upon thy face
And whispered something there ;

And then your blushing cup she kissed,
Before she turned to go ;—
Ah, many a secret of delight
Your cunning flowerets know !

Was it a little, lightsome kiss,
Of such as sisters pay ?
Or was it a longer, warmer one,
For him that's far away ?

The little floweret looked at me,
And slyly smiling said :
Art sure thou art the proper one
To whom it should be paid ?

For know, there's love 'twixt girls and flowers,
As well as that that's sent.—
Well, this she said : *The time has come !*
And blushed, and away she went.

Now, were I not the *proper* one,
And should the message miss,
Yet would I gladly take the same,
The message and the kiss ;

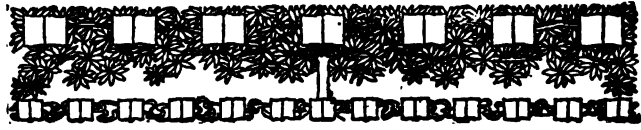
So down I stooped with drunken joy,
Down to the floweret fair,
And snatched away the sugared kiss
Left by the maiden there.
—*Translated for Tail's Magazine.*





DIOGENES, LAERTIUS, the biographer of the Greek philosophers, supposed by some to have received his surname from the town of Laerte, in Cilicia, where he was born, and by others from the Roman family of the Laertii, lived, as near as can be determined just previous to 200 A.D.

Of his youth, education, and general circumstances of his life, very little is known. Even the period in which he wrote—probably during the reign of Septimius Severus (193–121)—is altogether a matter of conjecture, and his personal opinions are equally uncertain. Some good authorities claim that he was a Christian, but from recent researches it is more probable that he was an Epicurean. He is known to have been the author of a biographical work giving an account of the lives and sayings of the Greek philosophers. While the best that can be said of this work is that it is an uncritical and unphilosophical compilation, yet its value, in so far as it gives us an insight into the private life of the Greek sages, is great. Montaigne stated succinctly the importance of this work when he said: “I wish that instead of one Laertius there had been a dozen.” The beginning of the work classes the philosophers into the Ionic and Italic Schools, the former class beginning with the biography of Anaximander and ending with Clitomachus, Theophrastus, and

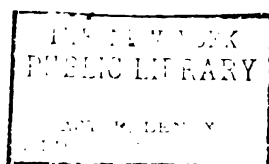


DISRAELI, BENJAMIN (created EARL OF BEACONSFIELD, in 1877), an English statesman and novelist, born in London, December 21, 1805; died April 19, 1881. He was the eldest son of Isaac Disraeli. After receiving a private education, he was placed in a solicitor's office, but he preferred literature to law, and in 1826-27 produced a novel, *Vivian Grey*, which was well received in England, and was translated into several languages. *The Voyage of Captain Pompanilla*, a flimsy satire, followed in 1828. The young author then travelled for two years in Europe, Syria, and Egypt. On his return he published *The Young Duke* (1831), and *Contarini Fleming* (1832), the latter of which was highly praised by Heine, Goethe, and Beckford. An Oriental romance, *The Wondrous Tale of Alroy*, another *The Rise of Iskander*, and *Ixion in Heaven*, were published in 1833. *The Revolutionary Epic* (1834), in which the Genius of Feudalism and the Genius of Federalism plead their cause before the throne of Demogorgon, and several political pamphlets, among them a *Vindication of the English Constitution*, followed. A series of political letters in the *London Times*, under the signature of "Runnymede," and a novel, *Henrietta Temple*, appeared in 1836, and *Venetia*, an attempt to portray the characters of Byron and Shelley, in 1837.



(Permission of Fine Art Soc., and W. H. Smith, M. P.)

BENJAMIN DISRAELI.



Disraeli had made several efforts to enter Parliament. He was now successful as a representative of the borough of Maidstone. His first speech in the House of Commons was received with shouts of laughter. The clamor compelled him to sit down; but before he did so, he said: "I have begun several times many things, and have succeeded at last. I will sit down now, but the time will come when *you will* hear me." A tragedy, *Alcaros* (1839), was his next literary effort. In this year he married the wealthy widow of Mr. Wyndham Lewis. *Coningsby* (1844), and *Sibyl, or the Two Nations* (1845), two semi-political novels, are intended to portray the public men of the time, and the English people during the Chartist agitation. *Tancred, or the New Crusade* (1847), takes its hero to the Holy Land, relates his adventures and records his soliloquies and conversations. Disraeli was now recognized as a leader in the House of Commons. His reputation as a speaker was established by his attacks on the free-trade policy of Sir Robert Peel. He was immersed in politics. His only literary productions for many years were the *Life of Isaac Disraeli* (1849), and *Lord George Bentinck; a Political Biography* (1862). In 1852 he was made Chancellor of the Exchequer, which office he again held in 1858 and in 1865. He was the chief supporter of the Reform Bill of 1867, extending suffrage to the rural population. In 1868 he became Prime Minister, and was offered a peerage. This he declined for himself, but accepted for his wife, who was made Viscountess of Beaconsfield. He now reappeared as a novelist, in

Lothair (1870), which had an enormous circulation. In 1874 he again became Prime Minister, and in 1877 took his seat in the House of Lords, as Earl of Beaconsfield. Another novel, *Endymion*, published in 1880, was his last literary work.

ALROY'S VISION OF THE KINGS.

In this wise they proceeded for a few minutes, until they entered a beautiful and moonlit lake. In the distance was a mountainous country. . . . At length the boat reached the opposite shore of the lake, and the Prince of the Captivity disembarked. He disembarked at the head of an avenue of colossal lions of red granite, which extended far as the eye could reach, and which ascended the side of the mountain, which was cut into a flight of magnificent steps. The easy ascent was in consequence soon accomplished, and Alroy, proceeding along the avenue of lions, soon gained the summit of the mountain. To his infinite astonishment, he beheld Jerusalem. That strongly marked locality could not be mistaken : at his feet were Jehoshaphat, Kedron, Siloa : he stood upon Olivet ; before him was Sion. But in all other respects, how different was the landscape to the one he had gazed upon a few days back, for the first time ! The surrounding hills sparkled with vineyards, and glowed with summer palaces, and voluptuous pavilions, and glorious gardens of pleasure. The city, extending all over Mount Sion, was encompassed with a wall of white marble, with battlements of gold, a gorgeous mass of gates and pillars, and gardened terraces, lofty piles of rarest materials, cedar, and ivory, and precious stones, and costly columns of the richest workmanship, and the most fanciful orders, capitals of the lotus and the palm, and flowing friezes of the olive and the vine. And in the front a mighty temple rose, with inspiration in its very form—a temple so vast, so sumptuous, there required no priest to tell us that no human hand planned that sublime magnificence !

“God of my fathers,” said Alroy, “I am a poor, weak thing, and my life has been a life of dreams and visions,

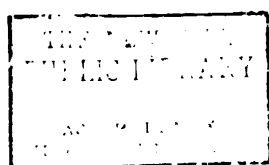
and I have sometimes thought my brain lacked a sufficient master. Where am I? Do I sleep or live? Am I a slumberer or a ghost? This trial is too much." He sank down and hid his face in his hands: his over-exerted mind appeared to desert him; he wept hysterically. Many minutes elapsed before Alroy became composed. His wild bursts of weeping sank into sobs, and the sobs died off into sighs. And at length, calm from exhaustion, he again looked up, and lo! the glorious city was no more! Before him was a moonlit plain, over which the avenue of lions still advanced, and appeared to terminate only in the mountainous distance. This limit, the Prince of the Captivity at length reached, and stood before a stupendous portal, cut out of the solid rock, four hundred feet in height, and supported by clusters of colossal caryatides. Upon the portals were engraven some Hebrew characters, which, upon examination, proved to be the same as those upon the talisman of Jabaster.

And so, taking from his bosom that all-precious and long-cherished deposit, David Alroy, in obedience to his instructions, pressed the signet against the gigantic portal. The portal opened with a crash of thunder louder than an earthquake. Pale, panting, and staggering, the Prince of the Captivity entered an illimitable hall, illumined by pendulous and stupendous balls of glowing metal. On each side of the hall, sitting on golden thrones, was ranged a line of kings, and as the pilgrim entered, the monarchs rose, and took off their diadems, and waved them thrice, and thrice repeated, in solemn chorus, "All hail, Alroy! Hail to thee, brother king! Thy crown awaits thee!"

The Prince of the Captivity stood trembling, with his eyes fixed upon the ground, and leaning breathless against a column. And when at length he had recovered himself and dared again to look up, he found the monarchs were reseated; and from their still and vacant visages, apparently unconscious of his presence. And this emboldened him, and so staring alternately at each side of the hall, but with a firm, perhaps desperate step, Alroy advanced. And he came to two thrones which were set apart from the others in the middle of the

hall. On one was seated a noble figure, far above the common stature, with arms folded and downcast eyes. His feet rested upon a broken sword, and a shivered sceptre, which told he was a monarch, in spite of his discrowned head. And on the opposite throne was a venerable personage, with a long flowing beard, and dressed in white raiment. His countenance was beautiful, although ancient. Age had stole on without its imperfections, and time had only invested it with a sweet dignity and solemn grace. The countenance of the king was upraised with a seraphic gaze, and as he thus looked up on high, with eyes full of love and thanksgiving and praise, his consecrated fingers seemed to touch the trembling wires of a golden harp.

And farther on, and far above the rest, upon a throne that stretched across the hall, a most imperial presence straightway flashed upon the startled vision of Alroy. Fifty steps of ivory, and each step guarded by golden lions, led to a throne of jasper. A dazzling light blazed forth from the glittering diadem and radiant countenance of him who sat upon the throne—one beautiful as a woman, but with the majesty of a god. And in one hand he held a seal, and in the other a sceptre. And when Alroy had reached the foot of the throne, he stopped, and his heart misgave him. And he prayed for some minutes in silent devotion, and without daring to look up, he mounted the first step of the throne, and the second, and the third, and so on, with slow and faltering feet, until he reached the forty-ninth step. The Prince of the Captivity raised his eyes. He stood before the monarch face to face. In vain Alroy attempted to attract his attention, or to fix his gaze. The large black eyes, full of supernatural lustre, appeared capable of piercing all things, and illuminating all things; but they flashed on without shedding a ray upon Alroy. Pale as a spectre, the pilgrim, whose pilgrimage seemed now on the point of completion, stood cold and trembling before the object of all his desires and all his labors. But he thought of his Country, his People, and his God, and while his noiseless lips breathed the name of Jehovah, solemnly he put forth his arm, and with a gentle firmness grasped the unresisting sceptre of his





THE APHRODITE OF CITIES.

A night in Venice.

great ancestor. And as he seized it, the whole scene vanished from his sight.

Hours or years might have passed away as far as the sufferer was concerned, when Alroy again returned to self-consciousness. His eyes slowly opened, he cast round a vacant stare, he was lying in the cave of Gethsemane. The moon had set, but the morn had not broken. A single star glittered over the brow of the black mountains. He faintly moved his limbs, he would have raised his hand to his bewildered brain, but found that it grasped a sceptre. The memory of the past returned to him. He tried to rise, and found that he was reposing in the arms of a human being. He turned his head—he met the anxious gaze of Jabaster.—*Alroy.*

VENICE.

If I were to assign the particular quality which conduces to that dreamy and voluptuous existence which men of high imagination experience in Venice, I should describe it as the feeling of abstraction, which is remarkable in that city, and peculiar to it. Venice is the only city which can yield the magical delights of solitude. All is still and silent. No rude sound disturbs your reveries; fancy, therefore, is not put to flight. No rude sound distracts your self-consciousness. This renders existence intense. We feel everything. And we feel this keenly in a city not only eminently beautiful, not only abounding in wonderful creations of art, but each step of which is hallowed ground, quick with associations, that in the more various nature, their nearer relation to ourselves, and perhaps their more picturesque character, exercise a greater influence over the imagination than the more antique story of Greece and Rome. We feel all this in a city too, which, although her lustre be indeed dimmed, can still count among her daughters maidens fairer than the orient pearls with which her warriors once loved to deck them. Poetry, Tradition, and Love—these are the Graces that have invested with an ever-charming cestus this Aphrodite of cities—*Conlarini Fleming.*

GREECE.

A country of promontories, and gulfs, and islands clustering in an azure sea, a country of wooded vales and purple mountains, wherein the cities are built on plains, covered with olive-woods, and at the base of an Acropolis, crowned with a temple or a tower. And there are quarries of white marble, and vines, and much wild honey. And wherever you move is some fair and elegant memorial of the poetic past, a lone pillar on the green and silent plain once echoing with the triumphant shouts of sacred games, the tomb of a hero, or the fane of a god. Clear is the sky, and fragrant is the air, and, at all seasons, the magical scenery of this land is colored with that mellow tint, and invested with that pensive character, which, in other countries, we conceive to be peculiar to autumn, and which beautifully associate with the recollections of the past. Enchanting Greece! . . .

I quitted the Morea without regret. It is covered with Venetian memorials; no more to me a source of joy, and bringing back to my memory a country on which I no longer loved to dwell. I cast anchor in a small but secure harbor. I landed. I climbed a hill. From it I looked over a vast plain, covered with olive-wood, and skirted by mountains. Some isolated hills, of every picturesque form, rose in the plain at a distance from the terminating range. On one of these I beheld a magnificent temple bathed in the sunset. At the foot of the craggy steep on which it rested was a walled city of considerable dimensions, in front of which rose a Doric temple of exquisite proportion, and apparently uninjured. The violet sunset threw over this scene a coloring becoming its loveliness, and, if possible, increasing its refined character. Independent of all associations, it was the most beautiful spectacle that had ever passed before a vision always musing on sweet sights; yet I could not forget that it was the bright capital of my youthful dreams, the fragrant city of the violet crown, the fair, the sparkling, the delicate Athens! —*Contarini Fleming.*

JERUSALEM.

The broad moon lingers on the summit of Mount Olivet, but its beam has long left the garden of Gethsemane and the tomb of Absalom, the waters of Kedron, and the dark abyss of Jehoshaphat. Full falls its splendor, however, on the opposite city, vivid and defined in its silver blaze. A lofty wall, with turrets and towers and frequent gates, undulates with the unequal ground which it covers, as it encircles the lost capital of Jehovah. It is a city of hills, far more famous than those of Rome ; for all Europe has heard of Sion and of Calvary, while the Arab and the Assyrian, and the tribes and nations beyond, are as ignorant of the Capitoline and Aventine Mounts as they are of the Malvern or the Chiltern Hills.

The broad steep of Sion crowned with the tower of David ; nearer still, Mount Moriah, with the gorgeous temple of the God of Abraham, but built, alas ! by the child of Hagar, and not by Sarah's chosen one ; close to its cedars and its cypresses, its lofty spires and airy arches, the moonlight falls upon Bethesda's pool ; farther on, entered by the gate of St. Stephen, the eye, though 'tis the noon of night, traces with ease the Street of Grief, a long winding ascent to a vast cupolaed pile that now covers Calvary—called the Street of Grief, because there the most illustrious of the human, as well as of the Hebrew race, the descendant of King David, and the divine son of the most favored of women, twice sank under that burden of suffering and shame which is now throughout all Christendom the emblem of triumph and of honor. Passing over groups and masses of houses built of stone, with terraced roofs, or surmounted with small domes, we reach the hill of Salem, where Melchisedek built his mystic citadel ; and still remains the hill of Scopus, where Titus gazed upon Jerusalem on the eve of his final assault. Titus destroyed the temple. The religion of Judea has in turn subverted the fanes which were raised to his father and to himself in their imperial capital ; and the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob is now worshipped before every altar in Rome.

Jerusalem by moonlight ! 'Tis a fine spectacle, apart from all its indissoluble associations of awe and beauty. The mitigating hour softens the austerity of a mountain landscape magnificent in outline, however harsh and severe in detail ; and, while it retains all its sublimity, removes much of the savage sternness of the strange and unrivalled scene. A fortified city, almost surrounded by ravines, and rising in the centre of chains of far-spreading hills, occasionally offering, through their rocky glens, the gleams of a distant and richer land !

The moon has sunk behind the Mount of Olives, and the stars in the darker sky shine doubly bright over the sacred city. The all-pervading stillness is broken by a breeze, that seems to have travelled over the plains of Sharon from the sea. It wails among the tombs, and sighs among the cypress groves. The palm-tree trembles as it passes, as if it were a spirit of woe. Is it the breeze that has travelled over the plain of Sharon from the sea ?

Or is it the haunting voice of prophets mourning over the city that they could not save ? Their spirits surely would linger on the land where their Creator had designed to dwell, and over whose impending fall Omnipotence had shed human tears, from this mount ! Who can but believe that, at the midnight hour, from the summit of the Ascension, the great departed of Israel assemble to gaze upon the battlements of their mystic city ! There might be counted heroes and sages, who need shrink from no rivalry with the brightest and wisest of other lands ; but the lawgiver of the time of the Pharaohs, whose laws are still obeyed ; the monarch, whose reign has ceased for three thousand years, but whose wisdom is a proverb in all nations of the earth ; the teacher, whose doctrines have modelled civilized Europe—the greatest of legislators, the greatest of administrators, and the greatest of reformers—what race, extinct or living, can produce three such men as these !

The last light is extinguished in the village of Bethany. The wailing breeze has become a moaning wind : a white film spreads over the purple sky ; the stars are

veiled, the stars are hid ; all becomes as dark as the waters of Kedron and the valley of Jehoshaphat. The tower of David merges into obscurity ; no longer glitter the minarets of the mosque of Omar ; Bethesda's angelic waters, the gate of Stephen, the street of Sacred Sorrow, the hill of Salem, and the heights of Scopas, can no longer be discerned. Alone in the increasing darkness, while the very line of the walls gradually eludes the eye, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is a beacon light.

And why is the Church of the Holy Sepulchre a beacon light ? Why, when it is already passed the noon of darkness, when every soul slumbers in Jerusalem, and not a sound disturbs the deep repose except the howl of the wild dog crying to the wilder wind—why is the cupola of the sanctuary illumined, though the hour has long since been numbered, when pilgrims there kneel and monks pray ?

An armed Turkish guard are bivouacked in the court of the church ; within the church itself, two brethren of the convent of Terra Santa keep holy watch and ward : while, at the tomb beneath, there kneels a solitary youth, who prostrated himself at sunset, and who will there pass unmoved the whole of the sacred night. Yet the pilgrim is not in communion with the Latin Church ; neither is he of the Church Armenian, or the Church Greek ; Maronite, Coptic, or Abyssinian—these also are Christian Churches which cannot call him child.

He comes from a distant and a northern isle to bow before the tomb of a descendant of the kings of Israel, because he, in common with all the people from that isle, recognizes in that sublime Hebrew incarnation the presence of a Divine Redeemer. Then why does he come alone ? It is not that he has availed himself of the inventions of modern science, to repair first to a spot which all his countrymen may equally desire to visit, and thus anticipate their hurrying arrival. Before the inventions of modern science, all his countrymen used to flock hither. Then why do they not now ? Is the Holy Land no longer hallowed ? Is it not the land of sacred and mysterious truths ? The land of heavenly messages and earthly miracles ? The land of prophets

and apostles? Is it not the land upon whose mountains the Creator of the Universe parleyed with man and the flesh of whose anointed race He mystically assumed, when He struck the last blow at the powers of evil? Is it to be believed that there are no peculiar and eternal qualities in a land thus visited, which distinguish it from all others—that Palestine is like Normandy or Yorkshire, or even Africa or Rome?

There may be some who maintain this; there have been some, and those too, among the wisest and the wittiest of the northern and western races, who, touched by a presumptuous jealousy of the long predominance of that oriental intellect to which they owed their civilization, would have persuaded themselves and the world that the traditions of Sinai and Calvary were fables. Half a century ago, Europe made a violent and apparently successful effort to disembarass itself of its Asian faith. The most powerful and the most civilized of its kingdoms, about to conquer the rest, shut up its churches, desecrated its altars, massacred and persecuted their sacred servants, and announced that the Hebrew creeds which Simon Peter brought from Palestine, and which his successors revealed to Clovis, were a mockery and a fiction. What has been the result? In every city, town, village, and hamlet of that great kingdom, the divine image of the most illustrious of Hebrews has been again raised amid the homage of kneeling millions; while, in the heart of its bright and witty capital, the nation has erected the most gorgeous of modern temples, and consecrated its marble and golden walls to the name, and memory, and celestial efficacy of a Hebrew woman.

The country of which the solitary pilgrim, kneeling at this moment at the Holy Sepulchre, was a native, had not actively shared in that insurrection against the first and second Testament which distinguished the end of the eighteenth century. But more than six hundred years before, it had sent its king, and the flower of its peers and people, to rescue Jerusalem from those whom they considered infidels! and now, instead of the third crusade, they extend their superfluous energies in the construction of railroads.

The failure of the European kingdom of Jerusalem on which such vast treasures, such prodigies of valor, and such ardent belief had been wasted, has been one of those circumstances which have tended to disturb the faith of Europe, although it should have carried convictions of a very different character. The Crusaders looked upon the Saracens as infidels, whereas the children of the Desert bore a much nearer affinity to the sacred corpse that had, for a brief space, consecrated the Holy Sepulchre, than any of the invading host of Europe. The same blood flowed in their veins, and they recognized the divine missions both of Moses and of his greater successor. In an age so deficient in physiological learning as the twelfth century the mysteries of race were unknown. Jerusalem, it cannot be doubted, will ever remain the appanage either of Israel or of Ishmael; and if, in the course of those great vicissitudes which are no doubt impending for the East, there be any attempt to place upon the throne of David a prince of the House of Coburg or Deuxponts, the same fate will doubtless await him, as, with all their brilliant qualities and all the sympathy of Europe was the final doom of the Godfreys, the Baldwins, and the Lusignans. —*Tancred.*

MR. PHŒBUS'S VIEWS OF ART AND EDUCATION.

Mr. Phœbus was the most successful, not to say the most eminent, painter of the age. He was the descendant of a noble family of Gascony that had emigrated to England from France in the reign of Louis XIV. Unquestionably they had mixed their blood frequently during the interval and the vicissitudes of their various life; but in Gaston Phœbus, Nature, as is sometimes her wont, had chosen to reproduce exactly the original type. He was the Gascon noble of the sixteenth century, with all his brilliancy, bravery, and boastfulness, equally vain, arrogant, and eccentric, accomplished in all the daring or the graceful pursuits of man, yet nursed in the philosophy of our times.

"It is presumption in my talking about such things," said Lothair; "but might I venture to ask what you may consider the true principles of art?"

"*Aryan* principles," said Mr. Phœbus ; "not merely the study of Nature, but of beautiful Nature ; the art of design in a country inhabited by a first-rate race, and where the laws, the manners, the customs are calculated to maintain the health and beauty of a first-rate race. In a greater or less degree these conditions obtained from the age of Pericles to the age of Hadrian in pure Aryan communities ; but Semitism began then to prevail, and ultimately triumphed. Semitism has destroyed Art ; it taught man to despise his own body, and the essence of art is to honor the human frame."

"I am afraid I ought not to talk about such things," said Lothair, "but, if by Semitism you mean religion, surely the Italian painters, inspired by Semitism, did something."

"Great things," said Mr. Phœbus—"some of the greatest. Semitism gave them subjects, but the Renaissance gave them Aryan art, and it gave that art to a purely Aryan race. But Semitism rallied in the shape of the Reformation, and swept all away. When Leo the Tenth was Pope, popery was pagan ; popery is now Christian and Art is extinct."

"I cannot enter into such controversies," said Lothair. "Every day I feel more and more I am extremely ignorant."

"Do not regret it," said Mr. Phœbus. "What you call ignorance is your strength. By ignorance you mean a want of knowledge of books. Books are fatal ; they are the curse of the human race. Nine-tenths of existing books are nonsense, and the clever books are the refutation of that nonsense. The greatest misfortune that ever befell man was the invention of printing. Printing has destroyed education. Art is a great thing, and Science is a great thing ; but all that Art and Science can reveal can be taught by man and by his attributes—his voice, his hand, his eye. The essence of education is the education of the body. Beauty and health are the chief sources of happiness. Men should live in the air ; their exercises should be regular, varied, scientific. To render his body strong and supple is the first duty of man. He should develop and completely master the whole muscular system. What I admire in the order to which

you belong is that they do live in the air ; that they excel in athletic sports ; that they can only speak one language ; and that they never read. This is not a complete education, but it is the highest education since the Greek."

"What you say I feel encouraging," said Lothair, repressing a smile, "for I myself live very much in the air, and am fond of all sports ; but I confess I am often ashamed of being so poor a linguist, and was seriously thinking that I ought to read."

"No doubt every man should combine an intellectual with a physical training," replied Mr. Phœbus ; "but the popular conception of the means is radically wrong. Youth should attend lectures on art and science by the most illustrious professors, and should converse together afterward on what they have heard. They should learn to talk, it is a rare accomplishment and extremely healthy. They should have music always at their meals. The theatre, entirely remodelled and reformed, and under a minister of state, should be an important element of education. I should not object to the recitation of lyric poetry. That is enough. I would not have a book in the house, or even see a newspaper."

"These are Aryan principles ?" said Lothair.

"They are," said Mr. Phœbus ; "and of such principles I believe a great revival is at hand. We shall both live to see another Renaissance."—*Lothair*.





DISRAELI, ISAAC, an English writer, born at Enfield, near London, in 1766; died in 1848. His father, a Venetian, whose Hebrew ancestors, refugees from Spanish persecution, had assumed the name of D'Israeli to distinguish their race, removed to England in 1748. Isaac was intended for commercial pursuits, and he was sent to a college at Amsterdam, from which he returned at the age of eighteen, prepared to publish a poem against commerce. His parents then sent him to travel in France, with the hope that mingling with the world might divert his mind from the pursuits of literature. He spent much of the time in libraries and with literary men, and on his return in 1788, published a satire, *On the Abuse of Satire*. Through the influence of Mr. Pye, afterward poet-laureate, the elder Disraeli was persuaded to cease opposing the literary tastes of his son, who, in 1790, produced a *Defence of Poetry*, of which he afterward destroyed all the copies he could obtain. In 1791-93 he published *The Curiosities of Literature*, in four volumes, to which he afterward added (1817) another volume. *Miscellanies, or Literary Recreations* appeared in 1796. This work was followed by *Vaurien, or Sketches of the Times* (1797); *Romances*, a volume of prose tales (1799); *Narrative Poems* (1803); *Flim-flams, or the Life and Errors of my Uncle and the Amours of my Aunt* (1805);

Despotism, or the Fall of the Jesuits, a novel (1811); *The Calamities of Authors* (1814); *The Quarrels of Authors* (1814), and *The Literary Character, or the History of Men of Genius* (1816). *The Life and Reign of Charles I.* (1828-31) gained for him from Oxford the degree of D.C.L. He had long intended to write a history of English Literature, but a paralysis of the optic nerve prevented the accomplishment of this design. A selection from his manuscripts preparatory to this work was published in 1841 under the title of *The Amenities of Literature.*

PALINGENESIS.

Never was a philosophical imagination more beautiful than that exquisite *Palingenesis*, as it has been termed from the Greek, or a re-generation : or rather, the apparitions of animals, and plants. Schoot, Kircher, Gaffarel, Borelli, Digby, and the whole of that admirable school, discovered in the ashes of plants their primitive forms, which were again raised up by the force of heat. Nothing, they say, perishes in nature ; all is but a continuation, or a revival. The *semina* of resurrection are concealed in extinct bodies, as in the blood of man ; the ashes of roses will again revive into roses, though smaller and paler than if they had been planted ; unsubstantial and unodoriferous, they are not roses which grow on rose-trees, but their delicate apparitions ; and like apparitions, they are seen but for a moment ! The process of the *Palingenesis*, this picture of immortality, is described. These philosophers having burnt a flower, by calcination disengaged the salts from its ashes, and deposited them in a glass phial ; a chemical mixture acted on it, till in the fermentation they assumed a bluish and spectral hue. This dust, thus excited by heat, shoots upward into its primitive forms ; by sympathy the parts unite, and while each is returning to its destined place, we see distinctly the stalk, the leaves, and the flower arise ; it is the pale spectre of a flower coming

slowly forth from its ashes. The heat passes away, the magical scene declines, till the whole matter again precipitates itself into the chaos at the bottom. This vegetable phoenix lies thus concealed in its cold ashes, till the presence of heat produces its resurrection—in its absence it returns to its death.—*Curiosities of Literature.*

THE NECESSITY OF SOLITUDE TO GENIUS.

It is, however, only in solitude that the genius of eminent men has been formed. There their first thoughts sprang, and there it will become them to find their last: for the solitude of old age—and old age must be often in solitude—may be found the happiest with the literary character. Solitude is the nurse of enthusiasm, and enthusiasm is the true parent of genius. In all ages solitude has been called for, has been flown to. No considerable work was ever composed, till its author, like an ancient magician, first retired to the grove, or to the closet, to invoke. When genius languishes in an irksome solitude among crowds—that is the moment to fly into seclusion and meditation. There is a society in the deepest solitude; in all the men of genius of the past

“First of your kind, Society divine!”

and in themselves; for there only can they indulge in the romances of their soul, and there only can they occupy themselves in their dreams and their vigils, and, with the morning, fly without interruption to the labor they had reluctantly quitted. If there be not periods when they shall allow their days to melt harmoniously into each other, if they do not pass whole weeks together in their study, without intervening absences, they will not be admitted into the last recess of the Muses. Whether their glory comes from researches, or from enthusiasm, Time, with not a feather ruffled on his wings, Time alone opens discoveries and kindles meditation. This desert of solitude, so vast and so dreary to the man of the world, to the man of genius is the magical garden of Armida, whose enchantments arose amidst solitude, while solitude was everywhere among those enchantments.

Whenever Michelangelo, that "divine madman," as Richardson once wrote on the back of one of his drawings, was meditating on some great design, he closed himself up from the world. "Why do you lead so solitary a life?" asked a friend. "Art," replied the sublime artist, "Art is a jealous god; it requires the whole and entire man." During his mighty labor in the Sistine Chapel, he refused to have any communication with any person even at his own house. Such undisturbed and solitary attention is demanded even by undoubted genius as the price of performance. How then shall we deem of that feebler race who exult in occasional excellence, and who so often deceive themselves by mistaking the evanescent flashes of genius for that holier flame which burns on its altar, because the fuel is incessantly applied?

We observe men of genius, in public situations, sighing for this solitude. Amidst the impediments of the world, they are doomed to view their intellectual banquet often rising before them like some fairy delusion, never to taste it.

The great Verulam often complained of the disturbances of his public life, and rejoiced in the occasional retirement he stole from public affairs. "And now, because I am in the country, I will send you some of my country fruits, which with me are good meditations; when I am in the city, they are choked with business."

Lord Clarendon, whose life so happily combined the contemplative with the active powers of man, dwells on three periods of retirement which he enjoyed; he always took pleasure in relating the great tranquillity of spirit experienced during his solitude at Jersey where, for more than two years, employed on his history, he daily wrote "one sheet of large paper with his own hand." At the close of his life, his literary labors in his other retirements are detailed with a proud satisfaction. Each of his solitudes occasioned a new acquisition; to one he owed the Spanish, to another the French, and to a third the Italian literature. The public are not yet acquainted with the fertility of Lord Clarendon's literary labors.

It was not vanity that induced Scipio to declare of solitude, that it had no loneliness for him, since he vol-

untarily retired amidst a glorious life to his Linternum. Cicero was uneasy amid applauding Rome, and has distinguished his numerous works by the title of his various villas. Aulus Gellius marked his solitude by his *Attic Nights*. The *Golden Grove* of Jeremy Taylor is the produce of his retreat at the Earl of Carberry's seat in Wales ; and the *Diversions of Purley* preserved a man of genius for posterity.

Voltaire had talents, well adapted for society ; but at one period of his life he passed five years in the most secret seclusion, and indeed usually lived in retirement. Montesquieu quitted the brilliant circles of Paris for his books and his meditations, and was ridiculed by the gay triflers he deserted ; "but my great work," he observes in triumph, "*avance à pas de géant.*" Harrington, to compose his *Oceana*, severed himself from the society of his friends. Descartes, inflamed by genius, hires an obscure house in an unfrequented quarter of Paris, and there he passes two years unknown to his acquaintances. Adam Smith, after the publication of his first work, withdrew into a retirement that lasted ten years ; even Hume rallies him for separating himself from the world ; but by this means the great political inquirer satisfied the world by his great work. And thus it was with men of genius, long ere Petrarch withdrew to his Valchiusa. — *The Literary Character.*





DIX, JOHN ADAMS, an American statesman and orator, born at Boscawen, N. H., July 24, 1798; died at New York, April 21, 1879. He entered the Military Academy at West Point in 1812, but near the close of the following year he resigned the appointment in order to become an ensign in the army, and served on the northern frontier during the remainder of the war with Great Britain. He left the army in 1828, having risen to the rank of captain of artillery. He then travelled in Europe for a year; and in 1830 entered upon the practice of law at Cooperstown, N. Y. From 1833 to 1839 he was Secretary of State in New York. In 1845 he succeeded Silas Wright in the United States Senate, and was succeeded in 1849 by Mr. Seward. In 1861, near the close of the administration of Mr. Buchanan, he was appointed Secretary of the Treasury. As such he issued the order to the commanding officer at New Orleans, "If any man attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot." Among the early acts of President Lincoln was the appointment of Mr. Dix as a major-general in the army. He was not engaged in active operations in the field; but he held in succession the command of the military departments of Maryland, of Virginia and North Carolina, and of New York. He was in command of this last department at

the time of the draft-riots in July, 1863. In 1866-69 he was Minister to France; and in 1872 was elected Governor of New York. He held, from time to time, many other important civil positions. He wrote a treatise on *The Resources of the City of New York* (1827); *Decisions of the Superintendent of Common Schools of New York* (1837); *A Winter in Madeira* (1851), and *A Summer in Spain and Florence* (1857). Two volumes of his *Speeches and Addresses*, selected by himself, were published in 1875. Just after the occurrence of the draft-riots in New York, and when there was imminent danger of their renewal, General Dix issued, August 17, 1863, a proclamation giving warning against any such renewed outbreak:

THE DRAFT-RIOT PROCLAMATION.

The law under which this draft is to be made is for enrolling and calling out the national forces. It is founded on the principle that every citizen, who enjoys the protection of the Government and looks to it for the security of his property and his life, may be called on in seasons of great public danger to take up arms for the common defence. No political society can be held together unless this principle is acknowledged as one to which the Government may have recourse when its existence is in peril. There is no civilized country in which it is not recognized. . . . The draft about to be made is for one-fifth part of all persons between twenty and thirty-five years of age, and of the unmarried between thirty-five and forty-five. The entire class between eighteen and thirty-five was long since drafted in the seceded States, and the draft has recently been extended to embrace nearly the whole arms-bearing population. Compared with the burdens they are sustaining, ours is as nothing.

The contest on our part is to defend our nationality,

to uphold the institutions under the protection of which we have lived and prospered, and to preserve untarnished the proud memories of our history, brief it is true, but full of high achievements in science, in art, and in arms. Shall we, in such a cause, shrink from labors and sacrifices which our misguided brethren in the seceded States are sustaining in the cause of treason and social disorganization? For the honor of the State of New York, let us take care that the history of this rebellion, more vast than any which has ever convulsed a nation, shall contain nothing to make our children blush for the patriotism of their fathers.

Whatever objection there may be to the law authorizing the draft, whatever defects it may have, it is the law of the land, and resistance to it is revolt against the constituted authorities of the country. If one law can be set at defiance, any other may be, and the foundation of all government be broken up. Those who, in the history of political societies, have been the first to set themselves up against the law, have been the surest victims of the disorder which they have created. The poor have a far deeper interest in maintaining the inviolability of the law than the rich. Property, through the means it can command, is power. But the only security for those who have little more than life and the labor of their own hands to protect, lies in the supremacy of the law. On them, and on those who are dependent on them, social disorder falls with fatal effect. . . .

Under these circumstances, no good citizen will array himself, either by word or deed, against the draft. Submission to the law in seasons of tranquillity is always the highest of political duties. But when the existence of the Government is in peril, he who resists its authority commits a crime of the deepest turpitude. He is the voluntary instrument of those who are seeking to overthrow it, and becomes himself a public enemy. Moreover, resistance to the Government by those who are living under its protection, and are indebted to it for the daily tenure of their property and their lives, has not even the palliation under which those who lead the insurrection at the South seek to shelter themselves :

—that they are acting under color of authority derived from legislatures or conventions of the people in their respective States. . . .

Should these suggestions be disregarded by any among you, and renewed attempts be made to disturb the public peace, to break down the barriers which have been set up for the security of property and life, and to defeat the execution of a law which it is my duty to enforce, I warn all such persons that ample preparation has been made to vindicate the authority of the Government, and that the first exhibitions of disorder or violence will be met by the most prompt and vigorous measures for their repression.

RURAL LIFE AND EMBELLISHMENT.

Farm-houses should be surrounded with the beautiful and graceful in nature: the vine, the flowering shrub, and such other plants as will bear the rigor of our winters. These are the true ornaments for the rural dwellings. They are far more appropriate and tasteful than the most elaborate carvings in wood and stone; and nature offers them freely to all who will take pains once a year to bestow on them a few hours of attention. It is in these appendages to rural dwellings that the great charm of the country in England consists. English farm-houses and cottages are not often—I may say very rarely—faultless structures, when tested by a strict application of architectural rules. Nay, they are often ungraceful in design and rude in execution; but with the ivy spreading itself over the gable, or covering up the porch, and the woodbine climbing up the casement and enveloping it in foliage, they acquire a beauty and a grace which no work of man's hand can equal. Such as these I should wish our rural habitations to be. They should be embellished not so much by the hands of the architect as by the taste and care of the occupants. The mistress presiding over the household and the family dwelling should see to it that this dwelling should be externally a type of the neatness and order which reign within. Ornament it with the vines, plants, and flower-bearing shrubs which are suited to our climate.

These require little attention, and many of them carry their foliage and verdure far beyond the season when most others decay. Flowers which require to be housed in winter demand too much care, and, as a general rule, they are in the open air ephemeral in their bloom. The hardier plants—those which come out early and bear their foliage late—are preferable for the decoration of the family dwelling. It is not easy to conceive with how little expenditure of time the most gratifying results may be obtained. A gravelled walk from the entrance-gate to the porch, running through a lawn of well-cropped grass, with here and there a lilac, an althea, or a syringa, a vine trained upon a frame—no matter how rough, for the foliage will cover it—will change the coldest prospect into one of warmth and beauty and grace.

Nor is it to the taste alone that these rural embellishments address themselves; they tend to elevate and refine the moral feelings and to make us better men. It seems difficult to connect with the homestead the sacred feelings which belong to it, when all around is bare and cold. But when clothed in rural beauty by kindred hands, the sentiment of home is exalted, and those who have thus embellished it are presented to our minds and hearts under new and more endearing aspects. The leading impulses by which men are governed are constantly drawing them out into the world. Ambition, the desire of accumulation, the necessary business of life, are perpetually calling them away from home. Let home, then, be made so attractive in its external as well as its internal aspect, that it shall always be left with regret and regained with eagerness, as the most grateful refuge from the active duties of life. Under these circumstances the minutest work of your hands will have its value. The vine you have trained, the shrub you have planted, will possess an interest in the sight of those who are dear to you which the most elaborate ornament wrought by the hands of the carver can never attain.—*Agricultural Address, 1851.*



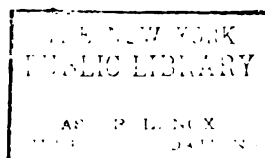
DIX, MORGAN, S.T.D., an American clergyman, son of John A. Dix; born in New York City, November 1, 1827. He graduated from Columbia College, and took Holy Orders in 1853. Two years later he became assistant minister of Trinity Church, New York, and in 1862 was made rector of the same church. Among his published works are a *Commentary on Romans* (1864); a *Commentary on Galatians* (1866); *Lectures on Pantheism* (1868); *Lectures on the Two Estates* (1872); *Sermons Doctrinal and Practical* (1878); *Lectures on the Prayer-book of Edward VI.* (1881); *Memoir of John A. Dix* (1883); *The Gospel and Philosophy* (1885); *Christ at the Door of the Heart* (1886); *Sermons* (1891), and *The Sacramental System* (1892).

THE CONDITIONS OF PERFECT DEVELOPMENT.

It has been well said, that "in Human Nature, it is the balance, harmony, and co-equal development of Sense, Intellect, and Spirit which constitutes perfection." "Body, Soul, and Spirit," saith the Apostle, summing up what we are. And in man, we find, over and above the physical senses three more: the intellectual sense, the moral sense, and the æsthetic sense. Man has an intelligent sense of the true, a moral sense of the good, an æsthetic sense of the beautiful. His are the reason, the affections, and the imagination; he sympathizes, he thinks, he loves. Each element in him desires its own, and abhors what is alien; thought and reason cannot endure the irrational, the impossible, the absurd; the heart, if pure, abhors the evil and the corrupt: the cult-



MORGAN DIX.



ured taste revolts at the squalid, the sordid, and the ugly. And true progress depends on the just and even development of the entire nature ; cultivate one part, neglecting the rest, and the product is a monster. Stunt the intellectual powers, and you have a fool ; dwarf the moral powers and you have a devil ; starve the affections, and the life is hard, cynical, and cold ; kill the imagination, and all things become stiff, dry, and gloomy. Develop, evenly and faithfully, the full manhood, and you find your reward in the sweetness and strength of a thoughtful, pure, and beautiful life.

But how shall this complex nature be developed ? Progress must be toward some anticipated end ; advance is made by the help of lights and marks along the way and far in front. You come at once to the questions, not to be evaded : Whither are we going, and for what do we exist ? Is this world all ? or is there another ? Is the life of man complete in threescore years and ten, or is there more of it to come ? Is this natural order the only one with which we have to do, or is there also a supernatural order ? Your answer to these questions is decisive of your fate. For if this world be all, and we have no other life, then the goal of human development and its limits must be sought somewhere this side of the barrier of death. But if not ; if there be also a supernatural order, with which our relations are direct ; if man has an immortal soul ; if God "hath given him length of days forever and ever," then the outlook for us is away beyond the black furrow of the grave. Development stops not here ; it goes on, through things temporal into things eternal ; and the final objects of life, the ideas, the motive powers, must be in that radiant front. The intellect seeks an absolute truth, where alone it should be sought, in God. The moral nature cries out for a perfect righteousness. The æsthetic nature discerns the outlines of an ideal loveliness feebly realized in nature. Development, in any creature capable of it, is the working toward the highest point which, by the constitution of the creature, it is able to reach. If man be not body only, but body, soul, and spirit, made "in the Image of God," the limits of development for him can only be attained in perfect union

with that God "who is a spirit," and in that state where they "never die." For us, the "Reason Why" is in the life beyond the tomb; the beacons are on the coast of the eternal land. And now, that there may be growth, healthful and steady—intellectual, moral, and æsthetic advance—three things must be made known to us; an absolute truth, a faultless righteousness, and a perfect beauty. The intellect demands the knowledge of a Truth, in which to rest, and by which to measure all lower and minor truths; the affections demand union with a Love which may fill the heart and hallow all lesser loves; the imagination seeks the sight of a supreme ideal beauty, which shall throw its bright beams on this inferior state,

" Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which is not, till the place
Becomes religion,"

and killing the taste for what is vulgar, foul, and impure. Nor can it ever be well with men, unless they know the truth, and love righteousness, and see that nothing is beautiful which is not also holy and pure.—*The Gospel and Philosophy.*





DIXON, WILLIAM HEPWORTH, an English journalist, biographer, and traveller, born in the West Riding of Yorkshire in 1821; died December 27, 1879. He was in early life a clerk in a mercantile house in Manchester, and contributed to several periodicals. In 1846 he went to London and entered himself as a student of law in the Inner Temple. In 1853 he became editor of the *Athenæum*, and continued such until 1869, when he was appointed a magistrate for Middlesex, and in the following year was elected a member of the London School Board. During these years he travelled extensively in various parts of the world. He visited the East in 1864, the United States in 1866, and Russia in 1870. His principal works are: *Life of John Howard* (1849); *Biography of William Penn* (1851; subsequent editions contain a chapter vindicating Penn against the charges of Macaulay); *Life of Robert Blake* (1852); *Lives of the Archbishops of York* (1853); *Personal History of Lord Bacon* (1861); *The Holy Land* (1865); *New America* (1867); *Spiritual Wives*, among the Mormons (1868); *Free Russia* (1870); *Her Majesty's Tower* (1869-71); *The Switzers* (1872); *Catharine of Aragon and Anne Boleyn* (1874); *The White Conquest* (1876); *Diana, Lady Lyle* (1877), and *Ruby Grey* (1878).

THE DEATH OF ADMIRAL BLAKE.

With the letter of thanks from Cromwell, a new set of instructions arrived, which allowed him to return with part of his fleet, leaving his squadron of some fifteen or twenty frigates to ride before the Bay of Cadiz and intercept its traders : with their usual deference to his judgment and experience, the Protector and Board of Admiralty left the appointment of the command entirely with him. Hoisting his pennon on his old flag-ship, the *St. George*, Blake saw for the last time the spires and cupolas, the masts and towers, before which he had kept his long and victorious vigils. While he put in for fresh water at Cascaes Road, he was very weak. "I beseech God to strengthen him," was the fervent prayer of the English Resident at Lisbon, as he departed on the homeward voyage. While the ships rolled through the tempestuous waters of the Bay of Biscay he grew every day worse and worse. Some gleams of the old spirit broke forth as they approached the latitude of England. He inquired often and anxiously if the white cliffs were yet in sight. He longed to behold the swelling downs, the free cities, the goodly churches of his native land. But he was now dying beyond all doubt. Many of his favorite officers silently and mournfully crowded round his bed, anxious to catch the last tones of a voice which had so often called them to glory and victory. Others stood at the poop and forecastle, eagerly examining every speck and line of the horizon, in hope of being first to catch the welcome glimpse of land. Though they were coming home crowned with laurels, gloom and pain were in every face. At last the Lizard was announced. Shortly afterward, the bold cliffs and bare hills of Cornwall loomed out grandly in the distance. But it was now too late for the dying hero. He had sent for the captains and other great officers of his fleet to bid them farewell ; and while they were yet in his cabin, the undulating hills of Devonshire, glowing with the tints of early autumn, came full in view. As the ships rounded Rame Head, the spires and masts of Plymouth, the woody heights of Mount Edgecombe, the

low island of St. Nicholas, the rocky steeps of the Hoe, Mount Batten, the citadel, the many picturesque and familiar features of that magnificent harbor rose one by one to sight. But the eyes that had so yearned to behold this scene once more were at that very instant closing in death. Foremost of the victorious squadron, the *St. George* rode with its precious burden into the Sound; and just as it came into full view of the eager thousands crowding the beach, the pier-heads, the walls of the citadel, or darting in countless boats over the smooth waters between St. Nicholas and the docks, ready to catch the first glimpse of the hero of Santa Cruz, and salute him with a true English welcome, he, in his silent cabin, in the midst of his lion-hearted comrades, now sobbing like little children, yielded up his soul to God.—*Life of Blake.*

THE BLACK, RED, AND YELLOW MAN.

The Black Man, a true child of the tropics, to whom warmth is like the breath of life, flees from the bleak fields of the North, in which the white man repairs his fibre and renews his blood; preferring the swamps and savannas of the South, where, among palms, cotton-plants, and sugar-canes, he finds the rich colors in which his eye delights, the sunny heats in which his blood expands. Freedom would not tempt him to go northward, into frost and fog. Since the South has been made free to Sam to live in, he has turned his back on the cold and friendly North, in search of a brighter home. Sitting in the rice-field, by the cane-break, under the mulberry-trees of his darling Alabama, with his kerchief round his head, his banjo on his knee, he is joyous as a bird, singing his endless and foolish roundelay, and feeling the sunshine burn upon his face. The negro is but a local fact in the country; having his proper home in a corner—the most sunny corner—of the United States.

The Red Man, once a hunter of the Alleghanies, not less than of the prairies and the Rocky Mountains, has been driven by the paleface—he and his squaw, his elk, his buffalo, and his antelope—into the far Western country; into the waste and desolate lands lying westward of the Mississippi and Missouri. The exceptions hardly

break the rule. The red-skin will not dig, and to beg he is not ashamed. Hence, he has been pushed away from his place, driven out by the spade, and kept at bay by the smoke of chimney fires. A wild man of the plain and forest, he makes his home with the wolf, the rattlesnake, the buffalo, and the elk. When the wild beast flees, the wild man follows. The Alleghany slopes, on which, only seventy years ago, he chased the elk and scalped the white woman, will hear his war-whoop, see his war-dance, feel his scalping-knife, no more. The red men find it hard to lay down a tomahawk, to take up a hoe ; some thousands of them only yet have done so ; some hundreds only have learned from the whites to drink gin and bitters, to lodge in frame houses, to tear up the soil, to forget the chase, the war-dance, and the Great Spirit.

The Yellow Man, generally a Chinese, often a Malay, sometimes a Dyak, has been drawn into the Pacific States from Asia, and from the Eastern Archipelago, by the hot demand for labor ; any kind of which comes to him as a boon. From digging in the mine to cooking an omelet and ironing a shirt, he is equal to everything by which dollars can be gained. Of these yellow people there are now sixty thousand in California, Utah, and Montana ; they come and go ; but many more of them come than go. As yet these harmless crowds are weak and useful. Hop Chang keeps a laundry ; Chi Hi goes out as cook ; Cum Thing is a maid-of-all-work. They are in no man's way, and they labor for a crust of bread. To-day, those yellow men are sixty thousand strong. They will ask for votes. They will hold the balance of parties. In some districts they will make a majority ; selecting the judges, forming the juries, interpreting the laws. Next year is not more sure to come in its own season, than a great society of Asiatics to dwell on the Pacific slopes. A Buddhist church, fronting the Buddhist churches in China and Ceylon, will rise in California, Oregon, and Nevada. More than all, a war of labor will commence between the races which feed on beef and the races which thrive on rice ; one of those wars in which the victory is not necessarily with the strong.
—*New America.*

A CENTURY OF WHITE PROGRESS.

The European races are spreading over every continent, and mastering the islets of every sea. During these hundred years some Powers have shot ahead, and some have slipped into the second rank. Austria, a hundred years ago the leading power in Europe, has been rent asunder and has forfeited her throne in Germany. Spain, a hundred years ago the first colonial empire in the world, has lost her colonies and conquests, and sunk into a third-rate power. France, which little more than a hundred years ago possessed Canada, Louisiana, the Mississippi Valley, the island of Mauritius, and a strong hold in Hindustan, has lost all these possessions, and exchanged her vineyards and corn-fields on the Rhine for the snows of Savoy and the sands of Algiers. Piedmont and Prussia, on the other hand, have sprung into the foremost rank of nations. Piedmont has become Italy, with a capital in Milan and Venice, Florence and Naples, as well as in Rome. Still more striking and more glorious has been the growth of Prussia. A hundred years ago Prussia was just emerging into notice as a small but well-governed and hard-fighting country, with a territory no larger than Michigan, and a population considerably less than Ohio. In a hundred years this small but well-governed and hard-fighting Prussia has become the first military power on earth. Russia, during these hundred years, has carried her arms into Finland, Crim Tartary, the Caucasus, and the Mohammedan Khanates, extending the White empire on the Caspian, and Euxine, and along the Oxus and Jaxartes into Central Asia. Vaster still have been the marches and the conquests of Great Britain—her command of the ocean giving her facilities which are not possessed by any other power. Within a hundred years or thereabouts, she has grown from a kingdom of ten millions of people into an empire of two hundred and twenty millions, with a territory covering nearly one-third of the earth. Hardly less striking than the progress of Russia and England has been that of the United States. Starting with a population no larger than that of Greece,

the Republic has advanced so rapidly that in a hundred years she has become the third power as to size of territory, the fourth as to wealth of population in the world. Soil and population are the two prime elements of power. Climate and fertility count for much; nationality and compactness count for more; but still the natural basis of growth is land, the natural basis of strength is population. Taking these two elements together, the Chinese were, a hundred years ago, the foremost family of mankind. They held a territory covering three millions of square miles, and a population counting more than four hundred millions of souls. But what a change has taken place! China has been standing still, while England, Russia, and America have been conquering, planting, and annexing lands.—*The White Conquest.*





DOANE, GEORGE WASHINGTON, an American clergyman and poet, born at Trenton, N. J., May 27, 1799; died at Burlington, N. J., April 27, 1859. He graduated at Union College in 1818, and was admitted to Holy Orders in 1821. He officiated for three years in Trinity Church, New York; in 1824 was appointed professor at Washington College (now Trinity College), Hartford, Conn. In 1828 he became assistant minister, and subsequently rector, of Trinity Church, Boston. In 1832 he was elected Bishop of the Episcopal diocese of New Jersey, and soon afterward established St. Mary's Hall, a boarding-school for girls, at Burlington, N. J., and later founded Burlington College. In 1824 he published a volume of poems entitled *Songs by the Way*. From time to time he put forth *Sermons* and *Charges*. In 1860 was published a collection of his *Poetical Works, Sermons, and Miscellaneous Writings*, with a *Memoir* by his son, W. C. Doane.

WHAT IS THAT, MOTHER?

"What is that, Mother?"—

"The Lark, my child :—

The morn has but just looked out and smiled,
When he starts from his humble, grassy nest,
And is up and away, with the dew on his breast,
And a hymn in his heart to yon pure bright sphere,
To warble it out in his Maker's ear.

Ever, my child, be thy morn's first lays
Tuned, like the Lark's, to thy Maker's praise."

"What is that, Mother?"—

"The Dove, my son ;
And that low, sweet voice, like the widow's moan,
Is flowing out from her gentle breast,
Constant and pure, by that lonely nest,
As the wave is poured out from some crystal urn,
For the distant dear one's quick return.

Ever, my son, be thou like the Dove.—
In friendship as faithful, as constant in love."

"What is that, Mother?"—

"The Eagle, boy,
Proudly careering in his course of joy ;
Firm, in his own mountain vigor relying ;
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying ;
His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward—right on
Boy, may the Eagle's flight ever be thine,
Onward and upward—true to the line."

"What is that, Mother?"—

"The Swan, my love :—
He is floating down from his native grove .
No loved one now, no nestling nigh ;
He is floating down by himself to die.
Death darkens his eye, it unplumes his wings ,
Yet the sweetest song is the last he sings.—
Live so, my love, that when death shall come,
Swan-like and sweet, it may waft thee home."





DOBELL, SYDNEY THOMPSON, an English poet, born at Cranbrook, Kent, April 5, 1824, died at Nailsworth, Gloucester, August 22, 1874. At the age of twelve he entered the office of his father, a wine-merchant of Cheltenham. In 1848 he published his first poem, *The Roman*, under the *nom de plume* of "Sydney Yendys" (the last name being his baptismal name reversed). This was followed in 1850 by *Balder*. These poems found numerous admirers, and the author was looked upon by many as the coming poet of his day; they were, however, sharply criticised and travestied by Aytoun in his *Fermilian*. Mr. Dobell's subsequent productions were *Sonnets on the War*, in conjunction with Alexander Smith (1855); *England in Time of War* (1856), and *England's Day* (1871).

Dobell occupied a foremost place among the modern minor poets of England in the class with Philip James Bailey, George Gilfillan, Stanyan Bigg, Alexander Smith, and Gerald Massey. His mother was a daughter of Samuel Thompson, a famous political reformer, and one of the distinguishing features of Dobell's style is discontented criticism of the existing order of society, and an undercurrent of complaint at the mystery of existence. His writings are marked by passionate love of nature and political liberty, originality, and an absence of humor.

THE RUINS OF ANCIENT ROME.

Upstood
The hoar unconscious walls, bisson and bare,
Like an old man deaf, blind, and gray, in whom
The years of old stand in the sun, and murmur
Of childhood and the dead. From parapets
Where the sky rests, from broken niches—each
More than Olympus—for gods dwelt in them—
Below from senatorial haunts and seats
Imperial, where the ever-passing fates
Wore out the stone, strange hermit birds croaked forth
Sorrowful sounds, like watchers on the height
Crying the hours of ruin. When the clouds
Dressed every myrtle on the walls in mourning,
With calm prerogative the eternal pile
Impassive shone with the unearthly light
Of immortality. When conquering suns
Triumphed in jubilant earth, it stood out dark
With thoughts of ages : like some mighty captive
Upon his death-bed in a Christian land
And lying, through the chant of psalm and creed
Unshriven and stern, with peace upon his brow,
And on his lips strange gods.

Rank weeds and grasses,
Careless and nodding, grew, and ask no leave,
Where Romans trembled. Where the wreck was saddest,
Sweet pensive herbs, that had been gay elsewhere,
With conscious mien of place rose tall and still,
And bent with duty. Like some village children
Who found a dead king on a battle-field,
And with decorous care and reverent pity
Composed the lordly ruin, and sat down
Grave without tears. At length the giant lay,
And everywhere he was begirt with years.
And everywhere the torn and mouldering Past
Hung with the ivy. For Time, smit with honor
Of what he slew, cast his own mantle on him,
That none should mock the dead.

—*The Roman.*

TO AMERICA.

No force nor fraud shall sunder us ! O ye,
Who North or South, on East or Western land,
Native to noble sounds, say Truth for truth,
Freedom for freedom, Love for love, and God
For God ; O ye who in eternal youth
Speak, with a living and creative flood,
This universal English, and do stand
Its breathing book ! live worthy of that grand
Heroic utterance—parted, yet a whole,
Far, yet unsevered—children brave and free,
Of the great mother-tongue ; and ye shall be
Lords of an empire wide as Shakespeare's soul,
Sublime as Milton's immemorial theme,
And rich as Chaucer's speech, and fair as Spenser's
dream.

HOW'S MY BOY.

"Ho, sailor of the sea !
How's my boy—my boy !"
"What's your boy's name, good wife,
And in what ship sailed he ?"—

"My boy John—
He that went to sea :
What care I for the ship, sailor ?
My boy's my boy to me.
You come back from the sea,
And know not my son John ?
I might as well have asked some landsman
Yonder down in the town.
There's not an ass in all the parish
But he knows my John.
How's my boy—my boy ?
And unless you let me know,
I'll swear you are no sailor—
Blue jacket or no, sailor—
Anchor and crown or no !
Sure his ship was the Jolly Briton."—
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"Speak low, woman, speak low!"—
"And why should I speak low, sailor,
About my own boy John?
If I was as loud as I am proud,
I'd sing him over the town!
Why should I speak low, sailor?"
"That good ship went down!"

"How's my boy—my boy?
What care I for the ship, sailor?—
I was never aboard her!
Be she afloat or be she aground,
Sinking or swimming, I'll be bound
Her owners can afford her!
I say, how's my John?"—

"Every man on board went down,
Every man aboard her!"—
"How's my boy—my boy?
What care I for the men, sailor?
I'm not their mother.
How's my boy—my boy?
Tell me of him, and no other!
How's my boy—my boy?"





DOBSON, HENRY AUSTIN, English critic, poet, and biographer, born at Plymouth, January 18, 1840. He was educated partly in England, partly in France and Germany, with the purpose of becoming a civil engineer; but at the age of sixteen he was appointed to a clerkship in the Board of Trade. He has been a frequent contributor in prose and verse to English periodicals. His writings are exceedingly clever and graceful; his verses particularly showing a cultivated imagination and much tenderness of expression. In 1873 he collected his scattered lyrics into a volume entitled *Vignettes in Rhyme and Vers de Société*, which was followed in 1877 by *Proverbs in Porcelain*. His principal prose work is the *Life of Fielding*, forming one of the volumes of "The English Men of Letters," a series of biographies edited by John Morley. He has also written many biographical and critical sketches; among which are those of *Hogarth* in the "Biographies of Great Artists;" of *Prior, Praed, Gay, and Hood* in Ward's "English Poets;" and *Eighteenth Century Essays* in "The Parchment Library." Among his best works are *After Sedan*, *The Dead Letter*, and *The Young Musician*. Among his later works are *Thomas Bewick and his Pupils* (1884); *Life of Steele* (English Worthies, 1886); *Life of Goldsmith* (Great Writers, 1888); *Memoir of Horace Walpole*

(1890); *Four French Women*, essays (1890); an enlarged edition of *Life of Hogarth* (1891); *Eighteenth Century Vignettes* (1892), a second series (1894). He has edited a number of works for the Temple Library, for the Parchment Library, for the Chiswick Press Reprints, and for the Ex-Libris series.

MORE POETS YET.

"More Poets yet?" I hear him say,
Arming his heavy hand to slay;—
"Despite my skill and 'swashing blow,'
They seem to sprout where'er I go:
I killed a host but yesterday!"

Slash on, O Hercules! You may:
Your task's at best a Hydra-fray;
And, though you cut, not less will grow
More Poets yet!

Too arrogant! For who shall stay
The first blind motions of the May?
Who shall outblot the morning glow:
Or stem the full heart's overflow?
Who? There will rise, till Time decay,
More Poets yet!

ANGEL VISITANTS.

Once at the Angelus (ere I was dead),
Angels all glorious came to my bed:
Angels in blue and white, crowned on the head.

One was the friend I left stark in the snow
One was the wife that died long, long ago;
One was the love I lost—how could she know?

One had my mother's eyes, wistful and mild;
One had my father's face; one was a child:
All of them bent to me; bent down and smiled.

GIVE US BUT YESTERDAY.

Princes ! and you most valorous,
Nobles and Barons of all degrees !
Hearken awhile to the prayer of us,
Prodigals driven by the Destinies !
Nothing we ask or of gold or fees ;
Harry us not with the hounds, we pray ;
Lo—for the surcoat's hem we seize ;
“ Give us—ah ! give us—but Yesterday ! ”

Dames most delicate, amorous !
Damosels blithe as the belted bees !
Beggars are we that pray you thus ;
Beggars outworn of miseries !
Nothing we ask of the things that please ;
Weary are we, and old, and gray ;
Lo—for we clutch, and we clasp your knees ;
“ Give us—ah ! give us but Yesterday ! ”

Damosels, Dames, be piteous !
(But the Dames rode fast by the roadway trees.)
Hear us, O Knights magnanimous !
(But the Knights pricked on in their panoplies.)
Nothing they gat of hope or ease,
But only to beat on the breast and say :
“ Life we drank to the dregs and lees ;
Give us—ah ! give us—but Yesterday ! ”

Youth, take heed to the prayer of these !
Many there be by the dusty way,
Many that cry to the rocks and seas,
“ Give us—ah ! give us but Yesterday ! ”

A SONG OF THE FOUR SEASONS.

When Spring comes laughing, by vale and hill,
By wind-flower walking, and daffodil,
Sing stars of morning, sing morning skies,
Sing of blue speedwell, and my Love's eyes.

When comes the Summer, full-leaved and strong,
And gay birds gossip, the orchard long,
Sing hid, sweet honey, that no bee sips ;
Sing red, red roses, and my Love's lips.

When Autumn scatters the leaves again,
And piled sheaves bury the broad-wheeled wain,
Sing flutes of harvests, where men rejoice ;
Sing rounds of reapers, and my Love's voice.

But when comes Winter, with hail and storm,
And red fire roaring, and ingle warm,
Sing first sad going of friends that part ;
Then sing glad meeting, and my Love's heart.





DODDRIDGE, PHILIP, an English clergyman, born in London, June 26, 1702; died at Lisbon, Portugal, October 26, 1751. He was left an orphan at the age of thirteen. He early manifested talents of such high order that the Duchess of Bedford offered to defray his expenses at either of the great universities; but he declined the proposal on account of the implied condition that he should take Orders in the Established Church. In 1719 he entered the Dissenting Academy at Kibworth; from 1722 to 1729 he exercised pastoral functions in several places, still diligently prosecuting his studies. In 1729 he was placed in charge of the academy, which he removed from Kibworth to Northampton, where he had been invited to become pastor. He filled these positions with great success for twenty years, when, his health failing, he sailed for Lisbon, hoping to derive benefit from a milder climate, but died only five days after his arrival.

The *Works* of Doddridge are very numerous. They consist of *Sermons*, *Treatises*, and *Lectures* on theological and religious topics, *Miscellanies*, *Hymns*, *The Family Expositor*, *The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul* (the most popular of all his books), and several volumes of *Correspondence*, collected by his great-grandson, and published eighty years after his death. A complete edition

of his *Works* (not including the *Correspondence*) was published in 1802, in ten large volumes.

VINDICATION OF HIS RELIGIOUS OPINIONS.

HAD the letter which I received from you so many months ago been merely an address of common friendship, I hope no hurry of business would have led me to delay so long the answer which civility and gratitude would in that case have required; or had it been to request any service in my power to you, sir, or to any of your family or friends, I would not willingly have neglected it so many days or hours; but when it contained nothing material, except an unkind insinuation that you esteemed me a dishonest man, who, out of a design to please a party, had written what he did not believe, or, as you thought fit to express yourself, had "trimmed it a little with the gospel of Christ," I thought all that was necessary—after having fully satisfied my own conscience on that head, which, I bless God, I very easily did—was to forgive and pray for the mistaken brother who had done me the injury, and to endeavor to forget it, by turning my thoughts to some more pleasant, important, and useful subject. . . . But I have been certainly informed that you, interpreting my silence as an acknowledgment of the justice of your charge, have sent copies of your letter to several of your friends, who have been industrious to propagate them far and near. . . .

Though it was unkind readily to entertain the suspicions you express, I do not so much complain of your acquainting me with them; but on what imaginable humane or Christian principle could you communicate such a letter, and grant copies of it? With what purpose could it be done, but with a design of aspersing my character? and to what purpose could you desire my character to be reproached? Are you sure, sir, that I am not intending the honor of God, and the good of souls, by my various labors of one kind and another—so sure of it, that you will venture to maintain at the bar of Christ, before the throne of God, that I was a person whom it was your duty to endeavor to discredit?

for, considering me as a Christian a minister, and a tutor it could not be merely an indifferent action ; nay, considering me as a man, if it was not a duty, it was a crime !

I will do you the justice, sir, to suppose you have really an ill opinion of me, and believe I mean otherwise than I write ; but let me ask, what reason have you for that opinion ? Is it because you cannot think me a downright fool, and conclude that every one who is not, must be of your opinion, and is a knave if he does not declare that he is so ? or is it from anything particular which you apprehend you know of my sentiments contrary to what my writings declare ? He that searches my heart, is witness that what I wrote on the very passage you except against, I wrote as what appeared to me most agreeable to truth, and most subservient to the purposes of His glory and the edification of my readers ; and I see no reason to alter it in a second edition, if I should reprint my Exposition, though I had infinitely rather the book should perish than advance anything contrary to the tenor of the gospel, and subversive to the souls of men. I guard against apprehending Christ to be a mere creature, or another God, inferior to the Father, or co-ordinate with him. And you will maintain that I believe him to be so ; from whence, sir, does your evidence of that arise ? If from my writings, I apprehend it must be in consequence of some inference you draw from them, of laying any just foundation for which I am not at present aware ; nor did I ever intend, I am sure, to say or intimate anything of the kind. If from report, I must caution you against rashly believing such reports. I have heard some stories of me, echoed back from your neighborhood, which God knows to be as false as if I had been reported to have asserted the divine authority of the Alcoran ! or to have written Hobbes's *Leviathan* ; and I can account for them in no other way than by supposing, either that coming through several hands, every one mistook a little, or else that some people have such vivid dreams, that they cannot distinguish them from realities, and so report them as facts ; though how to account for their propagating such reports so zealously, on any principles of

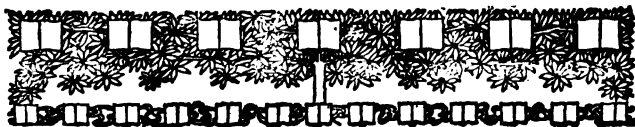
Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode
The pavement of those heavenly courts
Where I shall reign with God.

The Father of eternal light,
Shall there his beams display,
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes ;
Nor the meridian sun decline
Amid those brighter skies.

There all the millions of his saints
Shall in one song unite,
And each the bliss of all shall view
With infinite delight.





DODGE, MARY ABIGAIL, *pseudonym* Gail Hamilton, an American novelist, was born at Hamilton, Mass., in 1838; died there, August 17, 1896. She began literary work by contributing to periodicals. Her style was witty and piquant, and rather flippant at times, but quite entertaining. Her works include *Country Living and Country Thinking* (1862); *Gala Days* (1863); *Stumbling Blocks* (1864); *Red-Letter Days in Applethorpe* and *Summer Rest* (1866); *Wool Gathering* (1867); *Woman's Wrongs* (1868); *Battle of the Books* (1870); *Woman's Worth and Worthlessness* (1872); *Twelve Miles from a Lemon* (1874); *Sermons to the Clergy* (1875); *What Think ye of Christ* (1877); *Our Common School System* and *Wool Gathering* (1880); *The Insuppressible Book* (1885); *A Washington Bible-class* (1891); *English Kings in a Nutshell* (1893), and *Life of James G. Blaine* (1895).

INTIMACY.

There is no such thing as knowing a man intimately. Every soul is, for the greater part of its mortal life, isolated from every other. Whether it dwell in the Garden of Eden or the Desert of Sahara, it dwells alone. Not only do we jostle against the street-crowd unknowing and unknown, but we go out and come in, we lie down and rise up, with strangers. Jupiter and Neptune sweep the heavens not more unfamiliar to us than the worlds that circle our own hearth-stone. Day after day, and year after year, a person moves by your side; he sits at the same table; he reads the same books; he

kneels in the same church. You know every hair of his head, every trick of his lips, every tone of his voice ; you can tell him far off by his gait. Without seeing him, you recognize his step, his knock, his laugh. "Know him?" "Yes, I have known him these twenty years." No, you don't know him. You know his gait, and hair, and voice. You know what preacher he hears, what ticket he voted, and what were the last year's expenses ; but you don't know *him*. He sits quietly in his chair, but he is in his temple. You speak to him ; his soul comes out into the vestibule to answer you, and returns—and the gates are shut ; therein you cannot enter. You were discussing the state of the country ; but when you ceased, he opened a postern-gate, went down a bank, and launched on a sea over whose waters you have no boat to sail, no star to guide. You have loved and revered him. He has been your concrete of truth and nobleness. Unwittingly you touch a secret spring, and a Blue-Beard chamber stands revealed. You give no sign ; you meet and part as usual ; but a Dead Sea rolls between you two forevermore.

It must be so. Not even to the nearest and dearest can one unveil the secret place where his soul abideth, so that there shall be no more any winding ways or hidden chambers ; but to your indifferent neighbor, what blind alleys, and deep caverns, and inaccessible mountains ! To him who "touches the electric chain, where-with you're darkly bound," your soul sends back an answering thrill. One little window is opened, and there is short parley. Your ships speak to each other now and then in welcome, though imperfect communication ; but immediately you strike out again into the great shoreless sea, over which you must sail forever alone. You may shrink from the far-reaching solitudes of your heart, but no other foot than yours can tread them save those

"That eighteen hundred years ago were nailed,
For our advantage, to the bitter cross."

Be thankful that it is so—that only His eye sees whose hand formed. If we could look in, we should be appalled at the vision. The worlds that glide around

us are mysteries too high for us. We cannot attain to them. The naked soul is a sight too awful for man to look at and live.—*Country Living and Country Thinking*.

FISHING.

Some people have conscientious scruples about fishing. I respect them. I had them once myself. Wantonly to destroy, for mere sport, the innocent life in lake and river, seemed to me a cruelty and a shame. But people must fish. Now, then, how shall your theory and practice be harmonized? Practice can't yield. Plainly, theory must. A year ago, I went out on a rock in the Atlantic Ocean, held a line—just to see how it seemed—and caught eight fishes; and every time a fish came up, a scruple went down. . . . Which facts will partially account for the eagerness with which I, one morning, seconded a proposal to go a-fishing in a river about fourteen miles away.

One wanted the scenery, another the drive, a third the chowder, and so on; but I—I may as well confess—wanted the excitement, the fishes, the opportunity of displaying my piscatory prowess. I enjoyed in anticipation the masculine admiration and feminine chagrin that would accompany the beautiful, fat, shining, speckled, prismatic trout into my basket, while other rods waited in vain for a "nibble." I resolved to be magnanimous. Modesty should lend to genius a heightened charm. I would win hearts by my humility, as well as laurels by my dexterity. I would disclaim superior skill, attribute success to fortune, and offer to distribute my spoil among the discomfited. Glory, not pelf, was my object.

You may imagine my disgust on finding, at the end of our journey, that there was only one rod for the whole party. Plenty of lines, but no rod. What was to be done? It was proposed to improvise rods from the trees. "No," said the female element. "We don't care. We shouldn't catch any fish. We'd just as soon stroll about." I bubbled up, if I didn't boil over. "*We* shouldn't, should *we*? Pray, speak for yourselves! Didn't I catch eight cod-fishes in the Atlantic Ocean,

last summer? Answer me that!" I was indignant that they should so easily be turned away, by the trivial circumstance of there being no rods, from the noble art of fishing. My spirits rose to the height of the emergency. The story of my exploits makes an impression. There is a marked respect in the tone of their reply. "Let there be no division among us. Go you to the stream, O Nimrod of the waters, since you alone have the prestige of success. We will wander quietly in the woods, build a fire, fry the potatoes, and await your return with the fish."

They go to the woods. I hang my prospective trout on my retrospective cod, and march riverward. Halicarnassus, according to the old saw, "leaves this world and climbs a tree," and, with jack-knife, cord, and perseverance, manufactures a fishing-rod which he courteously offers to me, which I succinctly decline, informing him in no ambiguous phrase that I consider nothing beneath the best as good enough for me. Halicarnassus is convinced by my logic, overpowered by my rhetoric, and meekly yields up the best rod, though the natural man rebels. The bank of the river is rocky, steep, shrubby, and difficult of ascent or descent. Halicarnassus bids me tarry on the bridge, while he descends to reconnoitre. I am acquiescent, and lean over the railing awaiting the result of investigation. Halicarnassus picks his way over the rocks, sideways and zigzaggy along the bank, and down to the river, in search of fish. I grow tired of playing Casabianca, and steal behind the bridge, and pick my way over the rocks sidewise and zigzaggy along the bank, and up the river, in search of "fun;" practise irregular and indescribable gymnastics with variable success for half an hour or so. Shout from the bridge. I look up. Too far off to hear the words, but see Halicarnassus gesticulating furiously; and evidently laboring under great excitement. Retrograde as rapidly as circumstances will permit. Halicarnassus makes a speaking trumpet of his hands, and roars, "I've found—a Fish! Left—him for—You—to Catch! come Quick!"—and, plunging headlong down the bank, disappears. I am touched to the heart by this sublime example of self-

denial and devotion, and scramble up to the bridge, and plunge down after him. Heel of boot gets entangled in dress every third step—fishing-line in tree-top every second; progress consequently not so rapid as could be desired. Reach the water at last. Step cautiously from rock to rock to the middle of the stream—balance on a pebble just large enough to plant both feet on, and just firm enough to make it worth while to run the risk—drop my line into the spot designated—a quiet, black little pool in the rushing river—see no fish, but have faith in Halicarnassus.

"Bite?" asks Halicarnassus, eagerly.

"Not yet," I answer, sweetly. Breathless expectation. Lips compressed. Eyes fixed. Five minutes gone.

"Bite?" calls Halicarnassus, from down the river.

"Not yet," hopefully.

"Lower your line a little. I'll come in a minute." Line is lowered. Arms begin to ache. Rod suddenly bobs down. Snatch it up. Only an old stick. Splash it off contemptuously.

"Bite?" calls Halicarnassus from afar.

"No," faintly responds Marius, amid the ruins of Carthage.

"Perhaps he will by and by," suggests Halicarnassus encouragingly. Five minutes more. Arms breaking. Knees trembling. Pebble shaky. Brain dizzy. Everything seems to be sailing down the stream. Tempted to give up, but look at the empty basket, think of the expectant party and the eight cod-fish, and possess my soul in patience.

"Bite?" comes the distant voice of Halicarnassus, disappearing by a bend in the river.

"No!" I moan, trying to stand on one foot to rest the other, and ending by standing on neither; for the pebble quivers, convulses, and finally rolls over and expires; and only a vigorous leap and a sudden conversion of the fishing-rod into a balancing-pole save me from an ignominious bath. Weary of the world, and lost to shame, I gather all my remaining strength, wind the line about the rod, poise it on high, hurl it out into the deepest and most unobstructed part of the

stream, climb up *pugnis et calcibus* on the back of an old boulder; coax, threaten, cajole, and intimidate my wet boots to come off; dip my handkerchief in the water, and fold it on my head, to keep from being sun-struck; lie down on the rock, pull my hat over my face, and dream, to the purling of the river, the singing of the birds, and the music of the wind in the trees, of another river far, far away—broad, and deep, and seaward rushing—now in shadow, now in shine—now lashed by storm, now calm as a baby's sleep—bearing on its vast bosom a million crafts, whereof I see only one—a little pinnacle, frail yet buoyant—tossed hither and thither, yet always keeping her prow to the waves—washed, but not whelmed. . . . O brave little bark! It is Love that watches at the masthead? Is it Wisdom that stands at the helm? Is it Strength that curves the swift keel?

"Hullo! how many?"

I start up wildly, and knock my hat off into the water. Jump after it, at the imminent risk of going in myself, catch it by one of the strings, and stare at Halicarnassus.

"Asleep, I fancy?" says Halicarnassus, interrogatively.

"Fancy!" I echo, dreamily.

"How many fishes?" persists Halicarnassus.

"Fishes!" says the echo.

"Yes, fishes," repeats Halicarnassus, in a louder tone.

"Yes, it must have been the fishes," murmurs the echo.

"Goodness gracious me!" ejaculated Halicarnassus, with the voice of a giant; "how many fishes have you caught?"

"Oh! yes," waking up and hastening to appease his wrath; "eight—chiefly cod."

Indignation chokes his speech. Meanwhile I wake up still further, and, instead of standing before him like a culprit, beard him like an avenging Fury, and upbraid him with his deception and desertion. He attempts to defend himself, but is overpowered. Conscientious guilt dyes his face, and remorse gnaws at the

roots of his tongue. . . . We walk silently toward the woods. We meet a small boy with a tin pan and thirty-six fishes in it. We accost him.

"Are these fishes for sale?" asks Halicarnassus.

"Bet they be!" says small boy with energy.

Halicarnassus looks meaningly at me. I look meaningly at Halicarnassus, and both look meaningly at our empty basket. "Won't you tell?" says Halicarnassus. "No; won't you?" Halicarnassus whistles, the fishes are transferred from pan to basket, and we walk away "chirp as a cricket," reach the sylvan party, and are speedily surrounded.

"O what beauties! Who caught them? How many are there?"

"Thirty-six," says Halicarnassus, in a lordly, thorough-bred way. "I caught 'em."

"In a tin pan," I explain, disgusted with his self-conceit.

A cry of rage from Halicarnassus, a shout of derision from the party.

"And how many did you catch, pray?" demands he.

"Eight—all cods," I answer placidly.—*Gala Days*.

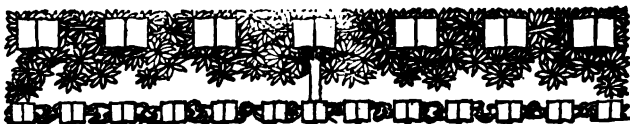
SUCCESS IN LIFE.

This I reckon to be success in life—fitness—perfect adaptation. I hold him successful, and him only, who has found or conquered a position in which he can bring himself into full play. Success is perfect or partial, according as it comes up to, or falls below, this standard. But entire success is rare in this world. Success in business, success in ambition, is not success in life, though it may be comprehended in it. Very few are the symmetrical lives. Very few of us are working at the top of our bent. One may give scope to his mechanical invention; but his poetry is cramped. One has his intellect at high pressure; but the fires are out under his heart. One is the bond-servant of love; and Pegasus becomes a dray-horse, Apollo must keep the pot boiling, and Minerva is hurried with the fall sewing. So we go, and above us the sun shines, and the stars throb; and beneath us the snows, and the flowers, and

the blind, instinctive earth, and over all, and in all, God blessed forever. Now, then, success being the best thing, we do well to strive for it ; but success being difficult to attain, if not unattainable, it remains for us to wring from our failures all the sap and sustenance and succor that are in them, if so be we may grow thereby to a finer and fuller richness, and hear one day the rapturous voice bid us come up higher.

And be it remembered, what a man *is*—not what a man *does*—is the measure of success. The deed is but the outflow of the soul. By their fruits ye shall know *them*. The outward act has its inward significance, though we may not always interpret it aright, and its moral aspect depends upon the agent. "In vain," says Sir Thomas Browne, "we admire the lustre of anything seen ; that which is truly glorious is invisible." Character, not condition, is the trust of life. A man's own self is God's most valuable deposit with him. This is not egotism, but the broadest benevolence. A man can do no good to the world beyond himself. A stream can rise no higher than its fountain. . . .

When I see, as I sometimes do see, those whom the world calls unsuccessful, furnished with every virtue and adorned with every grace, made considerate through suffering, sympathetic by isolation, spiritedly patient, meek yet defiant, calm and contemptuous, tender even of the sorrows and tolerant of the joys which they despise, enduring the sympathy and accepting the companionship of weakness because it is kindly offered, though it be a burden to be dropped just inside the door, and not a treasure to be taken into the heart's chamber—I am ready to say, "Blessed are the unsuccessful." Blessed *are* the unsuccessful, the men who have nobly striven and nobly failed. He alone is in an evil case who has set his heart on false or selfish or trivial ends. Whether he secure them or not, he is alike unsuccessful. But he who "loves high" is king in his own right, though he "live low." His plans may be abortive, but himself is sure. . . . From the grapes of sorrow he shall press the wine of life.—*Gala Days*.



DODGE, MARY ELIZABETH (MAPES), an American juvenile writer and editor, was born in New York City, January 26, 1838. Her husband, William Dodge, was a lawyer in New York; upon whose death Mrs. Dodge, being left with two boys to provide for, and having from a child displayed a taste for literary composition, began to write for a living. Her *Irvington Stories*, published in 1864, brought her into prominence as a writer for the young. This volume was followed by *Hans Brinker; or, The Silver Skates* (1865), a story of life in Holland, which was awarded a prize of fifteen hundred francs by the French Academy, and was soon translated into several European languages. She was a co-editor with Harriet Beecher-Stowe and Donald K. Mitchell, of *Hearth and Home*; and upon the establishment of *St. Nicholas* in 1873, she became its editor. She had already published *A Few Friends, and How They Amused Themselves* (1868); and in 1874 she brought out *Rhymes and Jingles*, which was followed by *Theophilus and Others* (1876); *Along the Way* (1879); *Donald and Dorothy* (1883); *The Land of Pluck* (1894). Among the periodicals which have published her contributions are *Harper's*, the *Atlantic*, *Century*, and *Scribner*, in the latter of which appeared, in 1870, her *Miss Maloney on the Chinese Question*.

THE DAY OF THE SKATING RACE.

The 20th of December came at last, bringing with it the perfection of winter weather. All over the level landscape lay the warm sunlight. It tried its power on lake, canal, and river ; but the ice flashed defiance and showed no sign of melting. The very weather-cocks stood still to enjoy the sight. This gave the windmills a holiday. Nearly all the past week they had been whirling briskly ; now, being rather out of breath, they rocked lazily in the clear, still air. Catch a windmill working when the weather-cocks have nothing to do ! There was an end to grinding, crushing, and sawing for that day.

It was a good thing for the millers near Brock. Long before noon they concluded to take in their sails, and go to the race. Everybody would be there—already the north side of the frozen *Y* was bordered with eager spectators ; the news of the great skating-match had travelled far and wide. Men, women, and children in holiday attire were flocking toward the spot. Some wore furs, and wintry cloaks or shawls ; but many, consulting their feelings rather than the almanac, were dressed as for an October day.

The site selected for the race was a faultless plain of ice near Amsterdam, on that great arm of the Zuyder Zee, which Dutchmen of course must call the *Eye*. The townspeople turned out in large numbers. Strangers in the city deemed it a fine chance to see what was to be seen. Many a peasant from the northward had wisely chosen the 20th as the day for the next city-trading. It seemed that everybody, young and old, who had wheels, skates, or feet at command, had hastened to the scene.

There were the gentry in their coaches, dressed like Parisians, fresh from the Boulevards ; Amsterdam children in charity uniforms ; girls from the Roman Catholic Orphan House, in sable gowns and white headbands ; boys from the Burgher Asylum, with their black tights and short-skirted harlequin coats. There were old-fashioned gentlemen in cocked hats and velvet knee-

breeches ; old-fashioned ladies, too, in stiff, quilted skirts and bodies of dazzling brocade. These were accompanied by servants bearing foot-stoves and cloaks. There were the peasant folk arrayed in every possible Dutch costume : Shy young rustics in brazen buckles ; simple village maidens concealing their flaxen hair under fillets of gold ; women whose long narrow aprons were stiff with embroidery ; women with short, corkscrew curls hanging over their foreheads ; women with shaved heads and close-fitting caps, and women in striped skirts and windmill bonnets. Men in leather, in homespun, in velvet and broadcloth ; burghers in model European attire, and burghers in short jackets, wide trousers, and steeple crowned hats. There were beautiful Friesland girls in wooden shoes and coarse petticoats, with solid gold crescents encircling their heads, finished at each temple with a golden rosette, and hung with lace a century old. Some wore necklaces, pendants, and ear-rings of the purest gold. Many were content with gilt or even with brass, but it was not an uncommon thing for a Friesland woman to have all the family treasures in her head-gear. More than one rustic lass displayed the value of two thousand guilders upon her head that day. Scattered through the crowd were peasants from the Island of Marken, with sabots, black stockings, and the widest of breeches ; also women from Marken with short, blue petticoats, and black jackets gayly figured in front. They wore red sleeves, white aprons, and a cap like a bishop's mitre over their golden hair. The children often were as quaint and odd-looking as their elders. In short one-third of the crowd seemed to have stepped bodily from a collection of Dutch paintings.

Everywhere could be seen tall women, and stumpy men, lively faced girls, and youths whose expression never changed from sunrise to sunset. There seemed to be at least one specimen from every known town in Holland. There were Utrecht water-bearers, Gouda cheese-makers, Delft pottery-men, Schiedam distillers, Amsterdam diamond-cutters, Rotterdam merchants, dried up herring-packers, and two sleepy-eyed shepherds from Texel. Every man of them had his pipe and tobacco-pouch. Some carried what might be called the smok-

er's complete outfit—a pipe, tobacco, a pricker with which to clean the tube, a silver net for protecting the bowl, and a box of the strongest of brimstone matches. A true Dutchman, you must remember, is rarely without his pipe on any possible occasion. He may for a moment neglect to breathe, but when the pipe is forgotten, he must be dying indeed. There were no such sad cases here. Wreaths of smoke were rising from every possible quarter. The more fantastic the smoke wreath, the more placid and solemn the smoker.

Look at those boys and girls on stilts! That is a good idea. They can see over the heads of the tallest. It is strange to see those little bodies high in the air, carried about on mysterious legs. They have such a resolute look on their round faces, what wonder that nervous old gentlemen, with tender feet, wince and tremble while the long-legged little monsters stride past them. . . . Where are the racers? All assembled together near the white columns. It is a beautiful sight. Forty boys and girls in picturesque attire darting with electric swiftness in and out among each other, or sailing in pairs and triplets, beckoning, chatting, whispering in the fulness of youthful glee. A few careful ones are soberly tightening their straps; others halting on one leg, with flushed, eager faces, suddenly cross the suspected skate over their knee, give it an examining shake, and dart off again. One and all are possessed with the spirit of motion. They cannot stand still. Their skates are a part of them, and every runner seems bewitched. Holland is the place for skaters after all. . . . Such jumping, such poising, such spinning, such india-rubber exploits generally! That boy with a red cap is the lion now; his back is a watch-spring, his body is cork—no, it is iron, or it would snap at that! He is a bird, a top, a rabbit, a corkscrew, a sprite, a flesh-ball all in an instant. When you think he's erect he is down; and when you think he is down he is up. He drops his glove on the ice, and turns a somersault as he picks it up. Without stopping, he snatches the cap from Jacobs Pott's astonished head and claps it back again "hind side before." Lookers-on hurrah and laugh. Foolish boy! It is Arctic weather under your feet, but more

than temperate overhead. Big drops already are rolling down your forehead. Superb skater, as you are, you may lose the race.—*Hans Brinker*.

IN THE CAÑON.

Intent the conscious mountain stood,
The friendly blossoms nodded,
As through the cañon's lonely wood
We two in silence plodded.
A something owned our presence good;
The very breeze that stirred our hair
Whispered a gentle greeting;
A grand, free courtesy was there,
A welcome from the summit bare
Down to the brook's entreating.

Stray warblers in the branches dark
Shot through the leafy passes,
While the long note of meadow-lark
Rose from the neighboring grasses;
The yellow lupines, spark on spark,
From the more open woodland way,
Flashed through the sunlight faintly;
A wind-blown little flower, once gay,
Looked up between its petals gray
And smiled a message saintly.

The giant ledges, red and seamed,
The clear, blue sky, tree-fretted;
The mottled light that round us streamed,
The brooklet vexed and petted;
The bees that buzzed, the gnats that dreamed,
The flitting, gauzy things of June;
The plain, far off like misty ocean,
Or, cloud-land bound, a fair lagoon—
They sang within us like a tune,
They swayed us like a dream of motion.

The hours went loitering to the West,
The shadows lengthened slowly;
The radiant snow on mountain crest
Made all the distance holy.

Near by, the earth lay full of rest,
The sleepy foot-hills, one by one,
Dimpled their way to twilight ;
And ere the perfect day was done
There came long gleams of tinted sun,
Through heaven's crimson skylight.

Slowly crept on the listening night,
The sinking moon shone pale and slender ;
We hailed the cotton-woods, in sight,
The home-roof gleaming near and tender,
Guiding our quickened steps aright.
Soon darkened all the mighty hills,
The gods were sitting there in shadow ;
Lulled were the noisy woodland rills,
Silent the silvery woodland trills—
'Twas starlight over Colorado.

THE TWO MYSTERIES.

We know not what is, dear,
This sleep so deep and still ;
The folded hands, the awful calm,
The cheek so pale and chill ;
The lids that will not lift again,
Though we may call and call ;
The strange white solitude of peace
That settles over all.

We know not what it means, dear,
This desolate heart-pain ;
This dread to take our daily way,
And walk in it again ;
We know not to what other sphere
The loved who leave us go,
Nor why we're left to wander still,
Nor why we do not know.

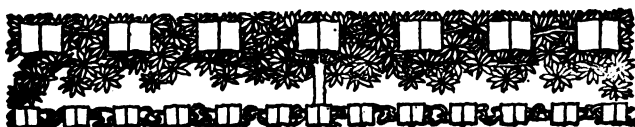
But this we know : our loved and dead,
If they should come this day—
Should come and ask us, "What is life ?"
Not one of us could say.

Life is a mystery as deep
 As ever death can be ;
 Yet oh ! how dear it is to us—
 This life we live and see !

Then might they say—these vanished ones—
 And blessed is the thought !—
 “ So death is sweet to us, beloved,
 Though we may show you naught ;
 We may not to the quick reveal
 The mystery of death—
 Ye cannot tell us, if ye would,
 The mystery of breath.”

The child who enters life comes not
 With knowledge or intent,
 So those who enter death must go
 As little children sent,
 Nothing is known. But I believe
 That God is overhead ;
 And as life is to the living,
 So death is to the dead.





DODGSON, CHARLES LUTWIDGE, an English clergyman, a writer on mathematical subjects, and of humorous fairy tales for children, born in 1832; died January 14, 1898, at Guildford, England. His principal works are *A Syllabus of Plain and Algebraical Geometry* (1860); *Guide to the Mathematical Student*, etc. (1864); *Elementary Treatise on Determinants* (1867). He wrote, under the pseudonym of "Lewis Carroll," two very popular tales for children, entitled *Alice in Wonderland* (1869), and *Through the Looking-glass* (1875). He also published *The Hunting of the Snark* (1876); *Rhyme? and Reason?* (1883); *A Tangled Tale* (1886); *Euclid and His Modern Rivals* (1886); *Game of Logic* (1887); *Curiosa and Mathematica* (1888); *Sylvic and Bruno* (1890).

THE MOCK TURTLE'S STORY.

"Once," said the Mock Turtle at last, with a deep sigh, "I was a real Turtle." These words were followed by a very long silence, broken only by an occasional exclamation of "Hjckrrh!" from the Gryphon, and the constant heavy sobbing of the Mock Turtle. Alice was very nearly getting up and saying, "Thank you, sir, for your very interesting story," but she could not help thinking there *must* be more to come, so she sat still and said nothing. "When we were little," the Mock Turtle went on at last, more calmly, though still sobbing a little now and then, "we went to school in the sea. The master was an old Turtle—we used to call him Tortoise——"

"Why did you call him Tortoise, if he wasn't one?" Alice asked.

"We called him Tortoise because he taught us," said the Mock Turtle angrily; "really you are very dull." The Mock Turtle went on. "We had the best of educations—in fact, we went to school every day——"

"I've been to a day-school too," said Alice; "you needn't be so proud as all that."

"With extras?" asked the Mock Turtle, a little anxiously.

"Yes," said Alice, "we learned French and music."

"And washing?" said the Mock Turtle.

"Certainly not!" said Alice, indignantly.

"Ah! Then yours wasn't a really good school," said the Mock Turtle in a tone of great relief. "Now at *ours* they had at the end of the bill, 'French, music, *and washing extra.*'"

"You couldn't have wanted it much," said Alice; "living at the bottom of the sea."

"I couldn't afford to learn it," said the Mock Turtle, with a sigh. "I only took the regular course."

"What was that?" inquired Alice.

"Reeling and Writhing, of course, to begin with," the Mock Turtle replied: "and the different branches of Arithmetic—Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Derision. There was Mystery—Mystery ancient and modern, with Seaography: then Drawling—the Drawling-master was an old conger-eel, that used to come once a week: *he* taught us Drawling, Stretching, and Fainting in coils."

"What was *that* like?" said Alice.

"Well, I can't show it you, myself," the Mock Turtle said: "I'm too stiff. And the Gryphon never learnt it."

"And how many hours a day did you do lessons?" said Alice.

"Ten hours the first day," said the Mock Turtle, "nine the next, and so on."

"What a curious plan!" exclaimed Alice.

"That's the reason they're called lessons," the Gryphon remarked; "because they lessen from day to day."

—*Alice in Wonderland.*

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER

The sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all his might :
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright—
And this was odd, because it was
The middle of the night.

The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry.
You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky ;
No birds were flying overhead—
There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand ;
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand ;
“ If this were only cleared away,”
They said, “ it would be grand ! ”

“ O Oysters, come and walk with us ! ”
The Walrus did beseech.
“ A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach :
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each.”

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said :
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his hoary head—
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat ;
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat—
And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more—
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low :
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.

"A loaf of bread," the Walrus said,
"Is what we chiefly need :
Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed—
Now if you're ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed."

"But not on us !" the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue.
"After such kindness, that would be
A dismal thing to do !"
"The night is fine," the Walrus said.
"Do you admire the view ?

"It was so kind of you to come !
And you are very nice !"
The Carpenter said nothing but
"Cut us another slice :
I wish you were not quite so deaf—
I've had to ask you twice."

"O Oysters," said the Carpenter,
"You've had a pleasant run !
Shall we be trotting home again ?"
But answer came there none—
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd eaten every one.

—*Through the Looking-Glass*



DODSLEY, ROBERT, an English bookseller, born at Mansfield, Nottinghamshire, 1703; died at Durham, September 25, 1764. His father was a schoolmaster and apprenticed the boy to a Nottingham stocking weaver. The work assigned him was distasteful, and he ran away and took service as a footman in the family of the Hon. Mrs. Lowther. In 1732 he put forth a little volume of poems entitled *The Muse in Livery*, and soon after wrote *The Toy Shop*, a dramatic piece which was acted at the Covent Garden Theatre in 1735. Aided by Pope and others, he opened a bookseller's shop in London, an enterprise which was very successful, and he became the leading publisher of his day, and was on intimate terms with the principal British authors. He established several periodicals, including *The Museum*, *The World* and *The Perceptor*, and in 1758 started *The Annual Register*, of which Edmund Burke was first editor, and which has been published ever since. Among the contributors to his periodicals were Horace Walpole, Akenside, Soame Jenyns, Lord Lyttleton, and Lord Chesterfield. One of his principal literary enterprises was the *Select Collection of Old English Plays* (12 vols., 12mo, 1744), which has been several times republished, with considerable additions; the latest edition (1876) being edited by W. C. Hazlitt, and

consisting of fifteen volumes. In 1738 he gave Samuel Johnson ten guineas for the manuscript of *London*, and was afterward the leader of an association of booksellers that furnished Johnson with funds for the preparation of his *English Dictionary*. In 1737 he produced a drama *The King and the Miller of Mansfield*, which was well received; *Cleone*, a tragedy, was received with even greater enthusiasm than his earlier efforts. It had a long run at Covent Garden. Two thousand copies of it were sold on the day of publication, and it passed through three editions within a year. Dodsley is now chiefly remembered, aside from his fame as a publisher, through his *Select Collection of Old Plays*. He wrote several dramas and other works, which were collected in 1745 under the title of *Miscellanies, or Trifles in Prose and Verse*. His *Poems* are included in Chalmers's "Collection of British Poets."

THE PARTING KISS.

One kind wish before we part,
Drop a tear and bid adieu :
Though we sever, my fond heart,
Till we meet, shall pant for you.

Yet, weep not so, my love,
Let me kiss that falling tear ;
Though my body must remove,
All my soul will still be here.

All my soul and all my heart,
And every wish shall pant for you ;
One kind kiss, then, ere we part,
Drop a tear, and bid adieu.



DOMETT, ALFRED, an English poet, born at Camberwell Grove, Surrey, May 20, 1811; died in 1887. He entered St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1829, but left without taking a degree. He travelled in America for a couple of years, returning to England in 1836, and subsequently resided in Italy and Switzerland. In 1841 he was called to the bar at Middle Temple. In 1842 he went to New Zealand, where he had purchased a large tract of land, being one of the earliest emigrants to those islands, where he resided until 1871; holding during those years several important civil positions. He is understood to be the hero of Robert Browning's poem *Waring*. He put forth several volumes of poems; the earliest appearing in 1832; then appeared *Venice* (1839). After his return from New Zealand he published *Ranolf and Amohia* (1872), a poem descriptive of the scenery of New Zealand and its aboriginal inhabitants. In 1877 he made a collection of his poems under the title of *Flotsam and Jetsam, Rhymes Old and New*. His *Christmas Hymn*, the most admired of all his poems, appeared originally in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1837.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

I.

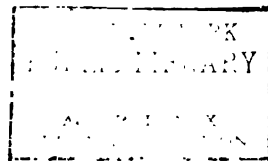
It was the calm and silent night !
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was queen of land and sea.



A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

**"For in that stable lay, new-born,
The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven."**

Painting by Correggio.



No sound was heard of clashing wars,
Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain ;
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars,
Held undisturbed their ancient reign
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.

II.

'Twas in the calm and silent night,
The senator of haughty Rome,
Impatient urged his chariot's flight
From lordly revel rolling home ;
Triumphal arches, gleaming, swell
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway ;
What recked the Roman what befell
A paltry province far away,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago ?

III.

Within that province far away
Went plodding home a weary boor :
A streak of light before him lay,
Fallen through a half-shut stable door
Across his path. He passed, for naught
Told what was going on within ;
How keen the stars, his only thought—
The air, how calm, and cold and thin,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago !

V.

It is the calm and silent night !
A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
The darkness—charmed and holy now !
The night that erst no name had worn—
To it a happy name is given ;
For in that stable lay, new-born,
The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago !



DONALDSON, JOHN WILLIAM, an English philologist and biblical critic, born in London in 1811; died there February 10, 1861. He was educated at the University of London and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his degree in 1834, becoming a Fellow in 1835. He subsequently took Orders, and became Head Master of the Grammar School of Bury St. Edmunds. He resigned this position in 1855, and removed to Cambridge, where he occupied himself as a private tutor and in writing. In 1856 he was appointed one of the Classical Examiners of the University of London. His earliest work, *The Theatre of the Greeks* (1837) is still used as a college text-book. In 1839 he put forth *The New Cratylus*, being an effort to develop the principles of comparative philology as laid down by Bopp, Grimm, Pott, and other German scholars. In his *Varro-nianus* (1844) he attempted to do for Latin philology what he had done for Greek in *The New Cratylus*. In 1854 he put forth *Jashar*, an endeavor to restore the lost Hebrew book of that name. He also put forth grammars of the Greek, Latin, and Hebrew languages. *The New Cratylus* is his most important work.

ETYMOLOGICAL STUDIES.

Many people entertain strong prejudices against everything in the shape of etymology—prejudices which would be not only just but inevitable if etymology, or

the doctrine of words, were such a thing as they suppose it to be. They consider it as amounting to nothing more than the derivation of words from one another; and as the process is generally confined to a perception of some *prima facie* resemblance of two words, it seldom rises beyond the dignity of an ingenious pun; and, though amusing enough at times, is certainly neither an instructive nor an elevated employment of a rational being.

The only real etymology is that which attempts a resolution of the words of a language into their ultimate elements by a comparison of the greatest possible number of languages of the same family. Derivation is, strictly speaking, inapplicable farther than as pointing out the manner in which certain constant syllables, belonging to the pronominal or formative element of inflected languages, may be prefixed or subjoined to a given form for the expression of some secondary or dependent relation. In order to arrive at the primary origin of a word or a form, we must get beyond the narrow limits of a single idiom. Indeed, in many cases the source can only be traced by a conjectural reproduction based on the most extended comparison of all the cognate languages; for when we take some given variety of human speech, we find it in systems and series of words running almost parallel to one another, but presenting such resemblances in form and signification that convinces us that, though apparently asymptotes, they must have converged in the form which we know would potentially contain them all. This reproduction of the common mother of our family of languages, by a comparison of the features of all her children, is the most general object to which the efforts of the philologist should be directed; and this—and not a mere derivation of words from one another—constitutes the etymology that is alone worthy of the name.—*Preface to the New Cratylus.*

THE UTILITY OF PHILOLOGICAL STUDIES.

Education is of two kinds: It is either general or professional; it is either designed for the cultivation of the intellect and the development of the reasoning fac-

ulties—which all men have in common, though not perhaps to the same degree—or it is calculated to adapt him for some particular calling, which the laws of society—on the principle of the division of labor—have assigned to him as an individual member of the body politic. Now the education of the individual for this particular purpose is not an education of man as such; he might do his particular work as well or better if you deprived him of all his speculative faculties, and converted him into an automaton. In short, the better a man is educated professionally, the less he is a man; for, to use the words of Ralph Waldo Emerson, "The planter, who is a Man sent out into the world to gather food, is seldom cheered by any idea of the true dignity of his ministry. He sees his bushel and his cart, and nothing beyond, and sinks into the farmer, instead of Man on the farm. The tradesman scarcely ever gives an ideal worth to his work, but is ridden by the routine of his craft, and the soul is subject to dollars. The priest becomes a form; the attorney, a statute-book; the mechanic, a machine; the sailor, a rope of a ship."

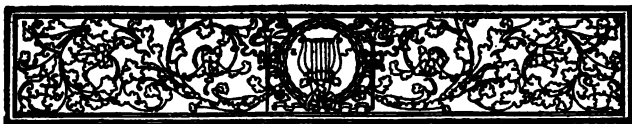
It was for this reason that the clear-headed Greeks denied the name of education (*Paideia*) to that which is learned for the sake of some extrinsic gain, or for the sake of doing some work, and distinguished formally between those studies which they called "liberal," or worthy of a free man, and those which were merely mechanical and professional. In the same way Cicero speaks of education, properly so called, which he names "humanity" (*Humanitas*), because its object is to give a full development to those reasoning faculties which are the proper and distinctive attributes of man as such. Now we do not pretend that philology is of any mechanical or professional use; for we do not call Theology a profession; it is merely a branch or application of philology. We do not say that philology will help a man to plough or to reap; but we do assert that it is of the highest use as a part of humanity, or of education, properly so called.

The test of a good education is the degree of mental culture which it imparts; for education, so far as its object is scientific, is the discipline of the mind. The

reader must not overlook what is meant by the word mind when used in reference to education. That some dumb animals are possessed of a sort of understanding is admitted ; but it has never been asserted that they enjoy the use of reason. Man, however, has the faculty called reason in addition to his understanding ; he has a power of classifying or arranging, abstracting and generalizing, and so arriving at principles. In other words, his mind is capable of method. . . . Accordingly, what we mean by saying that the object of education is the cultivation of our minds, amounts simply to this, that we better perform our functions as rational creatures in proportion as we carry further the distinction between ourselves and the brute creation.—*The New Cratylus.*

THE ORIGIN OF LANGUAGE.

We think we may fairly assume as the basis of our view with regard to the origin of language the account given in the Book of Genesis, so far as that account is confirmed by the researches of modern authors. We find that the structure of human speech is the perfect reflection or image of what we know of the organization of the mind : the same description, the same arrangement of particulars, the same nomenclature, would apply to both ; and we might turn a treatise on the philosophy of mind into one on the philosophy of language by merely supposing that everything said in the former of the thoughts as subjective is said in the latter of the words as objective. And from this we should infer that if the mind of man is essentially and ultimately the same, then language is essentially the same, and only accidentally different ; and there must have been some common point from which all the different languages diverged—some handle to the fan which is spread out over all the world—some first and primeval speech ; and that this speech was not gradually invented, but necessarily sprung, all armed, like Minerva, from the head of the first thinking man, as a necessary result of his intellectual conformation. Now this agrees with the account in Genesis ii. 19, 20.—*The New Cratylus.*



DONNE, JOHN, an eminent English clergyman and poet, born in London in 1573 ; died there in 1631. He studied at Oxford and Cambridge, being designed for the legal profession, but in his nineteenth year he abandoned law for theology. He had been educated in the Catholic religion, but he renounced it for the Church of England. While secretary to Lord Edgerton he privately married a niece of that nobleman and was discharged. In 1610 he wrote the *Pseudo-Martyr*, which procured him the favor of James I., who persuaded him to take holy orders, and about 1614 made him one of his chaplains. He distinguished himself as a preacher, and was later made Dean of St. Paul's. Donne wrote sermons, devotional and controversial treatises, poetical satires, elegies and epigrams. A complete edition of his works, was issued in 1839, under the editorial care of Dean Alford. Donne was the first and Cowper the second of the school which Johnson denominated "metaphysical" poets, who labored after conceits and novel turns of thought. Dryden styles him "the greatest wit, though not the greatest poet of our nation." Hallam says: "Donne was the most inharmonious of our versifiers. Of his earlier poems many are very licentious ; the later are chiefly devout. Few are good for much, the conceits have not even the merit of being intelligible."

THE SOUL'S FLIGHT TO HEAVEN.

Think in how poor a prison thou didst lie ;
But think that death hath now enfranchised thee!
And think this slow-paced Soul, which late did cleave
To a body, and but by that body's leave,
Twenty, perchance, or thirty miles a day,
Dispatches in a minute all the way
'Twixt heaven and earth! She stays not in the air,
To look what meteors there themselves prepare;
She carries no desire to know, nor sense,
Whether the air's middle region is intense
For the element of fire, she doth not know
Whether she passed by such a place or no;
She baits not at the moon, nor cares to try
Whether in that new world men live and die;
Venus retards her not to inquire how she
Can—being one star.—Hesper and Vesper be.
He that charmed Argus's eyes, sweet Mercury,
Works not on her who now is grown all eye;
Who, if she meet the body of the Sun,
Goes through, not staying till her course be run ;
Who finds in Mars's camp no corps of guard ;
Nor is by Jove, nor by his Father barred ;
But, ere she can consider how she went,
At once is at, and through, the firmament :
And, as these stars were but so many beads
Strung on one string, speed undistinguished leads
Her through those spheres, as through those beads a
string,
Whose quick succession makes it still one thing ;
As doth the pith which, lest our bodies slack,
Strings fast the little bones of neck and back,
So by the Soul doth Death string Heaven and Earth.

SONNET TO DEATH.

Death, be not proud, though some have call'd thee
Mighty and dreadful ; for thou art not so :
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow
Die not—poor Death ; nor yet canst thou kill me.

From Rest and Sleep, which but thy picture be,
 Much pleasure ; then from thee much more must
 flow.

And soonest our best men with thee do go
 Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery !
 Thou'rt slave to Fate, Chance, Kings, and desperate
 Men

And dost with Poison, War, and Sickness dwell ;
 And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well.
 Or better, than thy stroke : Why swell'st thou then ?
 One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
 And Death shall be no more : Death, thou shalt die !

ELEGY ON MISTRESS ELIZABETH DRURY.

She who had here so much essential joy,
 As no chance could distract, much less destroy ;
 Who with God's presence was acquainted so
 (Hearing and speaking to him) as to know
 His face in any natural stone or tree
 Better than when in images they be ;
 Who kept, by diligent devotion,
 God's image in such reparation
 Within her heart, that what decay was grown
 Was her first Parents' fault, and not her own ;
 Who being solicited to any act,
 Still heard God pleading his pre-contract ;
 Who by a faithful confidence was here
 Betrothed to God, and now is married there ;
 Whose twilights were more clear than our midday ;
 Who dreamed devoutlier than most use to pray ;
 Who, being here filled with grace, yet strove to be,
 Both where more grace and more capacity
 At once is given. She to heaven is gone,
 Who made this world in some proportion
 A heaven, and here became unto us all
 Joy (as our joys admit) essential.

A VALEDICTION FORBIDDING MOURNING.

As virtuous men pass mildly away,
 And whisper to their souls to go ;
 Whilst some of their sad friends do say
 The breath goes now—and some say, No ;

So let us melt, and make no noise,
 No tear-floods nor sigh-tempests move ;
 'Twere profanation of our joys
 To tell the laity our love. . . .

Our two souls, therefore—which are one—
 Though I must go, endure not yet
 A breach, but an expansion,
 Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so
 As stiff twin compasses are two :
 Thy soul, the fixèd foot, makes no show
 To move, but doth, if the other do.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must,
 Like the other foot, obliquely run ;
 Thy firmness makes my circles just,
 And makes me end where I begun.

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

Before I sigh my last gasp, let me breathe,
 Great Love, some legacies :—I here bequeath
 Mine eyes to Argus, if mine eyes can see ;
 If they be blind, then, Love, I give them thee ;
 My tongue to Fame ; to Ambassadors mine ears ;
 To Women, or the Sea, my tears ;
 Thou, Love, hast taught me heretofore
 By making me serve her who had twenty more,
 That I should give to none but such as had too much
 before.

My constancy I to the Planets give :
 My truth to them who at Court do live ;
 Mine ingenuity and openness
 To Jesuits : to Buffoons my pensiveness ;
 My silence to any who abroad have been ;
 My money to a Capuchin ;
 Thou, Love, taught'st me, by appointing me
 To love there where no love received can be,
 Only to give to such as have no good capacity.

My faith I give to Roman Catholics ;
 All my good works unto the Schismatics
 Of Amsterdam ; my best civility
 And courtship to an University ;
 My modesty I give to Soldiers bare ;
 My patience let Gamesters share ;
 Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making me
 Love her that holds my love disparity,
 Only to give to those that count my gifts indignity.

I give my reputation to those
 Which were my Friends ; mine industry to Foes ;
 To Schoolmen I bequeath my doubtfulness
 My sickness to Physicians, or Excess ;
 To Nature all that I in rhyme have writ ;
 And to my Company my wit.
 Thou, Love, by making me adore
 Her who begot this love in me before,
 Taught'st me to make as though I gave, when I do but
 restore.

To him for whom the Passing-bell next tolls
 I give my physic-books ; my written rolls
 Of moral councils I to Bedlam give ;
 My brazen medals unto them which live
 In Want of Bread ; to them which pass among
 All Foreigners, my English tongue.
 Thou, Love, by making me love one
 Who thinks her friendship a fit portion
 For younger lovers, dost my gifts thus disproportion.

Therefore I'll give no more ; but I'll undo
 The world by dying, because love dies too.
 Then all your beauties will be no more worth
 Than gold in mines where none doth draw it forth ;
 And all your graces no more use shall have
 Than a sun-dial in a grave.
 Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making me
 Love her who doth neglect both me and thee,
 To practise this one way to annihilate all three.



DONNELLY, IGNATIUS, an American lawyer, born in Philadelphia, November 3, 1831; died in Minneapolis, Minn., January 18, 1901. He was educated at the High School of that city, studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1853. Four years afterward he went to Minnesota, was elected Lieutenant-Governor in 1859 and re-elected in 1861. He has since been a member of Congress during several terms. In 1882 he published *Atlantis: the Antediluvian World*, in which he advances the theory that Plato's account of Atlantis was not a fable; that there was an island in the Atlantic opposite the mouth of the Mediterranean Sea, the true cradle of the Aryan race and civilization, from which emigration flowed both eastward and westward, and which was at length swallowed up in some great convulsion of nature. He has since published *Ragnarok: the Age of Fire and Gravel* (1882); *The Great Cryptogram* (1888); *Cæsar's Kolonn*, a Swedish translation of *Cæsar's Column* (1891); *The Golden Bottle* (1892).

The Great Cryptogram attracted wide-spread attention on account of its apparent proof that Bacon produced the Shakespearean plays. It is interesting to read Donnelly's description of the great task he had to perform.

DIFFICULTIES IN THE WAY.

It seems to me that the labors of Champollion le Jeune and Thomas Young, in working out the Egyptian hieroglyphics from the tri-lingual inscription on the Rosetta

stone, were simple compared with the task I had undertaken. They had before them a stone with an inscription in three alphabets—the hieroglyphic, the demotic, and the Greek ; and the Greek version stated that the three inscriptions *signified the same thing*. The problem was to translate the unknown by the known. It was observed that a certain oval ring, inclosing a group of hieroglyphic phonetic signs, stood in a corresponding place with the name of *Ptolemy* in the Greek ; and the same group was found, often repeated, over sitting figures of the temple of Karnak. The conclusion was inevitable, therefore, that that group signified *Ptolemy*. Furthermore, the work *king* occurred twenty-nine times in the Greek version of the Rosetta inscription, and a group holding corresponding positions was repeated twenty-nine times in the demotic. Another stone gave the phonetic elements which constituted the word *Cleopatra*. Champollion and Young thus had acquired the knowledge of numerous alphabetical signs, with the sounds belonging to them, and the rest of the work of translation was easy, for the Egyptian language still survived in a modified form in the mouths of the Coptic peasants.

But in my case I knew neither the rule nor the story. I tried to obtain a clew by putting together the words which constituted the name of the old play, *The Contention Between York and Lancaster*, as found in the end of *1st Henry IV.* and the beginning of *2d Henry IV.* ; but, unfortunately, *Contention* occurs twice (73d word, second column, page 74, *2d Henry IV.*, act i, scene 2, and the 496th word, second column, page 75), while *York* and *Lancaster* are repeated many time.

Even when I had progressed so far, by countless experimentations, as to guess at something of the story that was being told, I could not be certain that I had the real sense of it. For instance, let the reader write out a sentence like this :

And then the infuriated man struck wildly at the dog, and the mad animal sprang upon him and seized him by the throat.

Then let him cut the paper to pieces, so that each slip contains a word, and ask a friend, who has never seen

the original sentence, to reconstruct it. He can clearly perceive that it is a description of a contest between a man and a dog, but beyond this he can be sure of nothing. Was the dog *mad* or the man? Which was infuriated? Did the dog spring on the man, or the man on the dog? Which was seized by the throat? Did the man strike wildly at the dog, or the dog spring wildly at the man?

Every word in the sentence is a new element of perplexity. In fact, if you had handed your friend three slips of paper, containing the three words, *struck, Tom, John*, it would have been impossible for him to decide, without some rule of arrangement, whether Tom struck John or John struck Tom; and the great question, like that of the blow inflicted on Mr. William Patterson, would remain forever unsettled.

My problem was to find out, by means of a cipher rule of which I knew little, a cipher story of which I knew less. A more brain-racking problem was never submitted to the intellect of man. It was translating into the vernacular an inscription written in an unknown language, with an unknown alphabet, without a single clew, however slight, to the meaning of either. I do not wonder that Bacon said that there are some ciphers which *exclude the decipherer*. He certainly thought he had constructed one in these plays.—*The Great Cryptogram*.

THE IRISH RACE, DESCENDANTS OF THE ATLANTEANS.

According to the ancient books of Ireland the race known as "Partholan's people," the Neuredians, the Fir-Bolgs, the Tua-tha-de Danauns, and the Milesians, were all descended from two brothers, sons of Magog, son of Jopheth, son of Noah, who escaped from the catastrophe which destroyed his country. Thus all these races were Atlantean. They were connected with the African colonies of Atlantis, the Berbers, and with the Egyptians. The Milesians lived in Egypt: they were expelled thence; they stopped a while in Crete, then in Scythia, then they settled in Africa at the place called Gaethulight or Getulia, and lived there during eight

generations, say two hundred and fifty years ; " then they entered Spain, where they built Brigantia, or Briganza, named after their King Breogan : they dwelt in Spain a considerable time. Milesius, a descendant of Breogan, went on an expedition to Egypt, took part in a war against the Ethiopians, married the King's daughter, Scota : he died in Spain, but his people soon afterward conquered Ireland. On landing on the coast they offered sacrifices to Neptune or Poseidon"—the god of Atlantis.

The Book of Genesis gives us the descendants of Noah's three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japheth. We are told that the sons of Japheth were Gomer, and Magog, and Madai, and Javan, and Tubal, and Meshech, and Tiras. We are then given the names of the descendants of Gomer and Javan, but not of Magog. Josephus says the sons of Magog were Scythians. The Irish annals take up the genealogy of Magog's family where the Bible leaves it. The "Book of Invasions," the *Cin Drom-Snechta*, claims that these Scythians were the Phœnicians ; and we are told that a branch of this family were driven out of Egypt in the time of Moses. . . . From all these facts it appears that the population of Ireland came from the West, and not from Asia—that it was one of the many waves of population flowing out from the Island of Atlantis—and herein we find the explanation of that problem which has puzzled the Aryan scholars. As Ireland is farther from the Punjab than Persia, Greece, Rome, or Scandinavia, it would follow that the Celtic wave of migration must have been the earliest sent out from the Sanskrit centre ; but it is now asserted by Professor Schleicher and others that the Celtic tongue shows that it separated from the Sanskrit original tongue later than the others, and that it is more closely allied to the Latin than any other Aryan tongue. This is entirely inexplicable upon any theory of an Eastern origin of the Indo-European races, but very easily understood if we recognize the Aryan and Celtic migrations as going out about the same time from the Atlantean fountain head. . . .

There are many evidences that the Old World recognized Ireland as possessing a very ancient civilization.

In the Sanskrit books it is referred to as Hiranya, the "Island of the Sun," to wit, of sun-worship: in other words, as pre-eminently the centre of that religion which was shared by all the ancient races of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. It is believed that Ireland was the "Garden of Phœbus" of the Western mythologists. The Greeks called Ireland the "Sacred Isle," and "Ogygia." "Nor can any one," says Camden, "conceive why they should call it Ogygia, unless, perhaps, from its antiquity; for the Greeks called nothing Ogygia unless what was extremely ancient." We have seen that Ogyges was connected by the Greek legends with a first deluge, and that Ogyges was "a quite mythical personage, lost in the nights of ages." It appears, as another confirmation of the theory of the Atlantis origin of these colonies, that their original religion was sun-worship; this, as was the case in other countries, became subsequently overlaid with idol-worship. In the reign of King Tighernmas the worship of idols was introduced. The priests constituted the Order of Druids. Naturally many analogies have been found to exist between the beliefs and customs of the Druids and the other religions which were drawn from Atlantis. We have seen in the chapter on sun-worship how extensive this form of religion was in the Atlantean days, both in Europe and America.—*Atlantis*.





DORAN, JOHN, a British miscellaneous writer, born in London, March 11, 1807; died January 25, 1878. He was tutor to several young members of the English nobility, and as such made many observations on the habits and characteristics, as well as the foibles, of aristocracy, which he afterward incorporated in his writings. He resided for many years in France and Germany, receiving the degree of Ph.D. from the University of Marburg. Going to London, he engaged in literary work, and was editorially connected with the *Athenæum*, *Notes and Queries*, and other periodicals. His principal works are, *Table Traits*, etc. (1854); *Habits and Men*, and *Lives of the Queens of the House of Hanover* (1855); *Knights and their Days* (1856); *Monarchs Retired from Business* (1857); *Court Fools* (1858); *New Pictures and Old Panels* (1859); *Lives of the Princesses of Wales* (1860); *The Bentley Ballads* (1861); *Their Majesties' Servants; that is, Play-actors* (1863); *Saints and Sinners* (1868); *A Lady of the Last Century* (1873).

THE STYLE ROYAL.

With respect to the style and title of kings, it may be here stated that the royal "We" represents, or was supposed originally to represent, the source of the national power, glory, and intellect in the august person of a sovereign. *Le Roi le veut*—"the King will have it so"—sounded as arrogantly as it was meant to sound in the royal Norman mouth. It is a mere form, now that royalty in England has been relieved of responsibility.

In haughtiness of expression it was matched by the old French formula at the end of a decree : " For such is our good pleasure." The royal subscription in Spain, *Yo, el Re*—"I, the King"—has a thundering sort of echo about it too. The only gallant expression to be found in royal addresses was made by the kings of France—that is, by the *married* kings. Thus, when the French monarch summoned a council to meet upon affairs of importance, and desired to have around him the princes of the blood and the wiser nobility of the realm, his Majesty invariably commenced his address with the words, " Having previously consulted on this matter with the queen," etc. It is very probable, almost certain, that the king had done nothing of the sort ; but the assurance that he *had*, seemed to give a certain sort of dignity to the consort in the eyes of the grandes and the people at large. Old Michel de Marolles was proud of this display of gallantry on the part of the kings of France. " According to my thinking," says the garrulous old abbé of Villeloin, " this is a matter highly worthy of notice, although few persons have condescended to make remarks thereon down to this present time." It may here be added, with respect to English kings, that the first " king's speech " ever delivered was by Henry I., in 1107. Exactly a century later, King John first assumed the royal " We " : it had never before been employed in England. The same monarch has the credit of having been the first English king who claimed for England the sovereignty of the seas. " Grace," and " My Liege," were the ordinary titles by which our Henry IV. was addressed. " Excellent Grace " was given to Henry VI., who was not the one, nor yet had the other. Edward IV. was " Most High and Mighty Prince ; " Henry VII. was the first English " Highness ; " Henry VIII. was the first complimented by the title of " Majesty ; " and James I. prefixed to the last title, " Sacred and Most Excellent."—*Monarchs Retired from Business.*

VISIT OF GEORGE III. AND QUEEN CHARLOTTE TO THE CITY OF LONDON.

The Queen was introduced to the citizens of London on Lord-Mayor's Day, on which occasion they may be

said emphatically to have "made a day of it." They left St. James's Palace at noon, and in great state, accompanied by all the royal family, escorted by guards, and cheered by the people, whose particular holiday was thus shared in common. There was the usual ceremony at Temple Bar of opening the gates to royalty, and giving it welcome; and there was the once usual address made at the east end of St. Paul's Church-yard, by the senior scholar of Christ's Hospital school. Having survived the cumbrous formalities of the first, and smiled at the flowery figures of the second, the royal party proceeded on their way, not to Guildhall, but to the house of Mr. Barclay, the patent-medicine vendor, an honest Quaker whom the king respected, an ancestor to the head of the firm whose name is not unmusical to Volsian ears—Barclay, Perkins & Co. Robert Barclay, the only surviving son of the author of the same name, who wrote the celebrated *Apology for the Quakers*, and who was now the king's entertainer, was an octogenarian, who had entertained in the same house two Georges before he had given welcome to the third George and his Queen Charlotte. The hearty old man, without abandoning Quaker simplicity, went a little beyond it, in order to do honor to the young queen; and he hung his balcony and rooms with a brilliant crimson damask, that must have scattered blushes on all who stood near—particularly on the cheeks of the crowds of "Friends" who had assembled within the house to do honor to their sovereigns.

Queen Charlotte and George III. were the last of our sovereigns who thus honored a Lord-Mayor's show. And as it *was* the last occasion, and that the young Queen Charlotte was *the* heroine of the day, the opportunity may be profited by to show how that royal lady looked and bore herself in the estimation of one of the Miss Barclays, whose letter, descriptive of the scene, appeared forty-seven years subsequently, in 1808. The following extracts are very much to our purpose: "About one o'clock papa and mamma, with sister Western to attend them, took their stand at the street-door, where my two brothers had long been to receive the nobility, more than a hundred of whom were then

waiting in the warehouse. As the royal family came, they were conducted into one of the counting-houses, which was transformed into a very pretty parlor. At half-past two their majesties came, which was two hours later than they intended. On the second pair of stairs was placed our own company, about forty in number, the chief of whom were of the Puritan order, and all in their orthodox habits. Next to the drawing-room doors were placed our own selves, I mean papa's children, none else, to the great mortification of visitors, being allowed to enter: for as kissing the king's hand without kneeling was an unexampled honor, the king confined that privilege to our own family, as a return for the trouble we had been at. After the royal pair had shown themselves at the balcony, we were all introduced, and you may believe, at that juncture, we felt no small palpitations. The king met us at the door—a condescension I did not expect—at which place he saluted us with great politeness. Advancing to the upper end of the room, we kissed the queen's hand, at the sight of whom we were all in raptures, not only for the brilliancy of her appearance, which was pleasing beyond description, but being throughout her whole person possessed of that inexpressible something that is beyond a set of features, and equally claims our attention. To be sure, she has not a fine face, but a most agreeable countenance, and is vastly genteel, with an air, notwithstanding her being a little woman, truly majestic. . . . The king never sat down, nor did he taste anything during the whole time. Her majesty drank tea, which was brought her on a silver waiter by brother John, who delivered it to the lady-in-waiting, and she presented it kneeling. The leave they took of us was such as we might expect from our equals; full of apologies for our trouble for their entertainment—which they were so anxious to have explained, that the queen came up to us, as we stood on one side of the door, and had every word interpreted. My brothers had the honor of assisting the queen into her coach. Some of us sat up to see them return, and the king and queen took especial notice of us as they passed. The king ordered twenty-four of his guard to be placed opposite our door all night, lest any of the canopy should be pulled down by the mob,

in which [the canopy, it is to be presumed] there were one hundred yards of silk damask."—*Queens of the House of Hanover*.

TIME OF THE WORLD'S CREATION.

The first congress of ecclesiastical *savants* that ever met to deal with this question was composed of prelates who met at Jerusalem, at the beginning of the third century, by order of Pope Victor. Their first object was to settle the exact day on which the earth sprang from chaos, in order, they said, that something salutary might be ordained respecting the observation of Easter. The process by which they arrived at the desired conclusion, is told at considerable length by Bede, and the conclusion was this:—The world was made on Sunday, in the Springtime, at the equinox, on the eighth of the Kalends of April, when the moon was at the full! The course of the argument which sustained this very definite conclusion was this:—God rested on the seventh day, which was the Sabbath, or Saturday, after making the world in six days. He must therefore, have begun on the first, which was Sunday; then, as the earth brought forth grass and herb yielding seed, and trees yielding fruit, the not very logical conclusion was, that the world started on its career in fair Springtime. As God divided the light and the darkness, the day and night which he had created, into equal parts, there scarcely required further proof to show that this must have been the equinox—in other words, and for greater accuracy, the eighth of the Kalends of April; and, finally, the moon must have been full at the time, seeing that God made the two great luminaries that "they might give light upon the earth, the greater luminary in the beginning of the day, the lesser one in the beginning of the night. It could not have been thus," said the bishops, "unless the moon were at the full." By this sort of reasoning, the prelates established an error that was long accepted for truth: and probably no vulgar fallacy was ever conceived, fashioned, forged, and beat into shape with such circumstance and ceremony as this which dated the Creation on a Spring Sunday in March, when the moon was at the full.—*Saints and Sinners*.



DORNER, ISAAC AUGUST, an eminent German theologian, born at Neuhausen ob-Eck, Württemberg, June 20, 1809; died at Wiesbaden, July 9, 1884. He studied at Tübingen, became a curate in his native village and subsequently visited Holland and England in order to become acquainted with the condition of the Protestant denominations in those countries. In 1838 he was appointed to the chair of Divinity at Tübingen; subsequently to corresponding positions at Kiel, Königsberg, Bonn, and lastly, in 1862, at Berlin. He has contributed largely to current theological literature. His principal works are: *The History of the Development of the Doctrine of the Person of Christ* (1839), and *The History of Protestant Theology* (1867), both of which have passed through several editions, and have been translated into English.

In 1879-80 he published his great work a *System of the Doctrine of Christian Faith*, in which the study and thought of his life found expression. The influence which Dorner is destined to exert over Protestant Christendom is thus epitomized by Professor C. C. Everett in the *Unitarian Review* for January, 1885: "To all who are interested in the religious life of the present, the work of Dorner may bring inspiration. It may bring the inspiration of greater faith in the advancing thought of the world, and the inspiration

of a more tender regard for the past. It may bring to all a fresh confidence in the possibility of a science of religion, and a fresh interest in the more profound problems of Christian thought. The church has reached that point where criticism should be the instrument of construction, where the negative should give place to the positive. We need not merely theological opinions, but theological thought. This thought should be free, reverent, and devout."

LUDWIG LAVATER (1527-1586).

Lavater was, like Klopstock, a poetic genius and full of feeling, but his imagination was less rich, and he had more tenderness than power. Together with a breadth and versatility for the reception of outward impressions, he exhibits a vigorous concentration upon the central part of his mental life, and it is the loyalty of a grateful heart which binds him to the Person of Christ. His chief concern is not exactness of doctrine, but that higher life which emanates from Christ. He, too, favors the view which regards Christianity as the religion of humanity, but he seeks the *true* man, and finds only wretched ruins of the true human image where this has not been reinstated by the Saviour. His lyric poetry, like his other literary productions, aims at something more than to describe and to please; it does not satisfy him to collect all that is great and beautiful in history, nor to idealize reality through the power of imagination; he is concerned for a *real* idealization, a moral transfiguration of the disfigured and obscure image of man. His desire is that his words and poetry may exert an influence, and his is not merely a lyric but an ethic pathos, which, however, but too often delights in rhetorical flights. But though he too contributed to the formation of that mental atmosphere and temperament in which the age became susceptible of freer and deeper views of life and of re-

ligion, he also was deficient in the possession of solid objective truths, of truths which are not only established, but have also been assimilated by the reason, in that philosophic mind and in that feeling for historical criticism which alone can secure lasting influence. Renouncing the quiet but safe path of scientific thought, ever seeking after fresh excitement of feeling, and straining his ideal emotions to their highest pitch, Lavater was betrayed both in his doctrine of prayer and in his theory of physiognomy into extravagances which had the effect of limiting his influence.—*History of Protestant Theology*.

JOHAN GEORGE HAMANN (1730–88).

Hamann is a kindred spirit to Klopstock, on account both of the profundity and inwardness of his Christian feeling and of his enthusiasm for Christianity, which he proclaims not in verse, but like one exercising the gift of prophecy in the primitive church, in language unconnected, indeed, but often sublime, and still oftener enigmatical by reason of its fulness of matter and abundance of allusion. . . . The freedom and largeness of his views raised him above the anxieties entertained by the pious of his age, because deeply rooted as he was in evangelical Christianity, he was firmly persuaded of its intellectual superiority to the whole kin of neologists, and could look with triumphant certainty of amusement at their efforts to overthrow it. Himself well versed in classical antiquity, he recognized the affinity of Christianity to all that was eternal in the classic world. While to the mass of his contemporaries, Christianity and humanity, historical and eternal truth, the human and the Divine, are terms expressing irreconcilable opposites, he is able to perceive their unity. His favorite thought is, *omnia divina et humana omnia*. The whole world is to him full of signs, full of meaning, full of the Divine. Man is a tree whose trunk is nourished by two roots, one of which turns to the invisible origin of all things, the other to the earthly and the visible. In history—and not merely in the history of revelation in the Old and New Testament—he sees the historicalization (*Ge-*

schichtlichwerden) the incorporation of the eternal ; and faith is, in his view, the faculty of perceiving God's acts in history and his works in nature, the power of beholding the unity of the metaphysical, the eternal and the historical, and of intuitively discerning the divine in the temporal.

His mysticism is not merely the subjective mysticism of the feelings, but is open to objective concrete matter from nature, and especially from history ; in fact it is theosophy. Thus faith being the focus which comprehends in its entirety, and therefore grasps at its centre of gravity that which unbelief separates in either a non-denial or material manner, he finds in such faith the truth of things (*Hypostasis*), and therefore the source of true knowledge. Herein it is that he radically differs from the rationalism of the age, which acknowledges none but eternal truths and accepts none but the mathematical mode of proof. He sees in such notions only superstition, delusion, and philosophic juggling. He is, however, no less opposed to the mere experience of the senses, for he perceives that this tends to materialism and atheism. Flesh and blood know no other God than the universe, no other spirit than the letter. He also discovers the inward relation between the intellectualism of orthodoxy and the rationalism of the age, which alike resolved the higher spiritual life into a work of the understanding. The main thing is that that religious susceptibility which forms the very basis of our existence should attain assurance ; and be united with God by realities which are their own evidence, and which bring with them conviction to the soul. Thus are we transferred from mere reasoning, or from the impulses and perceptions of the senses, to the atmosphere of true life.

And here it is specially by means of the documents of the history of revelation that—according to Hamann—we become conscious of the presence of God in history. God, at whose bidding are the storm, the fire, and the earthquake, chooses for the token of His presence a still small voice which we tremble to hear in His word and in our own hearts. Grace and truth are not to be discovered or acquired, they must be historically re-

vealed. Revelation takes the form of a servant both in Christ and in the Scriptures; the eternal history bears a human form, a body which is dust and ashes and perishable, the visible letter; but also a soul which is the breath of God. And it is by such self-humiliation of the Spirit of God to the pen of man, such self-abnegation of the Son of God, that the Spirit and the Son dwell among us.

Creation itself is a work of God's word. The wish, "speak that I may see Thee," is fulfilled by creation. All God's works are tokens of His attributes, all corporeal nature is a parable of the spiritual world. At first, all God's works were a word of God to man, emblems and pledges of a new, an unutterable union. But sin interposed. Separated from God, the world became an enigma to us. The knowledge of God, without which love to God is impossible, acquaintance and sympathy being necessary elements of love, is no longer possible through the contemplation of His works, which less know, and less reveal Him than we ourselves. But the books of the covenant as well as the book of nature contain secret articles, and these God has been pleased to reveal to men through their fellow-men. Hence revelation and experience, which are intrinsically harmonious, are the most indispensable crutch, if our reason is not to remain hopelessly lame. God's word is heard in nature and in history; and the noon of history, that is God's day, is in Christ. Judaism had the word and signs, heathenism reason and its wisdom, but Christianity is that to which neither the men of the letter nor the men of speculation could attain; it is the glorification of manhood in the Godhead, and of the Godhead in manhood, through the Fatherhood of God. He regards religious spiritualism, which was then appearing in a deistical form, religious materialism, and literal traditionalism as inwardly allied. . . . He holds poetry, religion, philosophy, history, scripture, and spirit to be intrinsically united, but this union he only perceives intellectually and indirectly, without the power of making an orderly and connected statement of the reasons which induce this view.—*History of Protestant Theology.*



DORR, JULIA CAROLINE (RIPLEY), an American miscellaneous writer, born in Charleston, S. C., February 13, 1825. Her mother died while she was an infant, and her father, William Ripley, a merchant of Charleston, returned to his native State of Vermont, where he became known as a promoter of the development of the marble quarries of Rutland. Julia married Hon. Seneca M. Dorr, of New York in 1847; and the same year, her husband, taking a particular liking to one of the many poems which she had been writing from her early childhood, sent it to the *Union Magazine*; and thus appeared her first published poem. The next year *Sartain's Magazine* gave her its prize of \$100 for *Isabel Leslie*; and thus was brought out her first story. In 1857, she removed with her husband to Rutland, where she became the centre of literary life, and where she founded the celebrated Rutland Free Library. Her published works include *Farmingdale*, a novel, published in 1854, under the pseudonym of Caroline Thomas, her mother's maiden name; *Lanmere* (1855); *Sybil Huntington* (1869); *Poems* (1871); *Expiation* (1873); *Friar Anselmo and Other Poems* (1879); *The Legend of the Babouhka* (1881); *Daybreak* (1882); *Bermuda* (1884); *Afternoon Songs* (1885).

Of her writings, Frances E. Willard has said:
"In Mrs. Dorr's poems are found strength and

melody, sweetness and sympathy, a thorough knowledge of poetic technique, and through all a high purpose which renders such work of lasting value. Her stories are particularly skilful in detail and plot, in the interpretation of the New England character. Her essays on practical themes of life and living have had a wide circulation and a large influence."

TWO BROTHERS.

The most noticeable feature of the life at Greyholt had been Mr. Armstrong's extreme devotion to Clyde. They had been the most inseparable of companions—indeed, the father had seemed utterly swallowed up in the son, and to have merged his existence in his. . . . Now Kenneth's devotion to his brother became equally noticeable. He seemed to have stepped at once into his father's place. Quietly, unobtrusively, he filled Clyde's life from out his own fulness. To leave no void, no emptiness there, to crowd his days with pleasant doings, to fill his brain with happy thoughts, seemed to be the end and aim of his existence. Nothing daunted him, nothing repelled him. Clyde's freaks of temper, his occasional waywardness, his self-will, that would at times override all obstacles and overrule all laws, his passionate impulses, his unreasonable caprices—all these seemed only to fill Kenneth with a tenderer, a more long-enduring patience. . . . Their evenings were spent chiefly at home in their own cosy library, save when, upon clear, moonlit nights, they were tempted out for a rapid drive over the sparkling snow, or down to the creek, where the glare ice waited for the music of the skater's steel. If, sometimes, I grew tired of listening to the ticking of my clock, or of thinking my own thoughts, and throwing a shawl about me, ran over the way to see what my neighbors were about, I knew just the picture that would greet my eyes as I stepped upon the piazza and glanced in at the low window. I knew that the small, inlaid centre-table with the curiously carved legs would be drawn into the middle of the

room, in front of the open fireplace, where a bright wood fire would be leaping and sparkling. Upon one side of it I should see the lamplight falling upon Kenneth's dark-brown hair, tossed carelessly back from a low, broad forehead, kindling his cool gray eyes into subtle fire, and lending his cheek a warmer glow ; on the other, Clyde's curls of reddish gold would be catching a deeper tint from the glowing flames, and his large, black eyes would be flashing with merriment, or earnest with thought. The table between them would be loaded with books, magazines, reviews, and newspapers. They would be reading together ; or, with books dropped upon their knees, they would have floated off upon some sparkling tide of talk. Or the red and white chessmen would be waging mimic war, and kings and queens, knights and bishops, would be trembling in dire dismay. And I knew that as my step crossed the threshold, the books would be thrown down or the chessmen be made to beat an ignominious retreat, and two young voices that I had learned to love would vie with each other in welcoming me. Then may-hap, Patsy would come in with a basket of rosy-cheeked apples, or a dish of hickory-nuts ; and sometimes, though very rarely, she would join the little circle. . . .

I watched Kenneth closely that winter. He was a curious study to me. Since that one conversation during the course of which he had said to me, "It is not that ; God help me, but it is not *that* !" he had never alluded to the matter. Whatever the burden might be that had fallen upon his young shoulders—or that he had voluntarily lifted to them—he bore it silently, uncomplainingly. He had changed. He seemed suddenly to have sprung out of youth into mature manhood. The vague unrest, the eager longing of the spring, had settled into something akin to the fulness, the rich repose of summer. Was he happy ? I doubted it sometimes, when I saw the far-away look in his eyes, or caught a gleam like the bursting forth of smouldering flame. But he was cheerful ; he was at rest. As Patsy had said, he was firm as a rock ; and having once chosen his lot, he accepted it—he had no regrets, no misgivings.—*Expiation.*

HEIRSHIP.

Little store of wealth have I,
Not a rood of land I own ;
Nor a mansion fair and high,
Built of towers of fretted stone.
Stocks nor bonds, nor title-deeds,
Flocks nor herds have I to show ;
When I ride, no Arab steeds
Toss for me their manes of snow.

I have neither pearls nor gold,
Massive plate, nor jewels rare ;
Brodered silks of wealth untold,
Nor rich robes a queen might wear.
In my garden's narrow bound
Flaunt no costly tropic blooms,
Ladening all the air around
With a weight of rare perfumes.

Yet to an immense estate
Am I heir by grace of God—
Richer, grander than doth wait
Any earthly monarch's nod.
Heir of all the Ages, I—
Heir of all that they have wrought,
All their store of emprise high,
And their wealth of precious thought.

Every golden deed of theirs
Sheds its lustre on my way ;
All their labors, all their prayers,
Sanctify this present day !
Heir of all that they have earned
By their passion and their tears—
Heir of all that they have learned
Through the toiling years !

Heir of all the faith sublime
On whose wings they soared to heaven ;
Heir of every hope that Time
To Earth's fainting sons hath given !

Aspirations pure and high—
 Strength to dare and to endure—
 Heir of all the Ages, I—
 Lo ! I am no longer poor !

SOMEWHERE.

How can I cease to pray for thee ? Somewhere
 In God's great universe thou art to-day.
 Can He not reach thee with His tender care ?
 Can He not hear me when for thee I pray ?

What matters it to Him who holds within
 The hollow of His hand all worlds, all space,
 That thou art done with earthly pain and sin ?
 Somewhere within his ken thou hast a place.

Somewhere thou livest and hast need of Him ;
 Somewhere thy soul sees higher heights to climb
 And somewhere still there may be valleys dim
 That thou must pass to reach the hills sublime.

Then all the more because thou canst not hear,
 Poor human words of blessing will I pray.
 O true, brave heart ! God bless thee, wheresoe'er
 In His great universe thou art to-day.

THE GUEST.

O thou Guest so long delayed,
 Surely, when the house was made,
 In its chambers wide and free,
 There was set a place for thee.
 Surely in some room was spread
 For thy sake a snowy bed,
 Decked with linen white and fine,
 Meet, O Guest, for use of thine.

Yet thou has not kept the tryst.
 Other guests our lips have kissed :
 Other guests have tarried long,
 Wooed by sunshine and by song ;

For the year was bright with May,
All the birds kept holiday,
All the skies were clear and blue,
When this house of ours was new.

Youth came in with us to dwell,
Crowned with rose and asphodel,
Lingered long, and even yet
Cannot quite his haunts forget.
Love hath sat beside our board,
Brought us treasures from his hoard,
Brimmed our cups with fragrant wine,
Vintage of the hills divine.

Down our garden path has strayed
Young Romance, in light arrayed ;
Joy hath flung her garlands wide ;
Faith sung low at eventide ;
Care hath flitted in and out ;
Sorrow strewn her weeds about ;
Hope held up her torch on high
When clouds darkened all the sky.

Pain, with pallid lips and thin,
Oft hath slept our house within ;
Life hath called us, loud and long,
With a voice as trumpet strong.
Sometimes we have thought, O Guest,
Thou wert coming with the rest,
Watched to see thy shadow fall
On the inner chamber wall.

For we know that, soon or late,
Thou wilt enter at the gate,
Cross the threshold, pass the door,
Glide at will from floor to floor.
When thou comest, by this sign
We shall know thee, Guest divine ;
Though alone thy coming be,
Some one must go forth with thee !



DORSET, EARL OF (CHARLES SACKVILLE), an English courtier and verse-writer, born in 1637; died in 1706. He was a favorite at the Courts of Charles II. and of William III. He was a friend and patron of the poets of his day, and had a high reputation as an accomplished man of letters; but his writings consist only of a few lively songs. The best of these is a song popularly said to have been composed on board ship the night before a famous naval battle with a Dutch fleet in 1665. Sackville (then Lord Buckhurst) was on board the English flag-ship as a volunteer at this engagement; but the poem was actually written several months previously.

Walpole said of him: "He had as much wit as his master or his contemporaries Buckingham and Rochester, without the royal want of feeling, the duke's want of principle, or the earl's want of thought."

Richard Garnett says of the few occasional poems which were left by Dorset: "Not one of them is destitute of merit, and some are admirable as 'the effusions of a man of wit (in Johnson's words), gay, vigorous, and airy.'"

TO ALL YE LADIES NOW AT LAND.

To all ye ladies now at land,
We men at sea indite;
But first would have you understand
How hard it is to write;

The Muses now, and Neptune too,
We must implore to write to you.

With a fa, la, la, la, la.

For though the Muses should prove kind,
And fill our empty brain ;
Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind,
To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen and ink, and we,
Roll up and down our ships at sea.

With a fa, la, la, la, la.

Then, if we write not by each post,
Think not we are unkind ;
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost
By Dutchmen or by wind :
Our tears we'll send a speedier way—
The tide shall bring them twice a day.

With a fa, la, la, la, la.

The king with wonder and surprise,
Will swear the seas grow bold ;
Because the tides will higher rise
Than e'er they used of old :
But let him know it is our tears
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall-stairs.

With a fa, la, la, la, la.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
Our sad and dismal story,
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
And quit their fort at Goree ;
For what resistance can they find
From men who've left their hearts behind

With a fa, la, la, la, la.

Let wind and weather do their worst,
Be you to us but kind ;
Let Dutchman vapor, let Spaniards curse,
No sorrow we shall find :
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our friend or who's our foe.

With a fa, la, la, la, la.

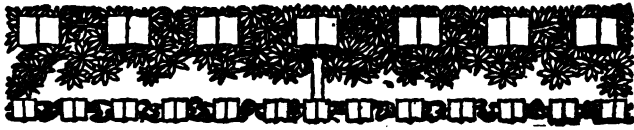
To pass our tedious hours away,
We throw a merry main ;
Or else at serious ombre play ;
But why should we in vain
Each other's ruin thus pursue ?
We were undone when we left you.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

But now our fears tempestuous grow,
And cast our hopes away :
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
Sit careless at a play :
Perhaps permit some happier man
To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

When any mournful tune you hear,
That dies in every note,
As if it sighed with each man's care
For being so remote ;
Think then how often love we've made
To you, when all those tunes were played.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

In justice, you cannot refuse
To think of our distress,
When we for hopes of honor lose
Our certain happiness ;
All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

And now we've told you all our loves
And likewise all our fears,
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity for our tears ;
Let's hear of no inconstancy,
We have too much of that at sea.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.



DOSTOYEVSKY, FEODOR MIKHAILOVITCH, a Russian novelist and journalist, was born at Moscow, November 11, 1822; died at St. Petersburg, February 9, 1881. His first novel, entitled *Poor Folk*, issued in 1846, is a vivid and pathetic description of the life of the Russian poor, with whose interests he was all his life identified both sociably and as an author. In 1849 he was arrested and condemned to death with other members of a reform club in which he was prominent; but on the very scaffold a commutation reached him, and he was sent to Siberia for six years; arriving home four years later. He then recommenced, penniless and with a hopelessly broken-down wife leaning upon him, the life of an author writing for bread. The *Downtrodden and Oppressed* appeared within a year after his return. *Evil Hearts* was published in 1867; and *Crime and Punishment* the same year. Of this latter work Professor Marsh of Harvard, writing for *Johnson's Cyclopædia*, says: "This terrible book, with its psychological analysis of apparently the utmost realism, did, as a whole, seem to show in human life a thread, a tendency, a purpose of a distinctly spiritual and even religious character. The extreme party were not slow to see this, and denounced the author as a reactionary and mystic." His later works include, *The Idiot* (1869); *Podrostok*

(1875); *The Brothers Karamrasov* (1875); *Krotvaia* (1875); *The Underground Spirit* (1875); *An Author's Journal*, a periodical which Dostoyevsky founded in 1876, and of which he was editor and publisher. Neither his mental nor physical health was equal to the task of perfecting all the work that he had marked out for himself in his later years; and much of what he did in his last days—as has been remarked by several critics—"shows a sad falling off, and adds nothing to his literary reputation."

"With all his faults and shortcomings," writes a correspondent of *Temple Bar*, "Dostoyevsky will probably always possess an attraction for certain minds. He deals chiefly, not with normal, but abnormal individuals, and in the domain of mental disease reigns supreme. He hardly ever attempts to explain the motives of the strange characters he introduces to us, and often does not seem to understand them himself. He is a spectator, with a great gift as a *raconteur*, and the quickest, keenest powers of observation, who relates facts, conversations, and events to us with so intense an air of realism that his wildest fictions read like truth. And, in spite of so much that is overstrained and repellent, the outcome of the wounds and bruises he could never forget, we can but sympathize with the warm heart that never ceases to bleed for every act of cruelty, injustice, and oppression. No matter how steeped in sin a human being may be, if he is suffering, justly or unjustly, Dostoyevsky is ready to bind up his wounds and bid him sin no more. He passes no judgment on any man, but with groans and tears, he entreats the

injured and the injurers alike to pardon and forget."

Of *Poor Folk*, which was his first tale, written at the age of twenty-three, and first put into English by Miss Lena Milman in 1894, with an introduction by George Moore—who says that it challenges comparison with Turgenieff—the Vicomte de Vogüé says: "Into this tender production Dostoyevsky has poured his own nature, all his sensibility, his longing for sympathy and devotion, his bitter conception of life, his savage, pitiable pride;" and speaking of the enthusiasm with which the manuscript was first read by the author's friends, the *Chicago Dial* says that "it was fairly justified by the work." When Bien-ski, the first and most feared of Russian critics, had read the manuscript of *Poor Folk*, he said to the author: "Do you understand, young man, the truth of what you have written?" And the "young man" said afterward that that was the happiest moment of his life.

POOR FOLK.

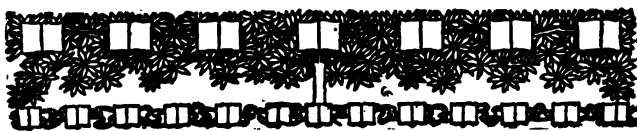
One evening we were together when Gregorowitsch said to me: "Give me your manuscript,"—which, by the way, he had never read,—"Nekrassow thinks of publishing an annual—I will show it to him." I took it to Nekrassow myself, but I was so agitated and confused that after shaking hands and exchanging a few words, I hurried back. The same evening I went to see a friend and we sat for hours talking over Gogol's *Dead Souls*, and reading our favorite passages for, I suppose, the hundredth time. It was four o'clock when I reached home; a clear frosty night as light as day, a real St. Petersburg night. Suddenly I heard the bell pulled.

On my opening the door Nekrassow and Gregorowitsch rushed at me, both in an indescribable state of excitement. It appeared that early in the evening they had begun reading my tale. "Read ten pages," Nekrassow said; "that will be enough." But when they had finished them they decided to read just ten more; and so they passed the whole night, one relieving the other when he was tired, like sentinels at a post. When they came to the scene of the student's death, Nekrassow more than once broke down and, suddenly striking the table, exclaimed: "This is genius." At last the reading came to an end, and they agreed at once to go to my rooms. "What does it matter if he is asleep," cried Nekrassow, "this is better than any sleep."

MÁKAR'S LODGING.

Into what a dirty hole I have fallen, Varvara Alexievna; but still I have a roof over my head. My former lodging was like a little nest, as you know, so quiet that I could hear the beat of a fly's wing as it passed me by. Here, on the contrary, there are noises of shouting, of quarrelling. You have no idea what it is like. Imagine, then, a long passage, dark and dirty. On the right hand, a blank wall; on the left, nothing but doors, doors, like the rooms to which they belong, all in a row. Every room is let to one, two, or three tenants. You cannot expect order; it is a very Noah's ark. But there are some quite nice people, there are even a few learned ones; one gentleman (he is a professor of literature) is very cultured, and speaks of Homer and Brambeus, and other authors; they say he is a very clever man. Then there are two officers, who play cards all day; a sailor, who has been first mate, and an English tutor. Wait a little while, and in my next I will amuse you by describing them humorously in full detail. Our landlady is a dirty little old woman, who keeps her dressing-gown and slippers on all day, and is always scolding Theresa. I live in the kitchen, or rather (to be quite exact) in a little room just off the kitchen. I must say our kitchen is a nice one, cheerful and clean. Mine is a humble little room enough, but let me explain myself more

fully : the kitchen is large, with three windows—a partition which runs across it encloses a sumptuous apartment for me ; my arrangements are, of course, very simple, but they are also convenient. I have a window, and, as I said before, everything is comfortable. Such is my abode. And are you not thinking to yourself that there is something very odd about this, about my living so near the kitchen, why should I ? But indeed I live quite to myself behind the partition, I keep away from every one, and get on very well in a quiet way. I have a bed, a table, a chest of drawers, a couple of chairs, and some sort of curtains. Of course there are better lodgings, perhaps much better ones, and yet I have chosen this to suit my own convenience : do you think there is no other reason ? I will tell you another : your window is just opposite mine. I see you pass, and then all things seem brighter for poor me, and cheaper. In this house the rent of the cheapest room with board is thirty-five roubles. I could not afford so much. My lodging costs me seven roubles, and my board five silver roubles, twenty-four and a half roubles altogether, and hitherto I have paid thirty, although I denied myself many little luxuries. I did not always have tea, and now I can afford myself both tea and sugar. One is ashamed of not drinking tea, somehow ; here most of the lodgers are well-to-do, so one is ashamed of not doing the same as they. One drinks it for the sake of the opinion of others, for appearance' sake, for position's sake, as it were ; but I care very little for such things. I have few fancies. So you see there is not much left for pocket-money, of which every one needs a little for boots and clothes. I spend all my salary ; but I do not murmur, and am quite content. I have had sufficient for some years now, and my earnings remain the same.



DOUGLAS, AMANDA MINNIE, an American juvenile writer and novelist, was born in New York City, July 14, 1837, of Scotch and French ancestry. She was educated through childhood in New York, at City Institute. The family removed to Newark in 1853, where she took up a course of English literature and history with Rev. O. S. Stearns, an eminent Massachusetts scholar and divine. Born with a gift for story-telling she had exercised it upon playmates, continuing stories evening after evening, and later on entertaining friends in the same fashion, writing verses, and now and then a short story, while assisting in household duties. Her ambition was to enter Cooper Institute and study designing and engraving, but being disappointed for two successive years by serious illness in the family, by the advice of several literary friends, she turned her attention to literature, and, in the enforced quiet of the sick room, wrote out some of the stories that had taken vivid coloring in her mind and made pictures of themselves. Discussing them with a newspaper friend, *In Trust* was selected and published by Lee & Shepard in 1866. Its success decided her. *Stephen Dane*, a widely different story, followed in 1867. *Claudia*, curiously artistic and musical, in 1868. *Sydney Adriance*, the first continued effort of girlhood, used as a serial, followed. Since then

she has published a novel nearly every year, besides story and sketch writing.

A removal to one of the pretty suburbs gave her a flower and fruit garden, and an interest that has been followed at intervals since. Many of these experiences have been embodied in *A Modern Adam and Eve in a Garden*.

The novels comprehend a considerable range, though largely family stories. *Stephen Dane*, *A Woman's Inheritance*, *Hope Mills*, and *Out of the Wreck*, take up some of the larger problems of life, and have a business aspect. *Hope Mills* is a transcript of the hard times from 1873 to 1878. Among the Juveniles are: *The Kathie Books*, *Santa Claus Land*, *The Sherburne House Series*, and *A Little Girl in Old Newark*, issued from the press of Dodd & Mead, 1896.

Larry, a story of a New York waif sent West by the Children's Aid Society, took the first prize offered by the *Youth's Companion* in 1892 over one thousand competitors.

Miss Douglas has been known to write rapidly for weeks without intermission, yet keeping up an interest in the daily round, and disproving the old objection to literary women, that they can do nothing else. Few women excel her in housekeeping, fancy work, and those charming social qualities which are so essentially feminine and are often found wanting in the "new woman."

RECOVERING FROM THE ACCIDENT.

The nurse met Lawrence Rivington with more than usual interest. His sweet, trusty face, shaped into graver lines than six months before, attracted the

physicians as well. He haunted the hospital for any stray word ; and they had come to hope for his sake, though their lives were made up of hopes and uncertainties, and they occasionally found the sorrows of others heavy burdens to bear.

One morning she said in her well-trained tone of cheerfulness,—“She has spoken coherently, and talked on new subjects. We are all waiting to see the effect of your interview. Talk to her in the most ordinary manner. Answer her questions as if all this had occurred only yesterday. Lead her mind back to the moment of the accident.”

Larry entered the ward, a private one it was ; but it seemed as if his limbs would fail him before he reached the side of the bed. An awful instant it appeared to him, and his whole soul went up in a great wordless cry that only God could hear. He noted the lines that left their impression on the clear face, and some silver threads which had lately appeared in her wavy brown hair. The roundness had gone a little out of her chin, and in her temples was a faint depression. Yet she did not look old.

She turned slightly and opened her eyes. Had the old light come back ? Ah, thank God ! She drew her brows into a little crease, as if she were thinking, then she caught sight of him.

“Oh, Larry !” she exclaimed, “it *was* you. I heard you speak to Zip—I was quite sure. But I can’t think what happened. Did I faint ! I never fainted before in my life. Why, I must have fainted from pure joy ! Did you imagine I could be so foolish ?”

He stooped and kissed her. It was a resurrection morning. What he said was to the God above, with the voice of his soul. He could not have spoken aloud.

“Where’s Lucilla ? You can’t think how companionable she had grown to be ! Everything seems queer and strange, as if I had been ill. I can only remember a darkness and confused noises, and I am weak all over.” She gave a faint, little smile.

“You have been ill,” he answered, but he could not keep the great tremble out of his voice ; “and now you

have only to get well. Do not worry about anything. I am saving it all to tell you by and by."

"Oh, are you?" She glanced up gratefully.

Yes, the placid, unmeaning smile was gone; the vacant, troubled expression of the eyes had been replaced by a certain steadiness.

The nurse made a sign.

"Yes." He carried the hand to his lips. It was as white as cousin Helen's. "So you must sleep all you can, and gain your strength——"

She was drowsing off already.

The surgeon stood by the door and seized his hand in a warm grasp.

"It will be a splendid success," he declared enthusiastically. "Her fine physique was in her favor. I am going to write up the case—the delay from the accident to the operation makes it the more interesting. Why, young fellow, you ought to be a surgeon yourself!"—*Larry.*

AFTER A SNOW.

There came vivid, blue breaks in the sky overhead as the sun straggled through filmy drifts that were not quite despoiled of their snowy harvest. Above the distant hills to the north the dim clouds took on violet edges and drooped over the earth with lingering tenderness. Everywhere that white, wonderful, still life. Trees bending with sprays of snowy midwinter blossoms, sparkling in the early sun as if strewn with diamonds; fence posts brooded, and rails wrapped in purest ermine. Long slopes of hill-sides, like a dreamy undulating sea, and wide, unbroken plains crowned with the night's harvest. Here and there a forest edge stretched out ghostly arms or crouched low like a group of fairy folk.

How they skimmed along, passing houses that seemed buried in snow, the feathery fragments hanging from gable, lintel, and window-ledge. Great domes it made of hay stacks, and a grotesque, uneven wood-pile was transformed into an elfin haunt. Sleepy-eyed fowls huddled in groups standing on one foot, while occasionally Chanticleer, from some post of eminence, made his

voice resound in the clear, soft air, until a hundred echoes caught it up and shivered it into musical fragments. From under the white roof of their pen the mild-eyed sheep glanced out wistfully. The breath of the kine lowing through the grated windows, made a soft, purplish haze in the air, the edges turning golden as the sun's rays caught it in an embrace so fervent that in a moment it was gone. The slender birches seemed to laugh as a breath of air stirred them, but the clumps of gnarled black oak flaunted their bronze leaves defiantly.—*Claudia*.

DREAMS OF REFORM AND PROSPERITY.

"Darcy, suppose you turn parson!" and Maverick laughed half quizzically. "See here: the world wants a very old sermon preached again to it, hammered into every fibre, put up over every doorway—the essence of all knowledge, all religion, briefly comprehended in this, 'Love thy neighbor *as* thyself.' You won't need gown or bands for that work. Not to have one code of morals for the rich, and one for the poor; one creed for Sunday, and quite another belief for Monday; to have no lofty, impossible theories and exalted moods, but truthful, honest living; not to push away the miserable, ignorant souls, but take them by the hand in hearty co-operation. Maybe Cameron has the right clew. Why should we let human love be shamed by such things as an Oneida Community or a Mormon city?"

The strong, earnest voice stirred Jack like martial music. All these years he had been struggling with a great, blind, confused something,—perhaps it was not a silver mine, or a railroad, but a work just here in the town of his boyhood, where he was known, where he had played and worked.

"Seventeenthly, and lastly," and Maverick looked at his watch, "I cannot idle any more time upon you, and must cut short with a 'to be continued.' We will talk it over again and again; and, if we cannot get it into shape, there is still Florida left. So, while you are dreaming it out by this great silent mill, whose prisoned

spirits should prate of prosperity instead of desolation, I'll run my course around Yerbury, and we'll compare notes over our cigars. *Addio*," waving his hand.

Jack watched the compact figure, as it moved briskly away; then he sauntered round the mill, down one street and up another, strolled out to Lover's Lane, and returned by Larch Avenue. The Barry house began to show signs of life, for old Mat was clearing up the grounds. This was one oasis that had not been bitten by speculation. He thought of winsome little Sylvie, and one summer evening when Irene Lawrence stepped into that pretty, cosey room with the grace and beauty of a Juno. Where was she now? And what was Fred doing? Making a great leap into name and fame, doubtless, now that he was put upon his mettle. The old boyish freaks came back to his mind, the enthusiastic, unreasoning adoration, the last tender parting. An intense and subtile sympathy filled his soul; and, though he smiled a little, the memory was very sacred.

The texture of Jack's mind was not of the quick, brilliant, or sanguine order. He went over his books again; he ruminated as he cleaned the garden paths, spaded the beds, trimmed the trees and shrubbery, and attended to the odds and ends known only to a careful householder. Cousin Jane was in her element here; and they two discoursed of farming and gardening, and industry, she in a sharp, trenchant way.—*Hope Mills.*





DOUGLAS, GAWIN, a Scottish ecclesiastic and poet, born about 1474; died in London in September, 1521. He was a younger son of Archibald Douglas, fifth Earl of Angus, known as "Bell-the-Cat." He was educated for the Church, and at the age of twenty-two was made Rector of Hawick. He bore a not unimportant part in the civil and religious contests of his time. In 1515 he was made Bishop of Dunkeld; a fierce contest, lasting several years, sprung up for the possession of the see; but in the end those who favored Bishop Gawin were routed in a scrimmage at Edinburgh, and he fled to London, where he died. Gawin Douglas was a man of ability and learning. In 1501 he wrote an allegorical poem, *The Palace of Honor*, which bears so marked resemblance to the *Pilgrim's Progress* that it has been fancied that it must have been read by Bunyan. He also wrote another allegorical poem, *King Hart*. His most notable work is a translation of the *Æneid* into Scottish verse—being, it is said, the "first translation of a Latin classic into any British tongue." This translation, made about 1512, was first printed at London in 1553, with the following title: "The xiii bukes of Eneados of the famos poet Virgill, translatet out of Latyne verses into Scottish metir, bi the Reuerend Father in God, Mayster, Gawin Doug-

las, Bishop of Dunkel, & vnkil to the Erle of Angus: euery buke hauing his perticular prologe." One of the best of these Prologues is the following—the original orthography being carefully retained :

A MAY MORNING.

As fresh Aurore, to mighty Tithon spouse,
 Ished of her saffron bed and ivor house,
 In cram'sy clad and grained violate,
 With sanguine cape, and selvage purpurate,
 Unshet the windows of her large hall,
 Spread all with roses, and full of balm royal,
 And eke the heavenly portis chrystalline
 Upwarps braid, the warld till illumine ;
 The twinkling streamers of the orient
 Shed purpours sprains, with gold and azurement. . . .
 Under the bowis bene in lovely vales,
 Within fermance and parkis close of pales,
 The busteous buckis rakis furth on raw,
 Herdis of hertis through the thick wood-shaw.
 The young fawns followand the dun daes,
 Kids, skipband through, runnis after raes.
 In lyssurs and on lewis, little lambs
 Full tait and trig socht blotand to their dams.
 On salt streams walk Dorida and Thetis,
 By rinnand strandis, Nymphis, and Naiadis,
 Sic as we clepe wenches and damysels,
 In gersey groves wanderand by spring wells ;
 Of bloomed branches and flowers white and red,
 Plettand their lusty chaplets for their head.
 Some sang ring-sanges, dances, leids, and rounds,
 With voices shrill, while all the dale resounds.
 Whereso they walk into their caroling,
 For amorous lays does all the rockis ring.
 Ane sang ; " The ship sails oure the salt faem,
 Will bring the merchants and my leman hame."
 Some other sings ; " I will be blithe and licht,
 My heart is lent upon so goodly wicht."
 And thoughtful lovers rouinis to and fro,
 To leis their pain, and plein their jolly woe.

Atter their guise, now singand, low in sorrow,
With heartis pensive the lang summer's morrow
Some ballads list indite of his lady ;
Some livis in hope ; and some all utterly
Despairit is, and sae quite out of grace,
His purgatory he finds in every place. . . .
Dame Nature's menstrals, on that other part,
Their blissful bay intoning every art,
And all small fowlis singis on the spray,
Welcome the lord of licht, and lampe of day,
Welcome fosterer of tender herbis green,
Welcome quickener of flouriest flouirs sheen.
Welcome support of every root and vein,
Welcome comfort of all kind fruit and grain,
Welcome the birdis bield upon the brier,
Welcome master and ruler of the year,
Welcome weelfare of husbands at the plows,
Welcome repairer of woods, trees, and bows,
Welcome depainter of the bloomit meads,
Welcome the life of everything that spreads,
Welcome storer of all kind bestial,
Welcome be thy bricht beamis, gladdnan all !





DOUGLASS, FREDERICK, an American publicist and orator, born a slave on the plantation of Colonel Edward Lloyd, in Maryland, in 1817; died February 20, 1895. His mother was of unmixed negro blood; his father was an unknown white man. While he was a mere infant his mother was separated from him. "I never," he says, "saw my mother, to know her as such, more than four or five times in my life; and each of these times was very short in duration and at night. She died when I was seven years old." While a boy he came into the possession of several masters, from most of whom he received cruel treatment. At the age of seven or eight he went, with his then master, to live in Baltimore. He remained in this family about seven years, during which time he learned to read and write. How he did this he tells in his *Autobiography*.

LEARNING TO READ.

In accomplishing this, I was compelled to resort to various stratagems. I had no regular teacher. My mistress, who had kindly commenced to instruct me had, in compliance with the direction of her husband not only ceased to do so, but had set her face against my being instructed by any one else; but in teaching me the alphabet she had given me the *inch*, and no precaution could prevent me from taking the *ell*.

The plan which I adopted, and the one by which I was most successful, was that of making friends of all

the little white boys whom I met in the street. As many of these as I could, I converted into teachers. With their kindly aid, obtained at different times and in different places, I finally succeeded in learning to read. When I was sent of errands, I always took my book with me, and by going one part of my errand quickly, I found time to get a lesson before my return. I used also to carry bread with me—enough of which was always in the house, and to which I was always welcome—for I was much better off in this regard than many of the poor white children in our neighborhood. This bread I used to bestow upon the hungry little urchins, who, in return, would give me that more valuable bread of knowledge. . . .

I was now about twelve years old and the thought of being a slave for life began to bear heavily upon my heart. Just about this time I got hold of a book entitled *The Columbian Orator*. Among much other interesting matter, I found in it a "Dialogue between a Master and his Slave." The slave was represented as having run away from his master three times: the dialogue represented the conversation between them when the slave was retaken the third time. In this dialogue, the whole argument in behalf of slavery was brought forward by the master, all of which was disposed of by the slave. . . . In the same book I met with one of Sheridan's mighty speeches on and in behalf of Catholic Emancipation. These were choice documents to me. I read them over and over again with unabated interest. They gave tongue to interesting thoughts of my own soul, which had frequently flashed through my mind, and died away for want of utterance.—*Autobiography*.

LEARNING TO WRITE.

The idea as to how I might learn to write was suggested to me by being in Durgin and Bailey's shipyard, and frequently seeing the ship-carpenters, after hewing and getting a piece of timber ready for use, write on the timber the name of that part of the ship for which it was intended. When a piece was intended for the larboard side, it would be marked *L*; when a piece was

for the starboard side it would be marked *S*. A piece for the larboard side forward would be marked *LF*. When a piece was for the starboard side forward, it would be marked *SF*. For larboard aft it would be marked *LA*; for starboard aft it would be marked *SA*. I soon learned the names of these letters, and for what they were intended when placed upon a piece of timber in the shipyard. I immediately commenced copying them, and in a short time was able to make the four letters named. After that, when I met with any boy whom I knew could write, I would tell him I could write as well as he. The next word would be, "I don't believe you; let me see you try it." I would then make the letters which I had been so fortunate as to learn, and ask him to beat that. In this way I got a good many lessons in writing, which it is quite possible I should never have gotten in any other way. During all this time my copy-book was the board fence, brick wall, and pavement; my pen-and-ink was a lump of chalk. With these I learned mainly how to write. I then commenced and continued copying the Italics in Webster's Spelling-Book, until I could make them all without looking in the book. By this time my little master Thomas had gone to school, learned how to write, and had written over a number of copy-books. These had been brought home, shown to some of our neighbors, and then laid aside. My mistress used to go to class-meeting every Monday afternoon, and leave me to take care of the house. When left thus, I used to spend the time in writing in the spaces left in Master Thomas's copy-book, copying what he had written. I continued to do this until I could write a hand very similar to that of Master Thomas. Thus, after a long tedious effort of years, I finally succeeded in learning how to write.—*Autobiography*.

Death after death broke up the family of Fred's master, and he passed into the charge of one person and another, usually from a bad one to a worse. In 1835 he made a desperate but unsuccessful attempt to run away. His master resolved to send

ing in the case unless some white man would come forward and testify. He could issue no warrant on my word. If I had been killed in the presence of a thousand colored people, their testimony combined would have been insufficient to have arrested one of the murderers. Of course it was impossible to get any white man to volunteer his testimony in my behalf, and against the white young men.—*Autobiography*.

WORK WITHOUT WAGES.

Master Hugh, finding he could get no redress, refused to let me go back to Mr. Gardner. He took me into the shipyard of which he was foreman, where I was immediately set to calking, and very soon learned the art of using my mallet and irons. In the course of one year I was able to command the highest wages given to the most experienced calkers. I was now of some importance to my master. I was bringing him from six to seven dollars a week ; I sometimes brought him nine dollars a week : my wages were a dollar and a half a day. After learning how to calk, I sought my own employment, made my own contracts, and collected the money which I earned. My condition was now much more comfortable. When I could get no calking to do, I did nothing. I was now getting one dollar and fifty cents per day. I contracted for it ; I earned it ; it was paid to me ; it was rightfully my own. Yet upon each returning Saturday night I was compelled to deliver every cent of that money to Master Hugh. . . . When I carried to him my weekly wages, he would, after counting the money, look me in the face, with a robber-like fierceness, and ask, "Is this all?" He was satisfied with nothing less than the last cent. He would, however, when I made him six dollars, sometimes give me six cents to encourage me.—*Autobiography*.

Things went on in this way until the beginning of 1838. Douglas was now a man grown, and he had come to the determination to find or make a way of leaving his master. For this purpose he asked to be allowed to hire his time from his mas-

ter. This was at first peremptorily refused. But after awhile he was allowed to do so upon terms fixed by his master.

HIRES HIS TIME.

I was to be allowed all my time, make contracts with those for whom I worked, and find my own employment, and in return for this liberty, I was to pay him three dollars at the end of each week ; find myself in calking tools, and in board and clothing. My board was two and a half dollars a week ; this, with the wear and tear of clothing and tools, made my regular expenses about six dollars a week. This amount I was to make up, or relinquish the privilege of hiring my time. Rain or shine, work or no work, at the end of every week the money must be forthcoming, or I must give up my privilege. I found it a hard bargain ; but, hard as it was better than the old method of getting along. It was a step toward freedom to be allowed to bear the responsibilities of a free man, and I was determined to hold on upon it. I bent myself to the work of making money. I was ready to work night as well as day, and by the most untiring perseverance and industry I made enough to pay my expenses, and lay up a little money every week. I went on thus from May till August. Master Hugh then refused to allow me to hire my time longer.—*Autobiography*.

Master Hugh ordered Douglass to bring his clothing and tools home. He did so ; but instead of looking out for employment, did not a stroke of work for a week. When Saturday night came, Master Hugh demanded his wages, as usual. Douglass replied that there was no money, as he had earned nothing that week. Master Hugh swore and threatened Douglass with a thrashing, but wisely kept his hands off. The next two weeks Douglass went to work, with a will, and on each Saturday night brought his master his full

wages. Master Hugh was so much pleased with his dutifulness that on the last payment he gave his slave a quarter of a dollar, telling him to make good use of it. "I told him that I would," says Douglass. The fact was that all this extra zeal on the part of Douglass was merely to blind Master Hugh, and to lead him to suppose that he had no intention of running away—a step upon which he had fully determined. Douglass's account of his escape is very brief, for his *Autobiography* was written in 1845, and it would then have been unwise to have revealed the means of which he made use.

THE RUNAWAY SLAVE IN NEW YORK.

The wretchedness of slavery and the blessedness of freedom were perpetually before me. It was life and death with me. But I remained firm, and, according to my resolution, on the third day of September, I left my chains, and succeeded in reaching New York. . . . Anna, my intended wife, a free woman, came on, for I wrote to her immediately after my arrival, informing her of my successful flight and wishing her to come on forthwith.—*Autobiography*.

Certainly little time had been lost, for Douglass left Baltimore on September 3d, and just twelve days afterward he and Anna were married in New York. The marriage certificate reads: "This may certify that I joined together in holy matrimony Frederick Johnson and Anna Murray." How and when Frederick acquired the name of "Douglass," he himself tells:

HOW FREDERICK GOT THE NAME OF DOUGLASS.

The name given me by my mother was "Frederick Augustus Washington Bailey." I, however, had dis-

pensed with the two middle names, long before I left Maryland, so that I was generally known by the name of "Frederick Bailey." I started from Baltimore bearing the name of "Stanley." When I got to New York I again changed my name to "Frederick Johnson," and thought that would be the last change. But when I got to New Bedford, I found it again necessary to change my name. The reason of this necessity was that there were so many Johnsons in New Bedford, it was already difficult to distinguish between them. I gave a friend the privilege of choosing me a name, but that he must not take from me the name of "Frederick." I must hold on to that to preserve the sense of identity. He had just been reading *The Lady of the Lake*, and at once suggested that my name be "Douglass." From that time until now I have been called "Frederick Douglass," and as I am more widely known by that name than by either of the others, I shall continue to use it as my own.—*Autobiography*.

New Bedford was thought a safer place than New York for a fugitive slave. Douglass and his wife went thither, and he supported himself by working at anything he could find to do. He soon began to attend anti-slavery meetings, speaking now and then with increasing confidence. A speech made in 1841 brought him to the notice of the leaders in the anti-slavery movement and he was engaged to deliver lectures throughout the New England States. In 1845 he published his *Autobiography* in a small volume, which was subsequently continued (1855 and 1881). In 1845 he went to England as a public lecturer. Here he remained two years. He was still a slave, in the eye of the law, and would be liable to be arrested as a fugitive and returned to his legal master. But his friends in England raised £150, with which

he bought his freedom. He returned to the United States and in 1847 started at Rochester, N. Y., a newspaper entitled *The North Star*, afterward changed to *Fred. Douglass's Paper*. Early in the civil war he urged upon President Lincoln the employment of colored troops, and when this was resolved upon, he was very active in promoting the enlistment of colored volunteers. After the abolition of slavery he discontinued his paper, and for several years was occupied as a public lecturer. In 1870 he became editor of *The New National Era*, at Washington. In 1871 he was appointed Secretary to the Commission to St. Domingo, and upon his return received from President Grant the appointment of member of the Territorial Council of the District of Columbia. In 1872 he was chosen as one of the Presidential Electors for the State of New York, and was selected to carry to Washington the electoral vote. In 1877 he received the lucrative appointment of U. S. Marshal for the District of Columbia, a position which, with a short interval, he held until the accession of President Cleveland in 1885, when he presented his resignation. In 1889 he was appointed by President Harrison U. S. Minister to Hayti. He soon returned to the United States, and from that time until his death he lived in retirement at his home on Anacostia Heights, Washington. Some time after the death of his first wife he married a white woman. He left two sons and a daughter, children of his first wife.



DOWDEN, EDWARD, a British critic and poet, was born at Cork, Ireland, May 3, 1843. He was educated at Queen's College, Cork, and Trinity College, Dublin, where in 1867 he became professor of oratory and afterward of English language and literature. In 1889 he was made the first Taylorian lecturer in the Taylor Institution at Oxford. He published *Shakespeare's Mind and Art* (1875), a volume of *Poems* (1876), many of which are in the form of sonnets. *Shakespeare Primer*; *Introduction to Shakespeare*; *Studies in Literature*; *Transcripts and Studies*; *Southey's Correspondence with Caroline Bowles*; *The Correspondence of Sir Henry Taylor*; an edition of *Shakespeare's Sonnets*; an edition of *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *Lyrical Ballads* (1798); *Wordsworth's Poetical Works*, edited in seven volumes; *Shelley's Poetical Works*. He has also contributed numerous articles on various topics to magazines, including *The Contemporary Review*, *The Fortnightly Review*, *The Nineteenth Century*, and others. His books show the work not only of a thorough Shakespearean scholar, but of a profound critic of uncommon insight and ability. He served as secretary of the Irish Liberal Union.

TWO INFINITIES.

A lonely way ; and as I went, my eyes
Could not unfasten from the Spring's sweet things :
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Last-sprouted grass, and all that climbs and clings
 In loose, deep hedges where the primrose lies
 In her own fairness ; buried blooms surprise
 The plunderer bee, and stop his murmurings ;
 And the glad flutter of a finch's wings
 Out startles small blue-speckled butterflies.
 Blissfully did one speedwell plot beguile
 My whole heart long ; I loved each separate flower,
 Kneeling. I looked up suddenly—Dear God !
 There stretched the shining plain for many a mile
 The mountain rose with what invincible power !
 And how the sky was fathomless and broad !

WISE PASSIVENESS.

Think you I choose or that or this to sing ?
 I lie as patient as yon wealthy stream,
 Dreaming among green fields its summer dream,
 Which takes whate'er the gracious hours will bring
 Into its quiet bosom ; not a thing
 Too common, since perhaps you see it there
 Who else had never seen it, though as fair
 As on the world's first morn ; a fluttering
 Of idle butterflies, or the deft seeds
 Blown from a thistle-head ; a silver dove
 As faultlessly ; or the large yearning eyes
 Of pale Narcissus ; or beside the reeds
 A shepherd seeking lilies for his love,
 And evermore the all-encircling skies.





DOWNING, ANDREW JACKSON, an American landscape gardener and writer on pomology, born at Newburg, N. Y., in October, 1815; was drowned near Yonkers, N. Y., July 28, 1852. When he was seven years old his father died. He was sent to school, but was recalled home at the age of sixteen. He had already shown a taste for botany and mineralogy, and after his return from school, he began a course of self-education which he continued throughout his life. When scarcely twenty years old, he determined to become a rural architect. In 1841 he published *A Treatise on the Theory and Practice of Landscape Gardening*, which was received as the standard work on the subject, and which was very popular both in England and America. *Cottage Residences* (1842), was equally successful. In 1845 he published *Fruits and Fruit-Trees of America*, which had passed through fourteen editions in 1852, and in 1846 became editor of *The Horticulturist*, published in Albany. *Hints to Persons About Building in the Country*, an addition to George Wightwick's *Hints to Young Architects* appeared in 1849, and *Architecture for Country Houses* in 1850. In 1851 he was commissioned to lay out and plant the public gardens of the Capitol, White House, and Smithsonian Institution at Washington, D. C. As a landscape gardener he stood pre-eminent

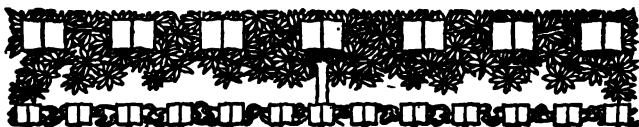
among Americans and had few superiors in Europe. His works have had a salutary influence on public taste in the decoration of rural homes, both in the matter of cottage architecture and the laying out of grounds. Mr. Downing was drowned during the burning of the steamer *Henry Clay* on the Hudson, in 1852. A collection of his articles in the *Horticulturist* was published in 1854 under the title of *Rural Essays*.

A HINT ON LANDSCAPE GARDENING.

The great mistake made by most novices is that they study *gardens* too much, and *nature* too little. Now gardens, in general, are stiff and graceless, except just so far as nature, ever free and flowing, re-asserts her rights, in spite of man's want of taste, or helps him when he has endeavored to work in her own spirit. But the fields and woods are full of instruction, and in such features of our richest and most smiling and diversified country must the best hints for the embellishment of rural homes always be derived. And yet it is not any portion of the woods and fields that we wish our finest pleasure-grounds precisely to resemble. We rather wish to *select* from the finest sylvan features of nature, and to recompose the materials in a choicer manner—by rejecting anything foreign to the spirit of elegance and refinement which should characterize the landscape of the most tasteful country residence—a landscape in which all that is graceful and beautiful in nature is preserved—all her most perfect forms and most harmonious lines—but with that added refinement which high keeping and continual care confer on natural beauty, without impairing its innate spirit of freedom, or the truth and freshness of its intrinsic character. A planted elm of fifty years, which stands in the midst of a smooth lawn before yonder mansion—its long graceful branches towering upward like an antique classical vase, and then sweeping to the ground with a curve

as beautiful as the falling spray of a fountain, has all the freedom of character of its best prototypes in the wild woods, with a refinement and a perfection of symmetry which it would be next to impossible to find in a wild tree. Let us take it then as the type of all true art in landscape gardening—which selects from natural materials that abound in any country, its best sylvan features, and by giving them a better opportunity than they could otherwise obtain, brings about a higher beauty of development and a more perfect expression than nature herself offers. Study landscape in nature more, and the gardens and their catalogues less—is our advice to the rising generation of planters, who wish to embellish their places in the best and purest taste.—*Rural Essays.*





DOYLE, A. CONAN, British physician and novelist, born at Edinburgh in 1859. He published a large number of novels and short stories for magazines and other periodicals. His first success was *The Mystery of the Sassassa Valley*, published at the age of nineteen. In 1894 Mr. Doyle visited the United States, where his books are very popular, and lectured in the principal cities.

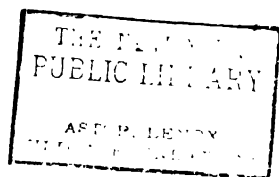
Up to 1895 Doyle had published: *Mystery of Cloomber* and *Study in Scarlet* (1888); *Micah Clarke*, *His Statement to His Three Grandchildren* (1889); *Captain of the Polestar, and Other Tales, Mysteries, and Adventures*, and *Sign of Four* (1890); *White Company* (1891); *Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*, *Doings of Raffles Haw*, *Firm of Girdlestone*, *Great Shadow*, and *Gully of Bluemansdyke, and Other Stories* (1892); *Beyond the City and Refugees, a Tale of Two Continents* (1893); *An Actor's Duel*, *The Winning Shot*, *The Parasite*, *Round the Red Lamp* and *The Slapping Sal, and Other Tales* (1894); *Stark Munro Letters* (1895).

A TRIP TO WINCHESTER.

By eleven o'clock the next day we were well upon our way to the old English capital. Holmes had been buried in the morning papers all the way down, but after we had passed the Hampshire border he threw them down, and began to admire the scenery. It was an ideal spring day, a light blue sky, flecked with



DR. CONAN DOYLE.



little fleecy white clouds drifting across from west to east. The sun was shining very brightly, and yet there was an exhilarating nip in the air, which set an edge to a man's energy. All over the country-side, away to the rolling hills around Aldershot, the little red and gray roofs of the farm-steadings peeped out from amid the light green of the new foliage.

"Are they not fresh and beautiful?" I cried, with all the enthusiasm of a man fresh from the fogs of Baker Street.

But Holmes shook his head gravely.

"Do you know, Watson," said he, "that it is one of the curses of a mind with a turn like mine that I must look at everything with a reference to my own special subject. You look at these scattered houses, and you are impressed by their beauty. I look at them, and the only thought which comes to me is a feeling of their isolation and of the impunity with which crime may be committed there."

"Good heavens!" I cried. "Who would associate crime with these dear old homesteads?"

"They always fill me with a certain horror. It is my belief, Watson, founded upon my experience, that the lowest and vilest alleys in London do not present a more dreadful record of sin than does the smiling and beautiful country-side."

"You horrify me."

"But the reason is very obvious. The pressure of public opinion can do in the town what the law cannot accomplish. There is no lane so vile as that the scream of a tortured child, or the thud of a drunkard's blow, does not beget sympathy and indignation among the neighbors, and then the whole machinery of justice is ever so close that a word of complaint can set it going, and there is a step between the crime and the dock. But look at these lonely houses, each in its own fields, filled for the most part with poor, ignorant folk who know little of the law. Think of the deeds of hellish cruelty, the hidden wickedness which may go, year in, year out, in such places, and none the wiser. Had this lady who appeals to us for help gone to live in Winchester, I should never have had a fear for her. It is the five miles of country

which makes the danger. Still, it is clear that she is not personally threatened."

"No. If she can come to Winchester to meet us she can get away."

"Quite so. She has her freedom."

"What can be the matter, then? Can you suggest no explanation?"

"I have devised seven separate explanations, each of which would cover the facts as far as we know them. But which of these is correct can only be determined by the fresh information which we shall no doubt find waiting for us. Well, there is the tower of the cathedral, and we shall soon learn all that Miss Hunter has to tell."

The "Black Swan" is an inn of repute in the High Street, at no distance from the station, and there we found the young lady waiting for us. She had engaged a sitting-room, and our lunch awaited us upon the table.

"I am so delighted that you have come," she said, earnestly. "It is so very kind of you both; but indeed I do not know what I should do. Your advice will be altogether invaluable to me."

"Pray tell us what has happened to you."

"I will do so, and I must be quick, for I have promised Mr. Rucastle to be back before three. I got this leave to come into town this morning, though he little knew for what purpose."

"Let us have everything in its due order." Holmes thrust his long thin legs out toward the fire and composed himself to listen.

"In the first place, I may say that I have met, on the whole, with no actual ill-treatment from Mr. and Mrs. Rucastle. It is only fair to them to say that. But I cannot understand them, and I am not easy in my mind about them."

"What can you not understand?"

"Their reasons for their conduct. But you shall have it all just as it occurred. When I came down, Mr. Rucastle met me here, and drove me in his dog-cart to the Copper Beeches. It is, as he said, beautifully situated, but it is not beautiful in itself, for it is a large square block of a house, whitewashed, but all stained and streaked with damp and bad weather. There are

grounds round it, woods on three sides, and on the fourth a field which slopes down to the Southampton High-road, which curves past about a hundred yards from the front door. This ground in front belongs to the house, but the woods all round are part of Lord Southerton's preserves. A clump of copper beeches immediately in front of the hall door has given its name to the place.

"I was driven over by my employer, who was as amiable as ever, and was introduced by him that evening to his wife and the child. There was no truth, Mr. Holmes, in the conjecture which seemed to us to be probable in your rooms at Baker Street. Mrs. Rucastle is not mad. I found her to be a silent, pale-faced woman, much younger than her husband, not more than thirty, I should think, while he can hardly be less than forty-five. From their conversation I have gathered that they have been married about seven years, that he was a widower, and that his only child by the first wife was the daughter who has gone to Philadelphia. Mr. Rucastle told me in private that the reason why she had left them was that she had an unreasoning aversion to her step-mother. As the daughter could not have been less than twenty, I can quite imagine that her position must have been uncomfortable with her father's young wife."—*Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.*





DRACHMANN, HÖLGER HENDRIK HERHOLD, a Danish poet and novelist, was born at Copenhagen, October 9, 1846. He was educated in his native city; and there, between 1866 and 1870, he studied painting at the Academy of Fine Arts, achieving some success in marine views as a student of Sörensen. Under the guidance of Georg Brandes, he abandoned painting and devoted himself to literature; and in 1872 he published a collection of poems entitled *Digte*, followed by a volume of sketches called *Med Kul og Axdt*. As is well said by Professor Kittredge, of Harvard, in an article written for *Johnson's Cyclopædia*, at the beginning of his career he was intensely radical; but his sentiments have undergone some modifications. He has travelled much, and made himself intimately acquainted with the life of many conditions of men. The restlessness of the latter part of the nineteenth century is in him combined with a remarkable poetic genius, which, though manifesting itself in very different degrees in his various works, has already given them the position of classics." In 1875 appeared his *Dæmpede Melodier*, illustrated by the poet himself. Then followed *Sange ved Havet* (1877); *Prinsessen og det Halve Kongerige* (*The Princess and the Half of the Kingdom*) (1878); *Ranker og Roser* (1879); *Ungdom i Digt og Sang* (1879); *Østen for Sol og Vesten for*

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Maane (*To the East for the Sun and to the West for the Moon*) (1880); and *Peder Nordenskiöld*, a biography in verse. In the domain of romance and fiction his works include: *Derovre fra Grændsen* (*On the Other Side of the Frontier*) (1871); *En Overkomplet* (1876); *Ungt Blod* (1876); *Tannhäuser* (1877); *Paa Sæmands Tro og Love* (1878); *Paule et Virginie* (1879); *Under Nordlige Bredde* (1879). In the latter year he issued also a translation of Byron's *Don Juan*. His later works include: *Vandenes Datter* (1881); *Strandby Folk* (1883); *Danmark Leve* (1885); *Der Var en Gang* (1886); *Alkibiades* (1887); *To Dramatiske Digte* (1888); *Trolldtoj* (1889); *Tusind og En Nat* (1889); *Forskrevet* (1890); *Tarvis* (1893).

A very fair estimate of Drachmann's genius is found in Horn's *Scandinavian Literature*, from which we take the following extract:—"His earliest poems, in which he appeared as a champion of radicalism in literature, made a great sensation, and the friends of this tendency greeted the new phenomenon with an enthusiasm hardly warranted by the intrinsic value of the poems. They were followed by other works in prose and in verse, published in rapid succession and in great numbers, all of which give pictures from life. His productions are deeply impressed with the stamp of reality, while they are at the same time highly colored by the author's keen eye for observing every element of poetry. Such is especially the case when he describes the sea, which he is particularly fond of doing. No other Danish poet has ever equalled Drachmann in painting the ever-changing aspects of the sea. He may be

said to have conquered this domain of poetry. His original profession is painting, and his specialty is marine views, and this has unquestionably been of great service to him in his poetry. And never before—when we except Blicher—has Danish popular life been painted with so great poetic effect as in those made by Drachmann from the life of the Danish fishermen and sailors. His talent produces the most splendid results in his lyric poems, in which he frequently reaches a high degree of perfection in his command of language, and in his shorter stories."

Comparing his *Paul and Virginia* with the well-known earlier work of Bernardin de St. Pierre, *The Critic* says: "Intensely interesting is this story of Nanna and Tønnes, and the old smith, and the half-viking of an old sea captain, and it is well translated. The story loses nothing by comparison with the real *Paul and Virginia*; it rather shows most interestingly what two different men of genius can do, working at the same theme."

The issue of *Scandinavia* for September, 1885, reviewing *Danmark Leve* (*Denmark Shall Live*), thus expresses its opinion of Drachmann's writings: "Mr. Drachmann's talent—for, in spite of the last five or six volumes he has issued, he has a talent—must be kept away from anything which looks like debate, in order to be really effective. When sorrow weeps and joy laughs, perhaps not knowing why—when the case in hand is the simple, instantaneous, involuntary movement of the heart—Hölger Drachmann is the man to put it in song, and in doing so he will certainly not miss his re-

ward, for even in the dullest Dane there is a ready echo to a good song. But when life becomes a turbulent stream, where blunted egotism, crooked ambition, foolish delusions, anger and envy form eddies and whirlpools, while no radiant goal appears to force the confusion into order, and no achievements give any measure of the actual power at work, Mr. Drachmann's muse is blind, irritated, confused, and obscure."

TÖNNES AND NANNA.

How quiet it was here! At first their feet cracked the small twigs on the dry sandy soil in the outskirts; by-and-by, as they got deeper into the forest, their feet found moss and soft grass to tread upon. Then they took each other's hands, and walked more slowly. What course should they take? They followed a narrow path leading to a small swamp surrounded by birches. Nanna was the first to release the hand-clasp. She was warm, she said. The path ran close by the swamp. There was no water in it, but beautiful fresh-green grass in small tufts; the birches stood scattered around, now and then waving their pendent leaves as if the trees were suddenly stirred by some remembrance. The two threw themselves down near the road, and looked for awhile upon the scene. There was a fragrance of birch and of forester's hay. They inhaled the odor as they stretched themselves on the ground. They heard one of the forester's cows browsing around some distance out in the swamp; but they could not see her on account of the alders and birches. They felt the sun shining so blessedly warm straight down on them through the trees; but they were content where they lay and had no mind to move. They heard the little birds warbling far away in the forest, as though calling and answering each other; and when the birds paused, they heard the flies humming and buzzing at a point a little distance from them on the road, where a number of scarabees had gathered. They moved away a little,

as though by a silent understanding. But when they lay down again, the conversation would not move on.

"Listen!" said she; "sing something!"

Tönnnes looked up, frightened.

"I cannot sing."

"Nonsense. Everyone can sing. Sing something, —but no smith's songs."

She laughed, and looked roguishly at him. Tönnnes grew a little embarrassed; but she was not to be denied. He looked around, half rising and leaning on his hands; and when he had satisfied himself that no being besides the cow, which was now seen out in the swamp, could hear him, and possibly criticise him, he sang, only half aloud:

"Father is out at sea,
Grandsire chops in the shed;
Lullaby, baby, my boy,
Here in thy cradle-bed.

"Rest thee now on thy pillow,
Rest, till thy sleep is done;
Mother sits at her spinning-wheel,
But all the others are gone.

"Father will bring thee pebbles,
Yellow, and blue, and gray;
Grandsire will make a horse for thee,
Then thou must mount and away.

"Mother can bring thee nothing;
She stays at home with thee;
She can only sing for her sailor-boy
A song of the restless sea."

"But that is a cradle-song!" said Nanna.

Tönnnes grew red.

"I did not know any other."

"No, it is not good for anything," said the girl. "It is for very small children—or dolls."

"Now you must sing!"

"Well, let me see." She hesitated for a moment;

then she sat up with feet bent under her like a Turk,
and smoothed her dress over her knees.

She sang :

"There were eleven gallant suitors
Rode out to woo a maiden fair ;
In the early morn they had made them ready,
And trimmed their beards and dressed their hair.
Away ! away ! now forth they ride
To win the maiden for their bride ;
But the maiden laughed when the throng she spied :
'Yes, all can saddle, but few can ride.'

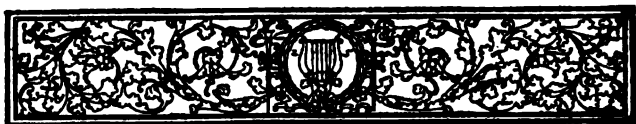
"There were eleven gallant suitors
Who spoke to her of their bosom's pain ;
And all together they claimed her favor,
And turned, and bowed, and turned them again.
'But only one at a time may speak,
And only singly my favor seek.'
Then the suitors suddenly silent grew :
It is not so easy a maiden to woo.

"There were eleven gallant suitors
Who stood in confusion and could not speak ;
Till the youngest of all stepped up to the maiden ;
'Yes, you are the one whom I came to seek.'
Then he drew his knife from the sheath at his waist,
And against her bosom its point he placed ;
But the maiden laughed, for that token she knew :
'Yes, I'll take him for my lover true.'"

"It was a strange song," said Tönnes, scratching his head.

She laughed.

"It is one of the songs that father sings."—*From Paul and Virginia ; Translated by TH. A. SCHOVELIN and FRANCIS BROWNE.*



DRAKE, JOSEPH RODMAN, an American poet, born at New York, August 7, 1795; died there, September 21, 1820. His parents died early, and he was left as a boy to shift for himself. He studied medicine at Columbia College, New York; but in his twenty-first year he married Sarah Eckford, the daughter of a wealthy ship-builder, which obviated the necessity of practising his profession. He early formed an intimate personal and literary friendship with Fitz-Greene Halleck and James Fenimore Cooper. In 1818 he travelled in Europe; and upon his return in the following year he began, in conjunction with Halleck, the writing of the poetical "Croaker" papers, which appeared in the newspapers. He died of consumption at the age of twenty-five. His longest poem, *The Culprit Fay*, was written—it is said in three days—before he had reached the age of twenty-one; and his stirring lines on *The American Flag*, written in 1819, was one of the "Croaker" papers.

THE GATHERING OF THE FAIRIES.

'Tis the middle watch of a summer's night;
The earth is dark, but the heavens are bright;
Naught is seen in the vault on high
But the moon, and the stars, and the cloudless sky,
And the flood which rolls its milky hue—
A river of light on the welkin blue.
The moon looks down on old Cro'nest;
She meliows the shades on his craggy breast;

And seems his huge gray form to throw,
In a silver cone on the waves below.
His sides are broken by spots of shade,
By the walnut-bough and the cedar made,
And through their clustering branches dark
Glimmers and dies the fire-fly's spark,
Like starry twinkles that momentarily break
Through the rifts of the gathering tempests rack.

The stars are on the moving stream,
And fling, as its ripples gently flow,
A burnished length of wavy beam
In an eel-like, spiral line below ;
The winds are whist, and the owl is still,
The bat in the shelvy rock is hid,
And nought is heard on the lonely hill
But the cricket's chirp, and the answer shrill
Of the gauze-winged katydid,
And the plaint of the wailing whippoorwill,
Who mourns unseen, and ceaseless sings
Ever a note of wail and woe,
Till the morning spreads her rosy wings,
And earth and sky in her glances glow.

'Tis the hour of fairy ban and spell :—
The wood-tick has kept the minutes well ;
He has counted them all with click and stroke,
Deep in the heart of the mountain oak ;
And he has awakened the sentry Elve
Who sleeps with him in the haunted tree,
To bid him ring the hour of twelve,
And call the Fays to their revelry :—
Twelve small strokes on his tinkling bell—
'Twas made of the white snail's pearly shell—
"Midnight comes, and all is well !
Hither, hither wing your way !
'Tis the dawn of the fairy day !"

They come from beds of lichen green,
They creep from the mullein's velvet screen ;
Some on the backs of beetles fly
From the silver tops of moon-touched trees.

Where they swung in their cobweb hammocks high
 And rocked about in the evening breeze ;
 Some from the hum-birds downy nest—
 They had driven him out by elfin power—
 And pillowed on plumes of his rainbow breast,
 Had slumbered there till the charmed hour ;
 Some had lain in the scoop of the rock,
 With glittering ising-stars inlaid ;
 And some had opened the four-o'clock,
 And stole within its purple shade.
 And now they throng the moonlight glade,
 Above—below—on every side,
 Their little minim forms arrayed
 In the tricky pomp of fairy pride.

They come not now to print the lea
 In freak and dance around the tree,
 Or at the mushroom board to sup,
 And drink the dew from the buttercup :—
 A scene of sorrow waits them now,
 For an Ouphe has broken his vestal vow ;
 He has loved an earthly maid,
 And left for her his woodland shade ;
 He has lain upon her lip of dew,
 And sunned him in her eyes of blue,
 Fanned her cheek with his wing of air,
 Played in the ringlets of her hair,
 And nestling on her snowy breast,
 Forgot the Lily-King's behest.—
 For this the shadowy tribes of air
 To the Elfin Court must haste away !—
 And now they stand expectant there,
 To hear the doom of the Culprit Fay.

The throne was reared upon the grass,
 Of spice-wood and of sassafras ;
 On pillars of mottled tortoise-shell
 Hung the burnished canopy,
 And o'er it gorgeous curtains fell
 Of the tulip's crimson drapery.
 The Monarch sat on his judgment-seat,
 On his brow the crown imperial shone,

The prisoner Fay was at his feet,
 And his Peers were ranged around the throne.
 — *The Culprit Fay.*

ODE TO FORTUNE.

Fair lady with the bandaged eye !
 I'll pardon all thy scurvy tricks ;
 So thou wilt *cut* me and deny
 Alike thy kisses and thy kicks.
 I'm quite contented as I am ;
 Have cash to keep my duns at bay,
 Can choose between beefsteaks and ham,
 And drink Madeira every day.

My station is the middle rank ;
 My fortune just a competence—
 Ten thousand in the Franklin Bank,
 And twenty in the six-per-cents.
 No amorous chains my heart enthrall ;
 I neither borrow, lend, nor sell ;
 Fearless I roam the City Hall,
 And bite my thumbs at Sheriff Bell.

The horse that twice a year I ride,
 At Mother Dawson's eats his fill ;
 My books at Goodrich's abide,
 My country-seat is Weehawk Hill ;
 My morning lounge is Eastburn's shop,
 At Poppleton's I take my lunch ;
 Niblo prepares my mutton-chop,
 And Jennings makes my whiskey-punch.

When merry, I the hours amuse
 By squibbing Bucktails, Bucks and Balls ;
 And when I'm troubled with the blues,
 Damn Clinton and abuse canals.—
 Then, Fortune, since I ask no prize,
 At least preserve me from thy frown ;
 The man who don't attempt to rise
 'Twere cruelty to tumble down.
 — *The Croakers.*

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the Stars of glory there.
She mingled with it gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies.
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her Eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic Monarch of the cloud,
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,
And see the lightning-lances driven,
When stride the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven;—
Child of the Sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur-smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high!
When speaks the signal-trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on—
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet—
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn;
And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,

And gory sabres rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall—
There shall thy meteor-glances glow,
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas ! on ocean wave
Thy Stars shall glitter o'er the brave :
When Death careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home !
By angel hands to valor given !
Thy Stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard-sheet !
Where breathes the foe that falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us !





DRAKE, SAMUEL ADAMS, a son of S. G. Drake, born in Massachusetts, in 1833, is the author of various interesting works, among them *Old Landmarks and Historic Fields of Middlesex* (1874); *Bunker Hill* (1875), the story told in letters by British officers engaged in the battle; *Old Landmarks and Historic Personages of Boston* (1876); *Captain Nelson: a Romance of Colonial Days* (1879); *Around the Hub*, a book for boys, and *The Heart of the White Mountains* (1881); *New England Legends and Folk Lore* (1883); *Indian History for Young Folks* (1884); and *The Making of New England* (1886); *Decisive Events in American History* (1889); *Our Colonial Homes* (1893).

Of his earlier works, *The Nation*, speaking of the *Old Landmarks*, says: "This is a valuable book. Boston is one of the few cities in America which are worth studying minutely." And of the *Nooks and Corners* the same authority remarks that it is "crowded with description, narrative, and sentiment, and adorned with some three hundred wood engravings, of which not one is trivial or superfluous." Of the former of these two, Duyckinck says, in his *American Literature*, that "it has been characterized as one of the most entertaining books of the class to which it belongs, and has had a large sale."

A MOUNTAIN STREAM.

There is a fine cataract on the Ellis, known as Goodrich Falls. This is a mile and a half out of the village,

where the Conway road passes the Ellis by a bridge ; and being directly upon the high-road, is one of the best known. The river here suddenly pours its whole volume over a precipice eighty feet high, making the earth tremble with the shock. I made my way down the steep bank to the bed of the river below the fall, from which I saw, first, the curling wave—large, regular, and glassy—of the dam, then three wild and foaming pitches of broken water, with detached cascades, gushing out from the rocks at the right—all falling heavily into the eddying pool below. Where the water was not white, or filiped into fine spray, it was the color of pale sherry, and opaque, gradually changing to amber gold as the light penetrated it and the descending sheet of the fall grew thinner. The full tide of the river showed the fall to the best possible advantage. But Spring is the season of cascades—the only season when one is sure of seeing them at all. One gets strongly attached to such a stream as the Ellis. If it has been his only comrade for weeks, as it has been mine, the liking grows stronger every day—the sense of companionship is full and complete : the river is so voluble, so vivacious, so full of noisy chatter. If you are dull, it rouses and lifts you out of yourself ; if gay, it is as gay as you. Besides, there is the paradox that, notwithstanding you may be going in different directions, it never leaves you for a single moment. One talks as it runs. One listens as he walks. A secret, an indefinable sympathy springs up. You are no longer alone.

Among other stories that the river told me was the following : Once, while on their way to Canada through these mountains, a war-party of Indians, fresh from a successful foray on the sea-coast, halted with their prisoners on the banks of a stream whose waters stopped their way. For weeks these miserable captives had toiled through trackless forests, through swollen and angry torrents, sometimes climbing mountains on their hands and knees—they were so steep—and at night stretching their aching limbs on the cold ground, with no other roof than the heavens. The captives were a mother, with her new-born babe, scarcely fourteen days old, her boy of six, her two daughters of fourteen and

sixteen years, and her maid. Two of her little flock were missing. One little prattler was playing at her knee, and another in the orchard, when thirteen red devils burst in the door of their happy home. Two cruel strokes of the axe stretched them lifeless in their blood before her frenzied eyes. One was killed to intimidate, the other was dispatched because he was afraid, and cried out to his mother. There was no time for tears—none even for a parting kiss. Think of that, mothers of the nineteenth century! The tragedy finished, the hapless survivors were hurried from the house into the woods. There was no resistance. The blow fell like a stroke of lightning from a clear sky.

This mother, whose eyes never left the embroidered belt of the chief where the scalps of her murdered babes hung; this mother, who had tasted the agony of death from hour to hour, and whose incomparable courage not only supported her own weak frame, but had so far miraculously preserved the lives of her little ones, now stood shivering on the shores of the swollen torrent with her babe in her arms, and holding her little boy by the hand. In rags, bleeding, and almost famished, her misery should have melted a heart of stone. But she well knew the mercy of her masters. When fainting, they had goaded her on with blows, or, making a gesture as if to snatch her little one from her arms, significantly grasped their tomahawks. Hope was gone; but the mother's instinct was not yet extinguished in that heroic breast. But at that moment of sorrow and despair, what was her amazement to hear the Indians accost her daughter Sarah, and command her to sing them a song. What mysterious chord had the wild flowing river touched in those savage breasts? The girl prepared to obey, and the Indians to listen. In the heart of these vast solitudes, which never before echoed to a human voice, the heroic English maiden chanted to the plaintive refrain of the river the sublime words of the Psalmist:

"By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion.

We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof.

For there, they that carried us away captive required of us a song; and they that wasted us required of us mirth."

As she sung, the poor girl's voice trembled and her eyes filled, but she never once looked toward her mother. When the last notes of the singer's voice died away, the bloodiest devil, he who had murdered the children, took the babe gently from the mother without a word, another lifted her burden to his own shoulder; another, the little boy; when the whole company entered the river. Gentlemen, metaphysicians, explain that scene, if you please; it is no romance.—*The Heart of the White Mountains.*

DRAKE, SAMUEL GARDNER, an American antiquary and genealogist, born at Pittsfield, N. H., October 11, 1798; died in Boston, Mass., June 14, 1875. He was educated in the common schools of Pittsfield, and was for some years a teacher. Becoming interested in antiquarian research, he removed to Boston and established the first antiquarian book store in the United States and republished Captain Church's *Entertaining History of King Philip's War*. In 1832 he published *Indian Biography*, and in 1833 the *Book of the Indians; or History and Biography of the Indians of North America*, an important work. Among his other works are *Old Indian Chronicles* (1836), *Indian Captivities* (1839), *Tragedies of the Wilderness* (1841), *Memoir of Sir Walter Raleigh* (1862), a new series of *Old Indian Chronicles* (1867), *Annals of Witchcraft in the United States* (1869), and a *History of the Five Years' French and Indian War* (1870). Mr. Drake was one of the founders of the New England Historical and Genealogical Society, and for many years editor of its *Register*.

His biographer, John H. Sheppard, writing in 1863, described Samuel G. Drake as an antiquarian among his books and manuscripts in the following words: "You behold a solitary man, arrayed in black, small in stature, but well proportioned, of an elastic step, quick in motion, his hair touched by the cold finger of time, his face kindly, but featured by deep thought—sitting by a desk near a window, pen in hand—in winter an open stove of live coals at his right, and before, behind, and around him lie books in piles, books on shelves—*MSS.*—ancient documents and pamphlets from floor to ceiling all arranged in rows or neatly labelled in cases; and there he sits in his cushioned arm-chair—philosopher like—ready to lay down pen and receive the caller, one or a dozen, and with a smile of kindness and a voice which does one good, answer his questions about the past, or sell him a long sought gem of antiquity, or tell him *ubi terrarum*, he can fish for it in the vast bibliothecal sea of authors. And thus this great collector of the waifs and shipwrecks of ages, this unwearied preserver of aboriginal facts spends the years of his life, picking up the odds and ends of time, never wasting one moment, seeking neither popularity nor applause, and never allured from his task by public show, spectacle, or novelty."

The same writer speaks of him as "one of the first, if not the first antiquary in this country—a man who, with only a common school education, by his talents and untiring industry, and commencing his labors without the patronage of

the rich, or the smile of encouragement from the great, has done more than almost any other writer to perpetuate facts on which the early history and genealogy of New England depend."

DRAKE, FRANCIS SAMUEL, a son of Samuel G. Drake, born in 1828; died in 1885, was the author of a *Dictionary of American Biography* (1872).

THE FRONTIERS IN WAR.

Always when war existed between England and France nothing was expected by the North American colonists but that their frontiers were to be a scene of blood, and those who contemplate the circumstances of the settlers at this distance of time, will, without much reflection, wonder that people could be found who would thrust themselves several miles into the wilderness, and take up an abode, knowing the perils to which a war exposed them. To understand this state of things we have only to reflect that almost the whole population were poor, and, as families increased, the young men must provide for themselves and their families. Their means would not allow them to purchase land already taken up, and thus settle down with those previously located, and of course in more security. Hence, young men from old families, and others from abroad, in times of peace located themselves often far in advance of earlier settlers. In such situations these found themselves on the breaking out of war. . . . It must be borne in mind that in those days this people was nearly cut off from a knowledge of the politics of their time; that their means of knowing what was passing in European courts, and even but a few miles distant, and in their own country, were not only extremely scanty, but such as they did receive was very dubious and uncertain; and hence they often knew nothing of war until a deadly blow was struck in their very midst. . . . The war which began in 1744 took the frontiers by surprise, although such an

event had not only been feared by the officers of the colonial governments, but was anticipated, yet with a faint hope it might be averted by the negotiations then going on between the agents of George II. and those of Louis XV., the occupants of the respective thrones of England and France. The French monarch was encouraged by that of Spain, Philip V., who had been feebly fighting England for about five years. The Spanish war did not, however, immediately affect New England, and General Oglethorpe was successfully opposing the aggressions of Spain at the south. Thus stood the political atmosphere, when suddenly proceeded from Versailles the formal declaration of war by France against England. This was done on March 15, 1744, and on the 29th of the same month England accepted the challenge, declaring war against France in return.

It was about two months before the news of the declaration of war reached New England, while the French and Indians of Canada had the intelligence nearly a month earlier, and immediately commenced the work of destruction. Governor Shirley was alive to the condition of things, and at once raised five hundred men to be stationed at points where attacks were expected; three hundred of them were for the service on the eastern border, and the other two hundred for the upper valley of the Connecticut River. There had arrived in Boston harbor, some time before the news of the declaration of war, most opportunely it is certain, twenty cannon of forty-two pound calibre and two thirteen-inch mortars, which had been forwarded by the home government for Castle William. All necessary equipments came with them, as mortar-beds, carriages, shells, shot, etc. The ships in which they came arrived on the last day of the year 1743, and the war materials were landed on Long Wharf, and thence in sloops taken to the castle, the last on January 21, 1744. Soon after the news that war had been declared was received, the General Court of Massachusetts ordered a line of forts to be constructed, to extend from the Connecticut River to the boundary of New York, and ninety-six barrels of powder were sent to supply the

inhabitants. This was not a gift, but was dealt out to them at cost.

Few of the people of New England knew anything about the frontier of Canada, while every point of the border of New England was well known to the Indians. Many of these had constantly traded with the English at their houses, and consequently knew minutely their situation, and hence became sure guides to the French in their expeditions. Indeed, some of the Indians had lived in the immediate vicinity of many of the towns, and the people had become so accustomed to them that they looked upon them as friends, and flattered themselves with the hope that in the event of another war they would be friends, and side with them rather than with their enemies. But no sooner was it known to them that war had been resolved upon, than all these Indians withdrew to Canada, and at all times acted as guides to the French soldiers. . . . It is easy to discern how deplorable was the condition of the scattered settlers thus circumstanced. It was likewise easy to discern that so long as the French were masters of Canada, a liability of war between France and England would always exist. To live in a continual state of suspense in times of peace, and fear of the tomahawk and scalping-knife in times of war, could only be endured in the hope that the time would come when they could triumph over their enemies. This could only be expected by the reduction of Canada.

The conquest of Canada had long been contemplated, and several times attempted, but hitherto those attempts had all proved abortive; another war had commenced, and with prospects not at all improved. Nothing remained for New England but to make the best defence it could, and this under the certain prospect of a bloody conflict.—*History of the French and Indian War.*



DRAPER, HENRY, son of John William, born in Prince Edward County, Va., March 7, 1837; died in New York, November 20, 1882. He was educated in the public schools and the University of New York, from the medical department of which he graduated in 1858. His mother was a Portuguese lady of good family. He built and equipped an astronomical observatory at Hastings-on-the-Hudson. Having served for a year on the medical staff of Bellevue Hospital, he became Professor of Physiology in the University of the City of New York, and in 1866 in the medical department of that institution. While young he turned his attention to microscopical photography. He was the first to obtain a photograph of the lines in the spectra of fixed stars. In 1874 he was superintendent of the commission created to observe the transit of Venus. In 1878 he went again to the Rocky Mountains, to photograph an eclipse of the sun. He published, in a paper entitled *Discovery of Oxygen in the Sun, A New Theory of the Solar Spectrum and Delusions in Medicine*.

OXYGEN IN THE SUN.

If it be conceded that there are bright lines in the spectrum of the solar disk, which seems to be the opinion of several physicists, and especially Lockyer, Cornu, and Hennessy, the question of their origin naturally attracts attention. It seems that there is a great

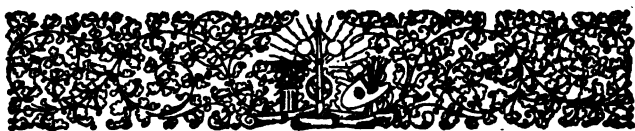
probability, from general chemical reasons, that a number of the non-metals may exist in the Sun. The obvious continuation of this research is in that direction. But the subject is surrounded by exceedingly great obstacles, arising principally from the difficulty of matching the conditions as to temperature, pressure, etc., found in the Sun. Any one who has studied nitrogen, sulphur, or carbon, and has observed the manner in which the spectrum changes by variations of heat and pressure, will realize that it is well-nigh impossible to hit upon the exact conditions under which such bodies exist at the level of the photosphere. The fact that oxygen, within a certain range of variation, suffers less change than others of the non-metals has been the secret of its detection in the Sun. It appears to have a great stability of constitution, though Schuster has shown that its spectrum may be made to vary. . . . On the whole, it does not seem improper for me to take the ground that, having shown by photographs that the bright lines of the oxygen-spark spectrum all fall opposite bright portions of the solar spectrum, I have established the probability of the existence of oxygen in the Sun. Causes that can modify in some measure the character of the bright bands of the solar spectrum obviously exist in the Sun, and these, it may be inferred, exert influence enough to account for such minor differences as may be detected.—*The Solar Spectrum*.

TALISMANS, AMULETS, AND CHARMS.

Talismans were natural objects, generally imagined to be marked like the signs of the planets or zodiac, but sometimes they were precious stones. They are confounded to a certain extent with amulets, which Arabic word signifies anything suspended. Charms, on the other hand, from the Latin *carmen*, a song, refer to written spells, collections of words often without sense, like the famous "Abracadabra." In the time of the Crusades, as so interestingly narrated by Scott in the *Talisman*, faith in the virtue of precious stones was universal, and to each was attributed special properties. The heliotrope, or blood-stone, now worn in seal rings

so much, "stancheth blood, driveth away poisons, preserveth health; yea, and some write that it provoketh raine and darkeneth the sunne, suffering not him that beareth it to be abused. A topaze healeth the lunaticke person of his passion of lunacie. The garnet assisteth sorrow, and recreates the heart; the crysolite is the friend of wisdom and enemy of folly. The great quack, Dr. Dee, had a lump of cannel-coal that could predict." In the fancied resemblances found among talismans none are more extraordinary than those associated with color. Because Avicenna had said that red corpuscles moved the blood, red colors must be employed in diseases of that fluid; and even in 1765 the Emperor Francis I. was wrapped up in scarlet cloth to cure the small-pox, and so died. Flannel dyed nine times in blue was good for scrofula. Among amulets that of Pope Adrian was curious: it consisted of dried toad, arsenic, tormentil, pearl, coral, hyacinth, smaragd, and tragacanth, and was hung around the neck, and never removed. The arsenic amulets worn during the plague in London were active on the principle that one poison would prevent the entry of another. Ashmole's cure for ague was to take, early in the morning, a good dose of elixir, and hang three spiders round his neck, "which drove it away, God be thanked." . . . Necklaces and bracelets were originally not articles of ornament, but real amulets; those found of Egyptian mummies are carved with characters relating to the future of the body, the scarabæus, or tumble-bug, typifying symbolically by his performances the resurrection.—*Delusions in Medicine.*





DRAPER, JOHN WILLIAM, an American scientist, born at St. Helens, near Liverpool, England, May 5, 1811; died at Hastings-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., January 4, 1882. He received his early education in a Wesleyan school, studied natural science and the higher mathematics under private teachers, and then went to the University of London to study chemistry and medicine. In 1833 he came to the United States—most of his family having preceded him—and entered the University of Pennsylvania, where he graduated in 1836. He was soon appointed to the chair of Chemistry and Physiology in Hampden Sidney College, Va., in 1839, to that of Chemistry and Natural History in the University of the City of New York, and in 1841 became Professor of Chemistry in the University Medical College. He was afterward President of the scientific and medical department of the University. He was a contributor to the London and Edinburgh *Philosophical Journals*, and to the *American Journal of Science and Arts*. Among his works are a *Treatise on the Forces which Produce the Organization of Plants* (1844), a *Text-Book on Chemistry* (1846); *Human Physiology, Statistical and Dynamic* (1856), *History of the Intellectual Development of Europe* (1862); *Thoughts on the Future Civil Policy of America* (1865); *History of the American Civil War* (1867–70); *History of the*

Conflict between Religion and Science (1874); *Scientific Memoirs* (1876).

THE DECLINE OF THE GREEK MYTHOLOGY.

Whenever man reaches a certain point in his mental progress he will not be satisfied with less than an application of existing rules to ancient events. Experience has taught him that the course of the world to-day is the same as it was yesterday; he unhesitatingly believes that this will also hold good for to-morrow. He will not bear to contemplate any break in the mechanism of history; he will not be satisfied with a mere uninquiring faith, but insists upon having the same voucher for an old fact that he requires for one that is new. Before the face of History Mythology cannot stand. The operation of this principle is seen in all directions throughout Greek literature after 670 B.C., and this the more strikingly as the time is later. The national intellect became more and more ashamed of the fables it had believed in its infancy. Of the legends, some are allegorized, some are modified, some are repudiated. The great tragedians accept the myths in the aggregate, but decline them in particulars; some of the poets transform or allegorize them; some use them ornamentally, as graceful decorations. It is evident that between the educated and the vulgar classes a divergence is taking place, and that the best men of the times see the necessity of either totally abandoning these cherished fictions to the lower orders, or of gradually replacing them with something more suitable. Such a frittering away of sacred things was, however, very far from meeting with public approbation in Athens itself, although so many people in that city had reached that state of mental development in which it was impossible for them to continue to accept the national faith. They tried to force themselves to believe that there must be something true in that which had been believed by so many great and pious men of old, which had approved itself by lasting so many centuries, and of which it was by the common people asserted that absolute demonstration could be given. But it was in

vain ; intellect had outgrown faith. They had come into that condition to which all men are liable—aware of the fallacy of their opinions, yet angry that another should remind them thereof. When the social state no longer permitted them to take the life of a philosophical offender, they found means to put upon him such an invisible pressure as to present him the choice of orthodoxy or beggary. Thus they disapproved of Euripides permitting his characters to indulge in any skeptical reflections, and discountenanced the impiety so obvious in the *Prometheus Bound* of Æschylus. It was by appealing to this sentiment that Aristophanes added no little to the excitement against Socrates. Those who are doubting themselves are often loudest in public denunciations of a similar state in others.

If thus the poets, submitting to common sense, had so rapidly fallen away from the national belief, the philosophers pursued the same course. It soon became the universal impression that there was an intrinsic opposition between philosophy and religion, and herein public opinion was not mistaken ; the fact that polytheism furnished a religious explanation for every natural event made it essentially antagonistic to science. It was the uncontrollable advancement of knowledge that overthrew the Greek religion. Socrates himself never hesitated to denounce physics for that tendency, and the Athenians extended his principles to his own pursuits ; their strong common sense telling them that the philosophical cultivation of ethics must be equally bad. He was not loyal to science, but sought to support his own views by exciting a theological odium against his competitors—a crime that educated men ought never to forgive. In the tragedy that ensued the Athenians only paid him in his own coin. The immoralities imputed to the gods were doubtless strongly calculated to draw the attention of reflecting men ; but the essential nature of the pursuit in which the Ionian and Italian schools were engaged bore directly on the doctrine of a providential government of the world. It not only turned into a fiction the time-honored dogma of the omnipresence of the Olympian divinities—it even struck at their very existence, by leaving them nothing to do. For those

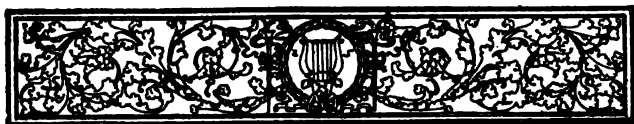
personifications it introduced impersonal Nature or the Elements. Instead of uniting scientific interpretations to ancient traditions, it modified and moulded the old traditions to suit the apparent requirements of science. We shall subsequently see what was the necessary issue of this, that the Divinity became excluded from the world he had made ; the supernatural merged in natural agency ; Zeus was superseded by the air, Poseidon by the water ; and, while some of the philosophers received in silence the philosophical legends, as was the case with Socrates, or, like Plato, regarded it as a patriotic duty to accept the public faith, others, like Xenophanes, denounced the whole as an ancient blunder, converted by time into a national imposture. . . .

As it was with philosophers, so it was with historians ; the rise of true history brought the same result as the rise of true philosophy. In this instance there was added a special circumstance which gave to the movement no little force. Whatever might be the feigned facts of the Grecian foretime, they were altogether outdone in antiquity and wonder by the actual history of Egypt. What was a pious man like Herodotus to think when he found that, at the very period he had supposed a superhuman state of things in his native country, the ordinary passage of affairs was taking place on the banks of the Nile ? And so indeed it had been for untold ages. To every one engaged in recording recent events, it must have been obvious that a chronology applied where the actors are superhuman is altogether without basis, and that it is a delusion to transfer the motives and thoughts of men to those who are not men. Under such circumstances there is a strong inducement to decline traditions altogether ; for no philosophical mind will ever be satisfied with different tests for the present and the past, but will insist that actions and their sequences were the same in the foretime as now.

Thus for many ages stood affairs. One after another, historians, philosophers, critics, poets, had given up the national faith, and lived under a pressure perpetually laid upon them by the public ; adopting generally, as their most convenient course, an outward compliance

with the religious requirements of the state. Herodotus cannot reconcile the inconsistencies of the Trojan War with his knowledge of human actions ; Thucydides does not dare to express his disbelief of it ; Eratosthenes sees contradictions between the voyage of Odysseus and the truths of geography ; Anaxagoras is condemned to death for impiety, and only through the exertions of the chief of state is his sentence mercifully commuted to banishment. Plato, seeing things from a very general point of view, thinks it expedient, upon the whole, to prohibit the cultivation of the higher branches of physics. Euripides tries to free himself from the imputation of heresy as best he may. Æschylus is condemned to be stoned to death for blasphemy, and is only saved by his brother Aminias raising his mutilated arm—he had lost his hand in the battle of Salamis. Socrates stands his trial, and has to drink hemlock. Even great statesmen like Pericles had become entangled in these obnoxious opinions. No one has anything to say in explanation of the marvelous disappearance of demigods and heroes ; why miracles are ended, or why human actions alone are now to be seen in the world. An ignorant public demands the instant punishment of every suspected man. In their estimation, to distrust the traditions of the past is to be guilty of treason to the present.—*Intellectual Development of Europe.*





DRAYTON, MICHAEL, an English poet, born at Hartshill, near Atherston, in Warwickshire, in 1563; died in London, December 23, 1631. Of his personal history little is recorded, except that he is said to have had a University training (according to some at Cambridge, according to others at Oxford); that he found powerful patrons, and that he was made Poet Laureate in 1626. His poetical works, as printed collectively in 1752, make four volumes. The longest of these, *The Poly-Olbion*, containing some 30,000 lines, consists of thirty "songs," the first eighteen of them being first published in 1613, the remainder in 1632. It is, as he says, "A chorographical description of all the tracts, rivers, mountains, forests, and other parts of this renowned Isle of Great Britain; with intermixture of the most remarkable stories, antiquities, wonders, etc., of the same." Among his best pieces besides *Poly-Olbion*, are *Mortimeriados* (1596), which deals with the Wars of the Roses; *England's Heroical Epistles* (1597); *Poems Lyrical and Pastoral* (1605); *The Battle of Agincourt* and *The Miseries of Queen Margaret* (1627); and *Nymphidia* (1627). Over his grave, in Westminster Abbey, the Countess of Dorset erected a monument with memorial lines by Ben Jonson.

ROBIN HOOD IN SHERWOOD FOREST.

The merry pranks he played, would ask an age to tell,
And the adventures strange that Robin Hood befell,

When Mansfield many a time for Robin hath been
laid,
How he hath cozened them, that him would have be-
trayed ;
How often he hath come to Nottingham disguised,
And cunningly escaped, being set to be surprised.
In this our spacious isle, I think there is not one,
But he hath heard some talk of him and Little John ;
And to the end of time, the tales shall ne'er be done,
Of Scarlock, George-a-Green, and Much the miller's
son,
Of Tuck the merry friar, which many a sermon made
In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws, and their trade.
An hundred valiant men had this brave Robin Hood,
Still ready at his call, that bowmen were right good,
All clad in Lincoln Green, with caps of red and blue,
His fellow's winded horn not one of them but knew,
When setting to their lips their bugles shrill
The warbling echoes waked from every dale and hill ;
Their baldricks set with studs, athwart their shoulders
cast,
To which under their arms their sheafs were buckled
fast,
A short sword at their belt, a buckler scarce a span—
Who struck below the knee, not counted then a man :
All made of Spanish yew, their bows were wondrous
strong,
They not an arrow drew but was a cloth-yard long.
Of archery they had the very perfect craft,
With broad-arrow, or butt, or prick, or roving shaft,
At marks full forty score, they used to prick and rove,
Yet higher than the breast, for compass never strove ;
Yet at the farthest mark a foot could hardly win :
At long-butts, short, and hoyles, each one could cleave
the pin,
Their arrows finely paired, for timber, and for feather,
With birch and brazil pieced, to fly in any weather ;
And shot they with the round, the square, or forked
pile,
The loose gave such a twang, as might be heard a mile.
And of these archers brave, there was not any one
But he could kill a deer his swiftest speed upon,

Which they did boil and roast, in many a mighty wood,
 Sharp hunger the fine sauce to their more kingly food.
 Then taking them to rest, his merry men and he
 Slept many a summer's night under the greenwood tree.
 From wealthy abbots' chests, and churls' abundant store,
 What oftentimes he took, he shared amongst the poor :
 No lordly bishop came in lusty Robin's way,
 To him before he went, but for his pass must pay :
 The widow in distress he graciously relieved,
 And remedied the wrongs of many a virgin grieved :
 He from the husband's bed no married woman wan,
 But to his mistress dear, his loved Marian,
 Was ever constant known, which whereso'er she came,
 Was sovereign of the woods, chief lady of the game :
 Her clothes tucked to the knee, and dainty braided hair,
 With bow and quiver armed, she wandered here and
 there

Amongst the forests wild ; Diana never knew
 Such pleasures, nor such harts as Mariana slew.

—*Poly-Olbion, Song XXVIII.*

The spirited ballad, *The Battle of Agincourt*, contains fifteen stanzas in all :

THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

I.

Fair stood the wind for France
 When we our sails advance,
 Nor now to prove our chance
 Longer will tarry ;
 But putting to the main,
 At Kause, the mouth of Seine,
 With all his martial train,
 Landed King Harry ;

II.

And taking many a fort,
 Furnished in warlike sort,
 Marched towards Agincourt
 In happy hours ;

Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopped his way,
Where the French general lay
With all his powers.

III.

Which, in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
To the King sending ;
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet, with an angry smile,
Their fall portending.

IV.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then :
"Though they to one be ten,
Be not amazed :
Yet have we well begun ;
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
By fame been raised.

V.

"And for myself," quoth he,
"This my full rest shall be ;
England, ne'er mourn for me,
Nor more esteem me ;
Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth lie slain :
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me."

VIII.

They now to fight are gone ;
Armor on armor shone ;
Drum now to drum did groan ;
To hear was wonder ;
That with the cries they make
The very earth did shake ;

Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder.

IX.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham !
Which did the signal aim
 To our hid forces ;
When from a meadow by,
Like a storm, suddenly,
The English archery
 Struck the French horses.

X.

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like serpents stung,
 Piercing the weather :
None from his fellow starts,
But, playing manly parts,
 Stuck close together.

XI.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilboes drew,
And on the French they flew,
 Not one was tardy :
Arms were from shoulder sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went,
 Our men were hardy.

XV.

Upon Saint Crispin's day.
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay
 To England to carry.—
Oh, when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen ;
Or England breed again
 Such a King Harry ?

A PARTING.

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part :
Nay, I have done ; you get no more of me ;
And I am glad—yea, glad with all my heart—
That thus so clearly I myself can free.
Shake hands forever, cancel all our vows ;
And, when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain.
Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies ;
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And Innocence is closing up his eyes.—
Now, if thou wouldst, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou mightst him yet recover.

THE QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES.

Her chariot ready straight is made ;
Each thing therein is fitting laid,
That she by nothing might be stayed,
For nought must be her letting ;
Four nimble gnats the horses were,
Their harnesses of gossamer,
Fly Cranion, her charioteer,
Upon the coach-box getting.

Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,
Which for the colors did excell ;
The fair Queen Mab becoming well,
So lively was the limning ;
The seat the soft wood of the bee,
The cover (gallantly to see)
The wing of a pied butterflee ;
I trow 'twas simple trimming.

The wheels composed of crickets' bones,
And daintily made for the nonce ;
For fear of rattling on the stones
With thistle-down they shod it ;

For all her maidens much did fear
If Oberon had chanced to hear
That Mab his queen should have been there,
He would not have abode it.

She mounts her chariot with a trice,
Nor would she stay for no advice
Until her maids, that were so nice,
To wait on her were fitted ;
But ran herself away alone ;
Which when they heard, there was not one
But hasted after to be gone,
As she had been diswitted.

Hop and Mop, and Drab so clear,
Pip and Trip, and Skip, that were
To Mab their sovereign so dear,
Her special maids of honor ;
Fib and Tib, and Pink and Pin,
Tick and Quick, and Jill and Jin,
Tit and Nit, and Wap and Win,
The train that wait upon her.

Upon a grasshopper they got,
And, what with amble and with trot,
For hedge nor ditch they spared not,
But after her they hie them :
A cobweb over them they throw,
To shield the wind if it should blow ;
Themselves they wisely could bestow
Lest any should espy them.





DRENNAN, WILLIAM, an Irish poet and political writer, was born at Belfast, May 23, 1754; died there February 5, 1820. He was educated at the University of Glasgow, where he took the degree of M.A. in 1771, and he then proceeded to Edinburgh to study medicine. At Edinburgh he was noted as one of the most distinguished students of his period, not only in medicine, but in philosophy. He became a favorite pupil and intimate friend of Dugald Stewart, and after seven years of study took his M.D. degree in 1778. After practising his profession for two or three years in his native city he moved to Newry, where he settled down, and where he first began to take an interest in politics and literature. In the great political movement in Ireland of 1784 Drennan, like all other Ulstermen who had felt the influence of Dugald Stewart, took a keen interest. His letters to the press, signed *Orellana, the Irish Helot*, attracted universal attention. In 1789 he moved to Dublin, where he soon got into good practice, and became a conspicuous figure in the social life of the Irish capital. Drennan was a member of the jovial club of the "Monks of the Screw," a friend of Lysaght and Curran, and well known for his poetical powers. In politics he continued to take a still deeper interest; he was a member

of the political club founded in 1790 by T. A. Emmett and Peter Burrowes, and in June, 1791, he wrote the original prospectus of the famous society of the United Irishmen. Of this society he was one of the leaders; he was several times its chairman (in 1792 and 1793), and as an eloquent writer he was selected to draw up most of its early addresses and proclamations. He was tried for sedition and acquitted on June 26, 1794, after an eloquent defence by Curran; but after that date he seems to have withdrawn from the more active projects of his friends and from complicity in their plots, and he was not again molested by the authorities. But his beautiful lyrics, published first in the *Press* and in the *Harp of Erin*, show how deeply he sympathized with his old associates, and they were soon famous throughout the length and breadth of Ireland. In 1791 he published his poem, *To the Memory of William Orr*, which was followed in 1795 by *The Wail of the Women After the Battle* and *Glendalough*. These are the most famous of Drennan's lyrics, and on them his fame chiefly rests. He is also claimed as the first Irish poet who ever called Ireland by the name of the Emerald Isle. The troubles of 1798 brought his political career to a close, and on February 3, 1800, he married an English lady of some wealth, and in 1807 left Dublin altogether. He settled in Belfast, but gave up practice and devoted himself solely to literary pursuits. He founded the Belfast Academical Institution and started the *Belfast Magazine*, to which he largely contributed. In 1815 he published his famous

lyrics in a volume as *Fugitive Pieces*, and in 1817 a translation of the *Electra* of Sophocles.

ERIN.

When Erin fresh rose from the dark swelling flood
God blessed the dear Island, and said it was good ;
The Emerald of Europe, it sparkled and shone
In the ring of the world the most precious stone
In her sun, in her soil, in her station, thrice blest
With her back towards Britain, her face to the West,
Erin stands proudly insular, on her steep shore,
And strikes her high harp 'mid the ocean's deep roar.

But when its soft tones seem to mourn and to weep,
The dark chain of silence is thrown o'er the deep ;
At the thoughts of the past, the tears gush from her
eyes,
And the pulse of her heart makes her white bosom rise.
O sons of green Erin ! lament o'er the time
When Religion was war, and our Country a crime ;
When man in God's image inverted his plan,
And moulded his God in the image of man ;

When the interest of State wrought the general woe,
The Stranger a friend and the Native a foe ;
While the mother rejoiced o'er her children oppressed,
And clasped the invader more close to her breast ;
When with pale for the body, and pale for the soul,
Church and State joined in compact to conquer the
whole ;

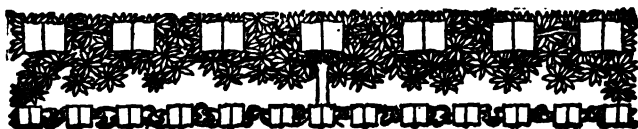
And as Shannon was stained with Milesian blood,
Eyed each other askance, and pronounced it was good.

By the groans that ascend from your forefathers' grave,
For their country thus left to the brute and the slave,
Drive the Demon of Bigotry home to his den,
And where Britain made brutes now let Erin make men.
Let my sons like the leaves of the shamrock unite—
A partition of sects from one footstalk of right ;
Give each his full share of the earth and the sky,
Nor fatten the slave where the serpent would die

Alas for poor Erin ! that some are still seen
Who would dye the grass red from their hatred to green ;
Yet oh ! when you're up and they're down, let them live,
Then yield them that mercy which they would not give.
Arm of Erin, be strong ! but be gentle as brave !
And uplifted to strike, be still ready to save ?
Let no feeling of vengeance presume to defile
The cause of, or men of, The Emerald Isle.

The cause it is good, and the men they are true,
And the green shall outlive both the Orange and Blue !
And the triumph of Erin her daughters shall share,
With the full swelling-chest and the fair-flowing hair.
Their bosom heaves high for the worthy and brave,
But no coward shall rest in that soft-flowing wave.
Men of Erin ! arise and make haste to be blest ;
Rise—Arch of the Ocean, and Queen of the West !





DROZ, ANTOINE GUSTAVE, French novelist, son of the celebrated sculptor, J. A. Droz, was born at Paris, June 9, 1832; died in 1895. He first studied art, but left it for literature. In 1864 he became a journalist, and soon after published in *La Vie Parisienne* a series of sketches which at once gave him a leading place in literature. The sketches were subsequently published in book-form, with the title *Monsieur, Madame et Bébé*, and have reached a 120th edition. He afterward published *Entre Nous* (1867); *Le Cahier bleu de Mademoiselle Cibot* (1868); *Autour d'une Source* (1869); *Un Paquet de Lettres* (1870); *Babolein* (1872); *Les Étangs* (1875); *Une Femme Gênante* (1875); *Tristesses et Sourires* (1884); *L'Enfant* (1885). For *Tristesses et Sourires* he received the Halphen prize from the French Academy. In 1868 he became one of the editors of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. In 1879 he was decorated with the Legion of Honor. M. Droz's later works have fully sustained his early reputation as a brilliant writer.

In commenting upon his death, the London *Athenæum* spoke of him as the famous author of *Monsieur, Madame et Bébé*, and expressed the opinion that "next to his masterpiece *Tristesses et Sourires* is probably the best of his works."

ABBÉ ROCHE.

Day was just dawning as Abbé Roche returned home. He threw himself on his bed, hoping to obtain a little quiet and repose ; but scarcely had he closed his eyes when he was assailed by a tumultuous throng of visions. The Château was in flames. The old church bell rang violently, and all the villagers, suddenly roused from slumber, ran to seize their fire-buckets. He rushed into the midst of the conflagration, and perceived the countess, half dressed, with dishevelled hair, wringing her hands and calling to him for aid. "I forgive you, my friend," she cried ; "save me, save me !"

He leaped over every obstacle, reached her side, and raised her in his arms. She clung to him with all her strength, exclaiming : "You are my preserver, I love you."

At these words he seemed to be endowed with three-fold power, and bore her through the midst of the flames. The ceilings and roofs were falling. People shouted : "Come here, go there." He could not move. He saw her lose all consciousness—and the thought of dying with her in the midst of the tumult excited such keen emotion, that he suddenly awoke. On emerging from the clamor, and finding himself in his silent little chamber, dimly visible in the bluish light of early morning, he clasped his hands, crying : "My God, my God, grant me peace once more !"

Then his head drooped again, his eyes closed, and he saw her once more walking beside him, but it was on the edge of a precipice. They talked in whispers, for they were pursued. Suddenly the young wife drew him toward her, and clasped in each others' arms they sprang into the abyss. It was one of those interminable falls which sometimes occur in dreams, and afford time to die most blissfully. As he took her hand and raised it to his lips, the doctor said :

"You see that she is dead ; take the child and fly." Then he entered a vast cathedral, which was suddenly filled with light, crowded, and echoing with music, as if for the ordination of some priest. He felt the child

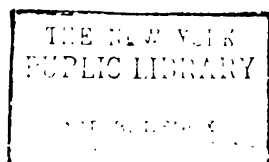
move under his cloak, and although he strove to lose himself among the throng, was pushed into the front ranks. All eyes were fixed upon him with an expression of contempt and repugnance. He saw the bishop advance to meet him, and as the prelate approached, recognized under his mitre the livid features of the Count de Manteigney, who publicly slapped him in the face. The crowd rushed upon him, drove him from the temple, and he found himself in an immense desert, holding in his arms the new-born infant, and bathing it with his tears.

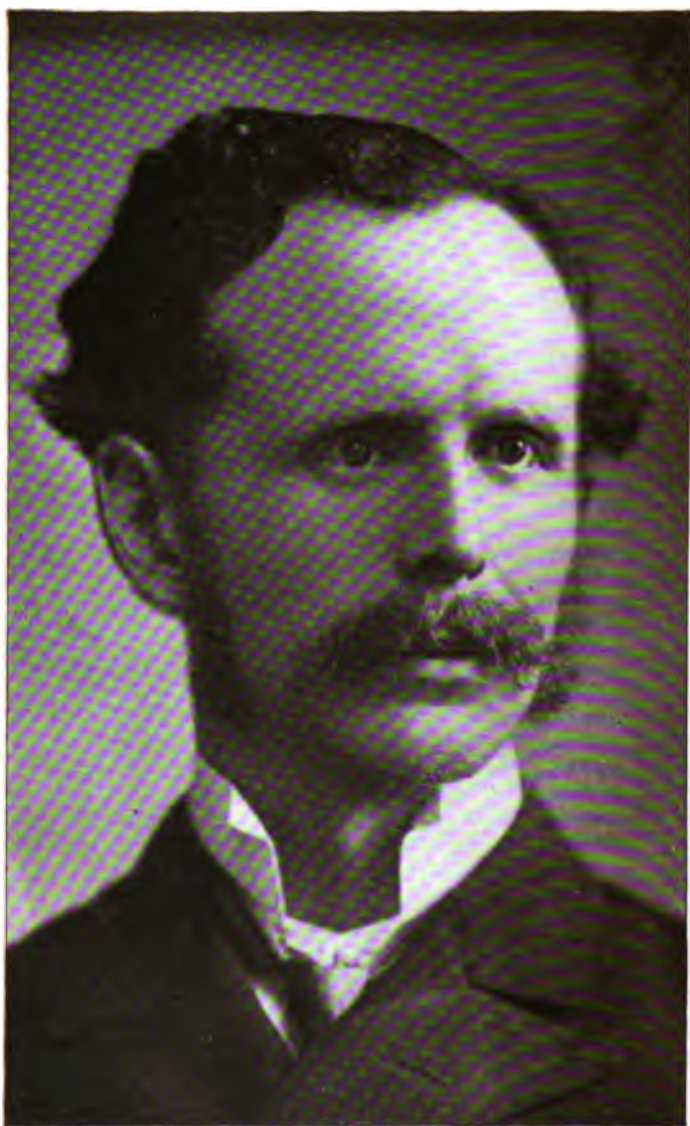
The *Angelus* roused the curé of Grand Fort from these haunting nightmares. He opened his windows to admit the fresh morning air, and remembering that the bell-ringer would be awaiting him in the vestry, went there as usual. On leaving the church, his mind was somewhat calmer, and he discovered that he was very hungry. Cutting off a large piece of bread, he began to eat it eagerly; but when about to pour out some wine, stopped, replaced the bottle, and drank a large glass of water. Was he imposing a penance upon himself, and did he wish to begin, by this little sacrifice, a life of reparation? —Who can tell? He took his breviary and went toward Marianne's cottage, intending afterward to visit Père Loursière. While Abbé Roche was ascending the mountain, a very singular rumor began to spread through the village. Already, on the square before the church, and at the doors of the houses, groups of people were eagerly talking. They related the following tale.

The preceding night, a little shepherd named Pierre Ribat, scarcely more than a child, while returning home rather late, had perceived on the mountain, near a grove of trees, at the spot called the White Cross, on account of two rocks placed one above another, a sort of light, a tremulous light, something like a Will-o'-the-Wisp. The child, greatly surprised by this unexpected sight, had also noticed a strong odor of incense in the air, and although much terrified, crouched among the grasses and crawled toward the light, which at times disappeared and then reappeared. On arriving within a certain distance, he heard a confused murmur of voices, and hiding behind a little bush, gazed at the scene as steadily as he

could. The light flickered like a star that was about to return to the skies. Suddenly a cry rose, a frightful cry, such as he had never heard before, a cry that seemed to proceed from the rocks. The child was so frightened that he felt his hair stand on end, and could not help uttering a shriek, when the light was instantly transformed into a dazzling flood of rays, in the midst of which he saw with his own eyes, the Holy Virgin mounted on an ass, and St. Joseph walking behind, so that any one would have supposed the colored statues in the church of Grand Fort had suddenly appeared in a burst of sunlight. The child Jesus was probably concealed under his mother's cloak on account of the night-air, so the shepherd did not see him; but he was almost sure that he had heard him. Unfortunately the splendor of the heavenly light was so great that his dazzled eyes could not distinguish the details of the picture very clearly. Be that as it might, Pierre Ribat plainly understood that the Virgin did not wish to be approached, for she raised her arm, and ordered him by a gesture of the hand to go at once toward the old saw-mill; then everything disappeared. The little shepherd lost all self-command on finding himself alone in the darkness, and began to run at full speed over the stones and through the brambles, leaping over rocks and hedges, and climbing the steep slopes; the dogs, hearing the uproar, sprang out of the sheep-folds, and rushed after him. Half mad with terror, he reached the plain, cut by the stones, torn by the thorns, and, still pursued by the dogs, stopped behind the new building, which barred any further progress, and falling on his knees, recited five *Paters* and five *Aves*.—*Autour d'une Source*. Translated by M. S.







PROFESSOR DRUMMOND.



DRUMMOND, HENRY, a Scottish clergyman and scientist, was born at Stirling, 1851; died at Tunbridge Wells, March 11, 1897. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh, and subsequently passed through the Free Church Divinity Hall. He was appointed to a mission at Malta, and on his return was appointed a lecturer on science at Free Church College, Glasgow, and also took charge of a workingmen's mission. "For several years," he says, "it has been my privilege to address regularly two very different audiences on two very different themes. On week-days I have lectured to a class of students on the natural sciences, and on Sundays to an audience, consisting for the most part of workingmen, on subjects of a moral and religious character. For a time I succeeded in keeping the science and the religion shut off from one another in two separate compartments of my mind. But gradually the wall of separation showed symptoms of giving way. The two fountains of knowledge also slowly began to overflow, and finally their waters met and mingled; and I found the truth running out of my audience on Sundays by the week-day outlets. In other words, the subject-matter religion had taken on the method of expression of science, and I discovered myself enunciating spiritual law in the exact terms of biology and physics." The result

of these studies is summed up in *Natural Law in the Spiritual World* (1883); *The Greatest Thing in the World* (1890); *Pax Vobiscum* (1890); *The Changed Life* (1891); *The Programme of Christianity* (1892); *The City Without a Church* (1893); *The Ascent of Man* (1894). He visited America and Africa in the pursuit of his scientific studies.

In a review of some of his earlier religious writings, the *London Spectator* says:—"No one who reads the papers entitled *Biogenesis*, *Degeneration*, *Eternal Life* and *Classification*, will fail to recognize in him a new and a powerful teacher, impressive both from the scientific calmness and accuracy of his view of law, and from the deep religious earnestness with which he traces the workings of law in the moral and spiritual sphere. He attempts to show how the same laws which science has discovered in the phenomena of nature continue, and can be traced in the phenomena of the spiritual world: how such great principles as biogenesis, the origination of life only out of what is already living,—not only by analogy, but identically, govern the course of spiritual, as they have been proved to govern that of natural, phenomena. He takes, therefore, some of the chief laws of nature as they have been discovered and stated by evolutionists, and demonstrates their identity with those principles of Christianity which have hitherto been accepted on authority, but have never been reduced to law or compared with the laws of nature. Biogenesis becomes in religion regeneration: spiritual death is want of correspondence: eternal life is perfect corre-

spondence with the spiritual environment—God : conformity to type is conformity to the image of his Son.”

The same authority thus speaks of Professor Drummond's *Tropical Africa* : “ After the numerous and enormous volumes which have been written upon Africa, it is a genuine treat to find Professor Drummond going to the heart of his subject in a volume of a little over two hundred pages. Its author is a remarkable writer as well as a remarkable thinker.”

NATURAL LAW.

Natural Law is a new word. It is the last and the most magnificent discovery of science. No more telling proof is open to the modern world of science of the greatness of the idea than the grandness of the attempts which have always been made to justify it. In the earliest centuries, before the birth of science, Phenomena were studied alone. The world was then a chaos, a collection of single, isolated, and independent facts. Deeper thinkers saw, indeed, that relations must exist between these facts, but the Reign of Law was never more to the ancients than a far-off vision. With Copernicus, Galileo, and Kepler the first regular lines of the universe began to be discovered. When Nature yielded to Newton her great secret, Gravitation was felt to be not greater as a fact in itself than as a revelation that Law was fact. And thenceforth the search for individual Phenomena gave way before the larger study of their relations. The pursuit of Law became the passion of science. . . . The fundamental conception of Law is an ascertained working sequence, or constant order among the Phenomena of Nature. . . .

The Natural Laws, then, are great lines running not only through the world, but, as we now know, through the universe, reducing it like parallels of latitude, to intelligent order. In themselves they may have no more ab-

solite existence than parallels of latitude. But they exist for us. They are drawn for us to understand the part by some Hand that drew the whole; so drawn, perhaps, that, understanding the part, we too in time may learn to understand the whole. Now the inquiry which we propose to ourselves resolves itself into the simple question: Do these lines stop with what we call the Natural sphere? Is it not possible that they may lead further? Is it probable that the Hand which ruled them gave up the work where most of all they were required? Did that Hand divide the world into two, a cosmos and a chaos—the higher being the chaos? With Nature as the symbol of all harmony and beauty that is known to man, must we still talk of the supernatural, not as a convenient word, but as a different order of world—an unintelligible world, where the Reign of Mystery supersedes the Reign of Law?—*Natural Law, Introduction.*

SPONTANEOUS GENERATION.

Let us place vividly in our imagination the picture of the two great Kingdoms of Nature—the Inorganic and the Organic—as these now stand in the light of the Law of Biogenesis. What essentially is involved in saying that there is no Spontaneous Generation of Life? It is meant that the passage from the Mineral world to the Plant or Animal world is hermetically sealed on the mineral side. This Inorganic world is staked off from the Living world by barriers which have never yet been crossed from within. No change of substance, no modification of environment, no chemistry, no electricity, nor any form of energy, nor any evolution, can endow any single atom of the mineral world with the attribute of Life. Only by the bending down into this dead world of some living form can these dead atoms be gifted with the properties of vitality; without this preliminary contact with Life they remain fixed in the inorganic sphere forever.

It is a very mysterious Law which guards in this way the portals of the living world. And if there is one thing in Nature more worth pondering for its strangeness, it is the spectacle of this vast helpless world of

the dead cut off from the living by the Law of Biogenesis, and denied forever the possibility of resurrection within itself. The physical Laws may explain the inorganic world; the biological Laws may account for the development of the organic. But of the point where they meet—of that strange borderland between the dead and the living—Science is silent. It is as if God had placed everything in earth and heaven in the hands of Nature, but reserved a point at the genesis of Life for His direct appearing.—*Natural Law, Chap. I.*

ANALOGY BETWEEN THE NATURAL AND THE SPIRITUAL.

Where now in the Spiritual spheres shall we meet a companion phenomena to this? What in the Unseen shall be likened to this deep dividing-line? or where in human experience is another barrier which never can be crossed? There is such a barrier. In the dim but not inadequate vision of the Spiritual World presented in the Word of God, the first thing that strikes the eye is a great gulf fixed. The passage from the Natural World to the Spiritual World is hermetically sealed on the natural side. The door from the inorganic to the organic is shut: no mineral can open it. So the door from the natural to the spiritual is shut: and no man can open it. This world of natural men is staked off from the Spiritual World by barriers which have never been crossed from within. No organic change, no modification of environment, no mental energy, no moral effort, no evolution of character, no progress of civilization can endow any single human soul with the attribute of Spiritual Life. The Spiritual World is guarded from the world next in order beneath it by a law of Biogenesis: "Except a man be born again. . . . except a man be born of the water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter the Kingdom of God." . . .

What is the evidence for this great gulf fixed at the portals of the Spiritual World? Does Science close this gate, or Reason, or Experience, or Revelation? We reply, All four. The initial statement, it is not to be denied, reaches us from Revelation. But is not this evidence here in court? Or shall it be said that any argument deduced from this is a transparent circle—

that, after all, we simply come back to the unsubstantiality of the *ipse dixit*? Not altogether; for the analogy lends an altogether new authority to the *ipse dixit*. How substantial that argument really is, is seldom realized. We yield the point here much too easily. The right of the Spiritual World to speak of its own phenomena is as secure as the right of the Natural World to speak of itself. What is Science but what the Natural World has said to natural men? What is Revelation but what the Spiritual World has said to spiritual men?

The words of Scripture which preface this inquiry contain an explicit and original statement of the Law of Biogenesis for the Spiritual Life: "He that hath the Son hath Life, and he that hath not the Son hath not Life." Life, that is to say, depends upon contact with Life. It cannot spring up of itself. It cannot develop out of anything that is not Life. There is no Spontaneous Generation in Religion any more than in Nature. Christ is the source of Life in the Spiritual World; and he that hath the Son hath Life, and he that hath not the Son—whatever else he may have—hath not Life. Here, in short, is the categorical denial of *Abiogenesis*, and the establishment in this high field of the classical formula, *Omne vivum ex vivo*—no Life without antecedent Life. In this mystical theory of the Origin of Life the whole of the New Testament writers are agreed. And, as we have already seen, Christ himself founds Christianity upon Biogenesis, stated in its most literal form: "Except a man be born of water and the Spirit he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is Spirit. Marvel not that I said unto you ye must be born again." Why did he add, "Marvel not?" Did he seek to allay the fear in the bewildered ruler's mind that there was more in this novel doctrine than a simple analogy from the first to the second birth?—*Natural Law, Chap. I.*

CONFORMITY TO TYPE.

If the botanist be asked the difference between an oak, a palm-tree, and a lichen, he will declare that they

are separated from one another by the broadest line known to classification. Without taking into account the outward differences of size and form, the variety of flower and fruit, the peculiarities of leaf and branch, he sees even in their general architecture types of structure as distinct as Norman, Gothic, and Egyptian. But if the first young germs of these three plants are placed before him, and he is called upon to define the difference, he finds it impossible. He cannot even say which is which. Examined under the highest powers of the microscope, they yield no clew. Analyzed by the chemist, with all the appliances of his laboratory, they keep their secret. The same experiment can be tried with the embryos of animals. Take the *ovule* of the worm, the eagle, the elephant, and of man himself. Let the most skilled observer apply the most searching tests to distinguish the one from the other, and he will fail. But there is something more surprising still. Compare the next two sets of germs—the vegetable and the animal—and there is no shade of difference. Oak and palm, worm and man, all start in life together. No matter into what strangely different forms they may afterward develop—no matter whether they are to live on sea or land, creep or fly, swim or walk, think or vegetate—in the embryo, as it first meets the eye of Science, they are indistinguishable. The apple which fell in Newton's garden, Newton's dog Diamond, and Newton himself, began life at the same point.

If we analyze this material point at which all life starts, we shall find it to consist of a clear, structureless, jelly-like substance resembling albumen, or white of egg. It is made of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen: its name is *Protoplasm*. And it is not only the structural unit with which all living bodies start in life, but with which they are subsequently built up. "Protoplasm," says Huxley, "simple or nucleated, is the formal basis of all life: it is the clay of the potter. . . . Beast and fowl, reptile and fish, mollusk, worm, and polype are all composed of structural units of the same character—namely, masses of protoplasm with a nucleus."

What, then, determines the difference between different animals? What makes one little speck of proto-

plasm grow into Newton's dog Diamond, and another—exactly the same—into Newton himself? It is a mysterious Something which has entered into this protoplasm. No eye can see it; no science can define it. There is a different Something for Newton's dog, and a different Something for Newton; so that though both use the same matter, they build up in these widely different ways. Protoplasm being the clay, this Something is the potter. And as there is only one clay, and yet all these curious forms are developed out of it, it follows that the difference lies in the potters. There must, in short, be as many potters as there are forms. There is the potter who segments the worm, and the potter who builds up the form of the dog, and the potter who moulds the man. To understand unmistakably that it is really the potter who does the work, let us follow for a moment a description of the process by a trained eye-witness. The observer is Mr. Huxley; through the tube of his microscope he is watching the development, out of a speck of protoplasm, of one of the commonest animals:

"Strange possibilities," he says in one of his *Lay Sermons*, "lie dormant in that semi-fluid globule. Let a moderate supply of warmth reach its watery cradle, and the plastic matter undergoes changes so rapid, and yet so steady and purposelike in their succession, that one can only compare them to those operated by a skilled modeller upon a formless lump of clay. As with an invisible trowel the mass is divided and subdivided into smaller and smaller portions, until it is reduced to an aggregation of granules not too large to build withal the finest fragments of the nascent organism. And, then, it is as if a delicate finger traced out the line to be occupied by the spinal column and moulded the contour of the body; pinching up the head at one end, the tail at the other, and fashioning flank and limb into due proportions in so artistic a way that, after watching the process hour by hour, one is almost involuntarily possessed by the notion that some more subtle aid to vision than an achromatic would show the hidden artist, with his plan before him, striving with skilful manipulation to perfect his work."

Besides the fact, so luminously brought out here, that the artist is distinct from the semi-fluid globule of protoplasm in which he works, there is this other essential point to notice, that in all his "skilful manipulation" the artist is not working at random, but according to law. He has "his plan before him." In the zoölogical laboratory of Nature it is not as in a workshop where a skilled artisan can turn his hand to anything; where the same potter one day moulds a dog, the next a bird, and the next a man. In Nature one potter is set apart to make each. It is a more complete system of division of labor. One artist makes all the dogs, another makes all the birds, a third makes all the men. Moreover, each artist confines himself exclusively to working out his own plan. He appears to have his own plan somehow stamped upon himself, and his work is rigidly to reproduce himself.

The Scientific Law by which this takes place is the law of "Conformity to Type." It is contained, to a large extent, in the ordinary "Law of Inheritance;" or it may be considered as simply another way of stating what Darwin calls "the Law of the Unity of Types." Darwin defines it thus: "By Unity of Type is meant that fundamental agreement in structure which we see in organic beings of the same class, and which is quite independent of their habits of life." According to this law every living thing which comes into this world is compelled to stamp upon its offspring the image of itself: The dog, according to its type, produces a dog; the bird, a bird. The artist who operates upon matter in this subtle way, and carries out this law, is *Life*. There are a great many different kinds of Life. If one might give the broader meaning to the words of the Apostle—"All life is not the same life. There is one kind of life of men, another life of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds"—there is the life of the Artist, or the potter who segments the worm, the potter who forms the dog, the potter who moulds the man.

What goes on, then, in the animal kingdom is this: The Bird-life seizes upon the bird-germ, and builds it up into a bird, the image of itself. The Reptile-life seizes upon another germinal speck, assimilates surrounding

matter, and fashions it into a reptile. The Reptile-life thus simply makes an incarnation of itself; the visible bird is simply an incarnation of the invisible Bird-life.

Now we are nearing the point where the spiritual analogy appears. It is a very wonderful analogy—so wonderful that one almost hesitates to put it into words. Yet Nature is reverent; and it is her voice to which we listen. These lower phenomena of life, she says, are but an allegory. There is another kind of Life of which Science as yet has taken little cognizance. It obeys the same laws. It builds up an organism into its own form. It is the Christ-life. As the Bird-life builds up a bird, the image of itself, so the Christ-life builds up a Christ, the image of Himself. The quickening Life seizes upon the soul, assimilates surrounding elements, and begins to fashion it. According to the great Law of Conformity to Type this fashioning takes a specific form. And all through Life this wonderful, mystical, glorious, yet perfectly definite process, goes on.

The Christian Life is not a vague effort after righteousness—an ill-defined pointless struggle for an ill-defined pointless end. Religion is no dishevelled mass of aspiration, prayer, and faith. There is no more mystery in Religion, as to its processes, than in Biology. There is much mystery in Biology. We know all but nothing of Life yet—nothing of Development. There is the same mystery in the Spiritual Life. But the great lines are the same—as decided, as luminous; and the laws of Natural and Spiritual are the same—as unerring, as simple. From the standpoint of Revelation no truth is more obscure than Conformity to Type. If Science can furnish companion phenomena from an every-day process of the natural life, it may at least throw this most mystical doctrine of Christianity into thinkable form. Is there any fallacy in speaking of the Embryology of the New Life? Is the analogy invalid? Are there not vital processes in the Spiritual as well as in the Natural world? The Bird being an incarnation of the Bird-life, may not the Christian be a spiritual incarnation of the Christ-life? And is there not a real justification in the processes of the New Birth for such a parallel?—*Natural Law, Chap. X.*



DRUMMOND, WILLIAM, a Scottish poet, born at Hawthornden, near Edinburgh, December 13, 1585; died there, December 4, 1649. He is commonly designated as "Drummond of Hawthornden," from his ancestral estate near Edinburgh, where most of his life—except a residence of eight years on the Continent—was passed. He was a friend of Ben Jonson, and wrote *Notes of Ben Jonson's Conversations with William Drummond of Hawthornden, January, 1619*. This work, though never intended for publication, has been sharply criticised. He wrote several historical works, but his fame rests mainly upon his poems. He was the earliest Scottish poet who wrote well in the English language. Drummond was essentially a follower of Spenser, and took great delight in the description of natural scenery. His sonnets rank immediately after those of Shakespeare, Milton, and Wordsworth, and earned him the title of the "Scotch Petrarch." His poems are distinguished by pensive beauty, sweetness of versification, and richly worded descriptions. *The Cypresse Grove* is one of the finest prose poems of English literature. It exhibits a vivid imagination, deep thought, and a thorough command of musical English. It is an essay on the folly of the fear of death, and shows how much the author was impressed with the comparative insignificance of

this world. A good edition of his poems, with a Memoir by Peter Cunningham, appeared in 1833. His Life has also been written by David Mason (1873). Drummond's longest poem, *Forth Feasting*, is a panegyric on King James I., upon the occasion of his visiting his native Scotland in 1617.

THE FEASTING OF THE RIVER FORTH.

What blustering noise now interrupts my sleep?
 What echoing shouts thus cleave my crystal deeps,
 And seem to call me from my watery court?
 What melody, what sounds of joy and sport,
 Are conveyed hither from each night-born spring?
 With what loud murmurs do the mountains ring,
 Which in unusual pomp on tiptoes stand,
 And, full of wonder, overlook the land?
 Whence come these glittering throngs, the meteors
 bright,
 This golden people glancing in my sight?
 Whence doth this praise, applause, and love arise?
 What loadstar draweth us all eyes?
 Am I awake, or have some dreams conspired
 To mock my sense with what I most desired!
 View I that living face, see I those looks,
 Which with delight were wont t' amaze my brooks?
 Do I behold that worth, that man divine,
 This age's glory, by these banks of mine?
 Then find I true what I long wished in vain;
 My much beloved prince is come again. . . .
 Let mother-earth now decked with flowers be seen,
 And sweet-breathed zephyrs curl the meadows green:
 Let heaven weep rubies in a crimson shower,
 Such as on India's shores they used to pour;
 Or with that golden storm the fields adorn
 Which Jove rained when his blue-eyed maid was born.
 May never hours the web of day outweave;
 May never Night rise from her sable cave!
 Swell proud, my billows; faint not to declare
 Your joys as ample as their causes are:
 For murmurs hoarse, sound like Arion's harp,

Now delicately flat, now sweetly sharp ;
And you, my nymphs, rise from your moist repair,
Strew all your springs and grotts with lilies fair.
To virgins, flowers ; to sun-burnt earth the rain ;
To mariners, fair winds amidst the main ;
Cool shades to pilgrims, which hot glances burn,
Are not so pleasing as thy blest return,
That day, dear Prince.

THE UNIVERSE.

Of this fair volume which we World do name,
If we the leaves and sheets could turn with care—
Of Him who it corrects and did it frame
We clear might read the art and wisdom rare.
Find out His power, which wildest powers doth tame,
His providence extending everywhere
His justice which proud rebels doth not spare,
In every page and period of the same.
But silly we, like foolish children, rest
Well pleased with colored vellum, leaves of gold,
Fair dangling ribbands, leaving what is best ;
On the great Writer's sense ne'er taking hold,
Or if by chance we stay our minds on aught,
It is some picture on the margin wrought.

MAN'S STRANGE ENDS.

A good that never satisfies the mind,
A beauty fading like the April flowers,
A sweet with floods of gall that runs combined,
A pleasure passing ere in thought made ours,
An honor that more fickle is than wind,
A glory at opinion's frown that lowers
A treasury which bankrupt time devours,
A knowledge than grave ignorance more blind,
A vain delight our equals to command,
A style of greatness, in effect a dream,
A swelling thought of holding sea and land,
A servile lot decked with a pompous name—
Are the strange ends we toil for here below,
Till wisest death makes us our errors know

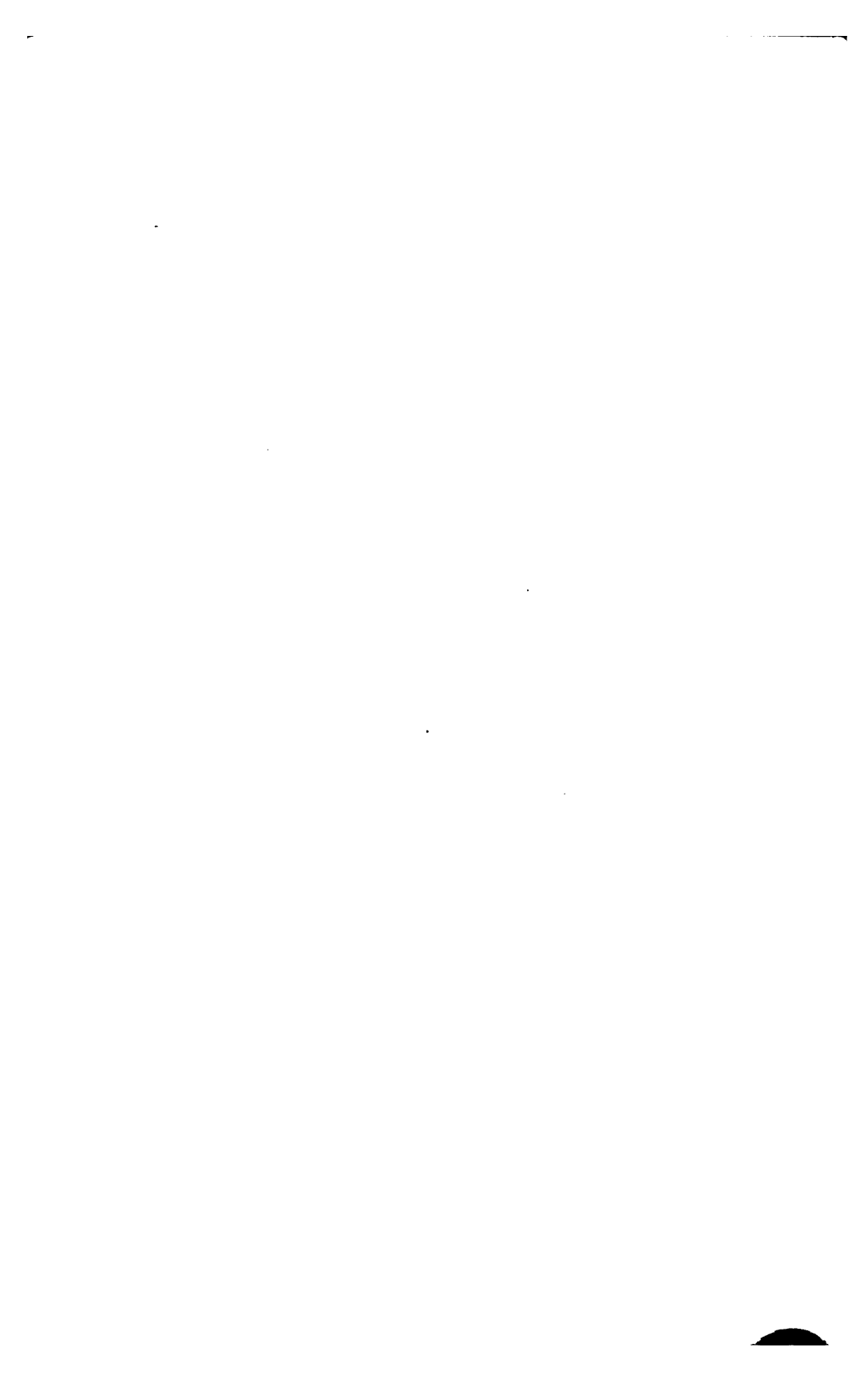
THE HUNT.

This world a hunting is :
The prey, poor man ; the Nimrod fierce is Death ;
His speedy greyhounds are
Lust, Sickness, Envy, Care,
Strife that ne'er falls amiss,
With all those ills which haunt us while we breathe.
Now, if by chance we fly
Of these the eager chase,
Old Age, with stealing pace,
Casts on his nets, and there we, panting, lie.

IN PRAISE OF A PRIVATE LIFE.

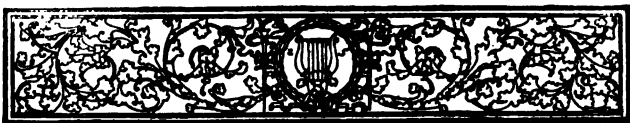
Thrice happy he who, by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own :
Thou solitary, who is not alone
But doth converse with that eternal love.
Oh how more sweet is bird's harmonious moan,
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widowed dove,
Than those smooth whisperings near a prince's throne,
Which good makes doubtful, do the evil approve !
Oh how more sweet is Zephyr's wholesome breath
And sighs embalmed which new-born flowers unfold,
Than that applause vain honor doth bequeath !
How sweet are streams to poison drank in gold !
This world is full of horrors, troubles, slights :
Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.







JOHN DRYDEN.



DRYDEN, JOHN, a celebrated English poet, born at Aldwinkle, Northamptonshire, August 9, 1631; died May 1, 1700. He was of a good Northamptonshire family, possessing a moderate estate. His early training was received at Westminster School under the famous teacher Dr. Busby. Thence at the age of nineteen he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his degree of B.A. in 1654 and of M.A. in 1657. His university life thus corresponded very nearly to the Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell. When he left Cambridge, at the age of twenty-seven, he seems to have written nothing except a few quite common-place verses. Cromwell died in September, 1658, and within a few days Dryden produced a poem of thirty-seven stanzas in honor of him:

ON THE DEATH OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

VI.

His grandeur he derived from Heaven alone,
For he was great ere fortune made him so:
And wars, like mists that rise against the sun,
Made him but greater seem, not greater grow.

VII.

No borrowed bays his temples did adorn,
But to our crown he did fresh jewels bring:
Nor was his virtue poisoned soon as born,
With the too early thoughts of being king.

x.

And yet dominion was not his design ;
 We owe that blessing, not to him, but Heaven,
 Which to fair acts unsought rewards did join ;
 Rewards that less to him than us were given.

xv.

His palms, though under weights they did not stand,
 Still thrived ; no Winter could his laurels fade ;
 Heaven, in his portrait, showed a workman's hand,
 And drew it perfect, yet without a shade.

xxxiii.

Nor died he when his ebbing fame went less,
 But when fresh laurels courted him to live :
 He seemed but to prevent some new success,
 As if above what triumphs earth could give.

xxxvi.

No civil broils have since his death arose,
 But faction now by habit does obey ;
 And wars have that respect for his repose,
 As winds for halcyons when they breed at sea.

xxxvii.

His ashes in a peaceful urn shall rest ;
 His name a great example stands, to show
 How strangely high example may be blest,
 Where piety and valor justly grow.

But the great Lord Protector had hardly been laid in his tomb before it came to be clear to all men that his weak son, Richard, was in nowise capable of executing the functions of the Protectorate which had been devolved upon him. Charles II. was recalled from his long exile to assume the British crown. He landed upon the English shores in May, 1660, twenty months after the death of Oliver Cromwell. Nine months

afterward the "peaceful" tomb in Westminster Abbey, in which the remains of Oliver had been placed, was broken open, and his bones were dragged to Tyburn, hanged, and then thrown into a deep pit, the skull being set up on a pole at the top of Westminster Hall. Dryden, who had by this time fairly established himself as a London litterateur, greeted the return of Charles II., in *Astræa Redux*, an adulatory poem composed upon the occasion of the landing of the monarch :

CHARLES II. WELCOMED TO ENGLAND.

And welcome now, great monarch, to your own !
Behold the approaching cliffs of Albion ;
It is no longer motion cheats your view,
As you meet it, the land approacheth you.
The land returns, and, in the white it wears,
The marks of penitence and sorrow bears.
But you, whose goodness your descent doth show,
Your heavenly parentage and earthly too ;
By that same mildness, which your father's crown
Before did ravish, shall secure your own.
Not tied to rules of policy, you find
Revenge less sweet than a forgiving mind.
Thus, when the Almighty would to Moses give
A sight of all he could behold and live,
A voice before his entry did proclaim
Long-suffering, goodness, mercy, in his name.
Your power to justice doth submit your cause,
Your goodness only is above the laws,
Whose rigid letter, while pronounced by you,
Is softer made. . . .

And now Time's whiter series is begun,
Which in soft centuries shall smoothly run :
Those clouds which overcast your morn shall fly,
Dispelled to farthest corners of the sky.
Our nation, with united interest blest,
Not now content to poise, shall sway the rest.

Abroad, your empire shall no limits know,
 But, like the sea, in boundless circles flow.
 Your much-loved fleet shall, with a wide command
 Besiege the petty monarchs of the land :
 And as old Time his offspring swallowed down
 Our ocean in its depths all seas shall drown.
 Their wealthy trade, from pirates' rapine free,
 Our merchants shall no more adventurers be :
 Nor in the farthest East those dangers fear
 Which humble Holland must dissemble here.
 Spain to your gift alone her Indies owes ;
 For what the powerful takes not, he bestows :
 And France, that did an exile's presence fear,
 May justly apprehend you still too near.
 At home the hateful names of parties cease,
 And factious souls are wearied into peace.
 The discontented now are only they
 Whose crimes before did your just cause betray:
 Of those your edicts some reclaim from sin
 But most your life and blest example win.
 Oh, happy prince, whom heaven hath taught the way,
 By paying vows, to have more vows to pay !
 Oh, happy age ! Oh, times like these alone
 By fate reserved for great Augustus's throne !
 When the joint growth of arms and art foreshow
 The world a monarch, and that monarch you !

—*Astræa Redux*.

The coronation of Charles II. took place some months after his return to England. For this occasion Dryden was ready with a *Panegyric on the Coronation*, quite as adulatory as was the *Astræa Redux* :

ON THE CORONATION OF CHARLES II.

In that wild deluge where the world was drowned,
 When life and sin one common tomb had found,
 The first small prospect of a rising hill
 With various notes of joy the ark did fill :
 Yet when that flood in its own depths was drowned,
 It left behind it false and slippery ground ;

And the more solemn point was still deferred,
Till new-born nature in fresh looks appeared.
Thus, Royal Sir, to see you landed here
Was cause of triumph for a year :
Nor would you care those glorious joys repeat
Till they at once might be secure and great ;
Till your kind beams, by their continued stay,
Had warmed the ground, and called the damps away.
Such vapors, while your powerful influence dries,
The soonest vanish when they highest rise.
Had greater haste these sacred rites prepared,
Some guilty months had in your triumph shared :
But this untainted year is all your own :
Your glories may without our crimes be shown.
We had not yet exhausted all our store,
When you refreshed our joys by adding more :
As Heaven, of old, dispensed celestial dew,
You gave us manna, and still give us dew. . . .

Next to the sacred temple you are led,
Where waits a crown for your more sacred head ;
How justly from the Church that crown is due,
Preserved from ruin, and restored by you !
The grateful choir their harmony employ,
Not to make greater, but more solemn joy ;
Wrapt soft and warm your name is sent on high
As flames do on the wings of incense fly :
Music herself is lost, in vain she brings
Her choicest notes to praise the best of Kings ;
Her melting strains in you a tomb have found,
And lie like bees in their own sweetness drowned.
He that brought peace, all discord could atone
His name is music of itself alone.

Now, while the sacred oil anoints your head,
And fragrant scents, begun by you, are spread
Through the large dome, the people's joyful sound,
Sent back, is still preserved in hallowed ground ;
Which, in one blessing mixed, descends on you,
As heightened spirits fall in richer dew.
Not that our riches do increase your store ;
Full of yourself, you can admit no more.
We add not to your glory, but employ
Our time, like angels, in expressing joy. . . .

From your loved Thames a blessing yet is due,
 Second alone to that it brought to you :
 A queen, near whose chaste womb, ordained by fate,
 The souls of kings unborn for bodies wait.
 It was your love before made discord cease ;
 Your love is destined to your country's peace.
 Both Indies, rivals in your bed, provide
 With gold or jewels to adorn your bride ;
 This to a mighty king presents rich ore,
 While that with incense does a good implore,
 Two kingdoms wait your doom, and, as you choose,
 This must receive a crown, or that must lose.
 Thus from your royal oak—like Jove's of old—
 Are answers sought, and destinies foretold ;
 Propitious oracles are begged with vows,
 And crowns that grow upon the sacred boughs.
 Your subjects, while you weigh the nation's fate,
 Suspend to both their doubtful love or hate,
 Choose only, Sir, that so they may possess,
 With their own peace their children's happiness.

—*Panegyric on the Coronation of Charles II.*

The princess whom Charles II. selected for his queen was Catherine of Braganza. No children were born of this marriage, though Charles had offspring enough by one mistress or another, upon whom peerages were unsparingly bestowed by their royal father. At the restoration of Charles II. Dryden was thirty years of age. Had he died at any time during the next seventeen years, he would have left nothing behind him which would have given him any permanent place in English literature. The only poem of any consequence written during those years is the *Annus Mirabilis*—"The Wonderful Year 1666"—not a very wonderful year after all ; the main things being the beginning of the successful naval war with the Dutch and their allies, and the great fire in Lon-

don. The poem consists of three hundred and five quartrain verses, of which a few are here given.

THE WAR WITH THE DUTCH.

I.

In thriving arts long time had Holland grown,
Crouching at home and cruel when abroad ;
Scarce leaving us the means to claim our own ;
Our king they courted and our merchants awed.

III.

For them alone the heavens had kindly heat,
In eastern quarries ripening precious dew ;
For them the Idumæan balm did sweat,
And in hot Ceylon spicy forests grew.

IV.

The sun but seemed the laborer of their year ;
Each waxing moon supplied her watery store,
To swell those tides which from the Line did bear
Their brim-full vessels to the Belgian shore.

VI.

What peace can be where one to both pretend ?—
But they more diligent, and we more strong—
Or, if a peace, it soon must have an end :
For they would grow too powerful were it long.

VII.

Behold two nations then, engaged so far
That each seven years the fit must shake each land ;
Where France will side to weaken us by war,
Who only can his vast designs withstand.

IX.

Such deep designs of empire does he lay
O'er them whose cause he seems to take in hand ;
And prudently would make them lords at sea,
To whom with ease he can give laws by land.

X.

This saw our King ; and long within his breast
His pensive counsels balanced to and fro ;
He grieved the land he freed should be oppressed,
And he less for it than usurpers do.

XII.

The loss and gain each fatally were great ;
And still his subjects called aloud for war ;
But peaceful kings, o'er martial people set,
Each other's poise and counterbalance are.

XIV.

At length resolved to assert the watery ball,
He in himself did whole armadas bring ;
Him aged seamen might their master call,
And choose for general, were he not their king.

XXIV.

And now approached their fleet from India, fraught
With all the riches of the rising sun ;
And precious sand from southern climates brought—
The fatal regions where the war begun.

XXVI.

By the rich scent we found one perfumed prey,
Which, flanked with rocks, did close in covert lie ;
And round about their murdering cannon lay,
At once to threaten and invite the eye.

XXVII.

Fiercer than cannon, and than rocks more hard,
The English undertake the unequal war :
Seven ships alone, by which the port is barred,
Besiege the Indies, and all Denmark dare.

XXIX.

Amid whole heaps of spices lights a ball ;
And now their odors armed against them fly ;
Some precious by shattered porcelain fall,
And some by aromatic splinters die.

XXX.

And though by tempests of the prize bereft,
 In Heaven's inclemency some ease we find :
 Our foes we vanquished by our valor left,
 And only yielded to the seas and wind.

XXXIX.

Till now alone the mighty nations strove ;
 The rest, at gaze, without the lists did stand
 And threatening France, placed like a painted Jove,
 Kept idle thunder in his lifted hand.

XLI.

Offended that we fought without his leave,
 He takes this time his secret hate to show ;
 Which Charles does with a mind so calm receive,
 As one that neither seeks nor shuns his foe.

XLII.

With France, to aid the Dutch, the Danes unite :
 France as their tyrant, Denmark as their slave ;
 But when with one three nations join to fight,
 They silently confess that one more brave.
—*Annus Mirabilis.*

LONDON AFTER THE GREAT FIRE.

CCXCV.

Already, laboring with a mighty fate,
 She shakes the rubbish from her mounting brow
 And seems to have renewed her charter's date
 Which Heaven will to the death of Time allow.

CCXCVI.

More great than human now, and more august ;
 Now deified, she from her fires doth rise ;
 Her widening streets on new foundations trust,
 And, opening, into larger parts she flies.

CCXCIX.

The silver Thames her own domestic flood
 Shall bear her vessels like a sweeping train ;
 And often wind, as of his mistress proud,
 With longing eyes to meet her face again.

CCCI.

The venturous merchant who designed more far
 And touches on our hospitable shore,
 Charmed with the splendor of this northern star
 Shall here unlade him, and depart no more.

CCCII.

Our powerful navy shall no longer meet
 The wealth of France or Holland to invade :
 The beauty of this town without a fleet
 From all the world shall vindicate her trade.

CCCIII.

And while this famed emporium we prepare,
 The British ocean shall such triumphs boast,
 That those who now dislike our trade to spare,
 Shall rob like pirates on our wealthy coast.

CCCIV.

Already we have conquered half the war,
 And the less dangerous part is left behind :
 Our trouble now is but to make them dare,
 And not so great to vanquish as to find.

CCCV.

Thus to the Eastern wealth through storms we go ;
 But now, the Cape once doubled, fear no more :
 A constant trade-wind will securely blow,
 And gently lay us on the spicy shore.

—*Annus Mirabilis.*

Dryden had completed his thirty-fifth year
 when the *Annus Mirabilis* was written: but
 neither this poem nor anything else which he was

to produce during the next dozen years gave any promise of that supreme excellence to which he was to attain in one department of poetry: that of satire—using the word in its proper and original signification as a keen delineation of phases of human weakness and error; and the two great argumentative theological poems, the *Religio Laici* and *The Hind and the Panther*, are satires in the strictest sense: as much so as are *Absalom and Achitophel* and *Mac Flecknoe*. During the period between his thirtieth and his forty-seventh year Dryden devoted himself almost exclusively to writing for the stage. His numerous tragedies and comedies may be dismissed very briefly. Not one of them can be placed in even the third rank of the British drama. They are bad in every sense of the word—bad in conception, bad in execution, bad in morals. They certainly had a temporary success; and Dryden was regarded as the king of the dramatists of his time. But he came to feel that the kingdom was not worth ruling over, and, moreover, that the sceptre was passing into other hands. In 1694 William Congreve, a clever young fellow of twenty-five, brought out the drama of *The Double Dealer*, which made a decided sensation. Dryden, who was then sixty-three, addressed to him the most pathetic of all his poems, hailing the young man as his successor on the dramatic throne:

DRYDEN TO CONGREVE.

Well, then, the promised hour is come at last,
The present age of wit obscures the past :

Strong were our sires, and as they fought they writ,
 Conquering with force of arms and dint of wit.
 Theirs was the giant race before the flood ;
 And thus when Charles returned, our empire stood
 Like Janus he the stubborn soil manured,
 With rules of husbandry the rankness cured ;
 Tamed us to manners when the stage was rude,
 And boisterous English wit with art endued.
 Our age was cultivated thus at length,
 But what we gained in skill we lost in strength.
 Our builders were with want of genius curst ;
 The second temple was not like the first :
 Till you, the best Vitruvius, came at length ;
 Our beauties equal, but excel our strength.
 Firm Doric pillars found your solid base :
 Thus all below is strength, and all above is grace.
 Oh, that your brows my laurel had sustained ;
 Well had I been deposed, if you had reigned :
 The father had descended for the son ;
 For only you are lineal to the throne.
 Thus when the State one Edward did depose,
 A greater Edward in his room arose.
 But now not *I* but poetry is curst ;
 For Tom the second reigns like Tom the first.
 But let them not mistake my patron's part,
 Nor call his charity their own desert.
 Yet this I prophesy : thou shalt be seen
 (Though with some short parenthesis between)
 High on the throne of wit, and, seated there,
 Not *mine*—that's little—but *thy* laurel wear.
 Thy first attempt an early promise made ;
 That early promise this has more than paid.
 So bold, yet so judiciously you dare,
 That your least praise is to be regular.
 'Time, place, and action may with pain be wrought ;
 But genius must be born, and never can be taught.
 This is your portion ; this your native store.
 Heaven, that but once was prodigal before,
 To Shakespeare gave as much : she could not give him
 more.
 Maintain your post : that's all the fame you need :
 For 'tis impossible you should proceed.

Already I am worn with cares and age,
And just abandoning the ungrateful stage :
Unprofitably kept at Heaven's expense,
I live a rent-charge on his providence.
But you, whom every Muse and Grace adorn,
Whom I foresee to better fortune born,
Be kind to my remains ; and, oh, defend
Against your judgment your departed friend !
Let not the insulting foe my fame pursue,
But shade those laurels that descend to you ;
And take for tribute what these lines express :
You merit more ; nor could my love do less.

When he wrote this magnificent eulogium—none the less magnificent from the fact that Congreve was not worthy of the hundredth part of the praise lavished upon him—Dryden had fallen into somewhat shattered pecuniary circumstances. For half a dozen years he had been working as a hack-writer—especially as a translator—for Jacob Tonson, a bookseller who was, to say the least, extremely close in his dealings with men of letters. Up to the revolution of 1688, by which James II. was deprived of his crown, Dryden had a large income from one source and another : from his own moderate patrimony ; from the proceeds of his writings ; and from grants and pensions from the Government. It has been calculated that for twenty years previous to 1688 he must have been in receipt of £700 a year—equivalent to some £3,000 (say \$15,000) in our day. But he had married a daughter of the not over-wealthy Earl of Berkshire, had a considerable family, and lived close up to his income. The most brilliant period of his literary life lies be-

tween 1680 and 1686. In those six years were written *Absalom and Achitophel*, *The Medal*, *Mac Flecknoe*, the *Religio Laici*, *The Hind and the Panther*, and several of his best minor poems.

Absalom and Achitophel, a poem of about 1000 lines, is a political satire aimed at the party who were plotting to exclude the Duke of York (afterward King James II.) from the succession to the throne, and to place the crown upon the head of the Duke of Monmouth, one of the illegitimate sons of Charles II. There are about fifty characters which can be clearly identified. Thus "David," is King Charles II.; "Absalom," the Duke of Monmouth; "Achitophel," the Earl of Shaftesbury; "Zimri," the Duke of Buckingham; "Shimei," Slingsby Bethel, the Puritanical Sheriff of London.

DAVID AND ABSALOM.

In pious times, ere priestcraft did begin ;
 Before polygamy was made a sin ;
 When man on many multiplied his kind,
 Ere one to one was cursedly confined ;
 When nature prompted, and no law denied
 Promiscuous use of concubine and bride ;
 Then Israel's monarch after Heaven's own heart
 His vigorous warmth did variously impart
 To wives and slaves ; and, wide as his command,
 Scattered his Maker's image through the land.
 Of all this numerous progeny was none
 So beautiful, so brave as Absalom :
 Whether, inspired by some diviner lust,
 His father got him with a greater gust ;
 Or that his conscious destiny made way
 By manly beauty, to imperial sway.
 Early in foreign fields he won renown,
 With kings and states allied to Israel's crown.

In peace the thoughts of war he could remove,
 And seemed as he were only born for love.
 Whate'er he did was done with so much ease.
 In him alone 'twas natural to please :
 His motions all accompanied with grace,
 And paradise was opened in his face.
 With secret joy the indulgent David viewed
 His youthful image in his son renewed ;
 To all his wishes nothing he denied ;
 And made the lovely Annabel his bride.
 If faults he had (for who from faults is free?)
 His father could not, or he would not see.
 Some warm excesses, which the law forebore,
 Were construed youth, that purged by boiling o'er.
 —*Absalom and Achitophel.*

ACHITOPHEL.

Of these the false Achitophel was first—
 A name to all succeeding ages curst :
 For close designs and crooked counsels fit ;
 Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit ;
 Restless, unfixed in principle, and place ;
 In power unpleased, impatient in disgrace :
 A fiery soul, which working out its way,
 Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
 And o'er-informed the tenement of clay ;
 A daring pilot in extremity ;
 Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high
 He sought the storms ; but, for a calm unfit,
 Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
 Great wits to madness sure are near allied,
 And thin partitions do their bounds divide ;
 Else why should he, with wealth and honor blest,
 Refuse his age the needful hours of rest ?
 Punish a body which he could not please ;
 Bankrupt of life, and prodigal of ease !
 And all to leave what with his toil he won,
 To that unfeathered two-legged thing, a son,
 Got while his soul did huddled notions try,
 And born a shapeless lump—like anarchy ?
 In friendship false, implacable in hate ;
 Resolved to ruin or to rule the State.

To compass this, the Triple Bond he broke ;
 The pillars of the public safety shook,
 And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke ;
 Then seized with fear, yet still affecting fame,
 Usurped a patriot's all-atoning name.
 So easy still it proves, in factious times,
 With public zeal to cancel private crimes.
 How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,
 When none can sin against the people's will !
 Where crowds can wink, and no offence be known,
 Since in another's guilt they find their own !
 Yet fame deserved no enemy can grudge ;
 The Statesman we abhor, but praise the Judge.
 In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abethdin
 With more discerning eyes, or hands more clean ;
 Unbribed, unsought, the wretched to redress,
 Swift of dispatch, and easy of access.
 Oh ! had he been content to serve the crown,
 With virtues only proper to the gown ;
 Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
 From cockle that oppressed the noble seed,
 David for him his tuneful harp had strung,
 And heaven had wanted one immortal song.
 But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand,
 And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.
 Achitophel, grown weary to possess
 A lawful fame and lazy happiness,
 Disdained the golden fruit to gather free,
 And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.
 Now, manifest of crimes contrived, long since
 He stood at bold defiance with his prince ;
 Held up the buckler of the People's cause,
 Against the Crown, and skulked behind the laws.

—*Absalom and Achitophel.*

ZIMRI.

Some of their chiefs were princes of the land ;
 In the first ranks of these did Zimri stand :
 A man so various, that he seemed to be
 Not one, but all mankind's epitome ;
 Stiff in opinion, always in the wrong ;
 Was everything by turns, and nothing long ;

But in the course of one revolving moon
 Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon :
 Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
 Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
 Blest madman, who could every hour employ,
 With something new to wish, or to enjoy !
 Railing and praising were his usual themes,
 And both, to show his judgment, in extremes :
 So over-violent, or over-civil,
 That every man with him was God or Devil.
 In squandering wealth was his peculiar art ;
 Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
 Beggared by fools, whom still he found too late ;
 He had his jest, and they had his estate.
 He laughed himself from Court, then sought relief
 By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief :
 For, spite of him, the weight of business fell
 On Absalom and wise Achitophel.
 Thus wicked but in will, of means bereft,
 He left no faction, but of that was left.

—*Absalom and Achitophel.*

SHIMEI.

Nor shall the rascal rabble here have place
 Whom kings no titles give, and God no grace,
 Not bull-faced Jonas, who could statutes draw,
 To mean rebellion, and make treason law.
 But he, though bad, is followed by a worse—
 The wretch who God's anointed dared to curse
 Shimei, whose youth did early promise bring
 Of zeal to God and hatred to his King ;
 Did wisely from expensive sins refrain,
 And never broke the Sabbath—but for gain :
 Nor ever was he known an oath to vent,
 Or curse, unless against the government.
 Thus heaping wealth, by the most ready way
 Among the Jews—which was to cheat and pray ;
 The city to reward his pious hate
 Against his master, chose him magistrate.
 His hand a staff of justice did uphold ;
 His neck was loaded with a chain of gold.
 During his office treason was no crime ;

The sons of Belial had a glorious time :
 For Shimei, though not prodigal of pelf,
 Yet loved his wicked neighbor as himself.
 When two or three were gathered to declaim
 Against the monarch of Jerusalem,
 Shimei was always in the midst of them ;
 And if they cursed the king when he was by,
 Would rather curse than break good company.
 If any durst his factious friends accuse,
 He packed a jury of dissenting Jews ;
 Whose fellow-feeling in the godly cause
 Would free the suffering saint from human laws.
 For laws were only made to punish those
 Who serve the king, and to protect his foes.
 If any leisure time he had from power
 (Because 'tis sin to misemploy an hour),
 His business was, by writing, to persuade
 That kings were useless, and a clog to trade.
 And that his noble style he might refine,
 No Rechabite more shunned the fumes of wine ;
 Chaste were his cellars, and his shrival board
 The grossness of a city feast abhorred ;
 His cooks with long disuse their trade forgot ;
 Cool was his kitchen, though his brains were hot,
 Such frugal virtues malice may accuse,
 But sure 'twas necessary to the Jews :
 For towns once burned such magistrates require
 As dare not tempt God's providence by fire.
 With spiritual food he served his servants well,
 But free from flesh that made the Jews rebel ;
 And Moses's laws he held of more account
 For forty days of fasting in the mount.

—*Absalom and Achitophel.*

Absalom and Achitophel was followed by a second and longer part, written, however, by Nahum Tate, but revised by Dryden, who added some two hundred lines devoted mainly to an assault upon two poetasters, Thomas Shadwell and Elkanah Settle, who figure under the names of "Og"

and "Doeg." Dryden now set himself to the composition of *Mac Flecknoe*, a formal satire upon these two writers. Richard Flecknoe was an Irishman, formerly a priest who had come to London and set himself up as a dramatist and poet. He had died not long before, leaving behind him a name which had come to be a synonym for supreme dulness. Dryden uses him merely as a rod for the castigation of Shadwell, whom he represents as his rightful successor to the royal throne of the Kingdom of Dulness.

FLECKNOE AND SHADWELL.

All human things are subject to decay,
 And when Fate summons, monarchs must obey;
 This Flecknoe found, who, like Augustus young
 Was called to empire, and had governed long;
 In prose and verse was owned, without dispute,
 Through all the realms of Nonsense absolute.
 This aged prince, now flourishing in peace,
 And blessed with issue of a large increase,
 Worn out with business did at length debate
 To settle the succession of the State;
 And pondering which of all his sons was fit
 To reign, and wage immortal war with wit,
 Cried, "'Tis resolved: for nature pleads that he
 Should only rule, who most resembles me.
 Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,
 Mature in dulness from his tender years:
 Shadwell alone, of all my sons, is he
 Who stands confirmed in full stupidity.
 The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
 But Shadwell never deviates into sense.
 Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
 Strike through, and make a lucid interval;
 But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray;
 His rising fogs prevail upon the day."
 Here stopped the good old sire, and wept for joy
 In silent raptures of the hopeful boy.

All arguments, but most his plays persuade,
That for anointed dulness he was made.

—*Mac Flecknoe.*

THE CORONATION OF SHADWELL.

Now Empress Fame had published the renown
Of Shadwell's coronation through the town.
Roused by report of Fame the nations meet
From near Bunhill and distant Watlin-street.
No Persian carpets spread the imperial way,
But scattered limbs of mangled poets lay ;
From dusty shops neglected authors come,
Martyrs of pies and relics of the bum.
The hoary prince in majesty appeared,
High on a throne of his own labor reared.
At his right hand our young Ascanius sate,
Rome's other hope, and pillar of the State.
His brows thick fogs, instead of glories, grace,
And lambent dulness played around his face,
As Hannibal did to the altars come,
Swore by his sire, a mortal foe to Rome,
So Shadwell swore—nor should his vow be vain—
That he till death true dulness would maintain ;
And in his father's right, and realm's defence,
Ne'er to have peace with Wit, nor truce with Sense. . . .
The admiring throng loud acclamations make,
And omens of his future empire take.
The sire then shook the honors of his head,
And from his brows damps of oblivion shed
Full on the filial dulness. Long he stood,
At length burst out in this prophetic mood :
" Heaven bless my son ; from Ireland let him reign
To far Barbadoes on the Western main ;
Of his dominion may no end be known,
And greater than his father's be his throne ;
Beyond Love's kingdom let him stretch his pen !"
He paused, and all the people cried, " Amen !"
Then thus continued he : " My Son, advance
Still in new impudence, new ignorance.
Success let others teach, learn thou from me
Pangs without birth, and fruitless industry.
Let Virtuosos in five years be writ,

Yet not one thought accuse thy toil of wit. . . .
 Leave writing plays, and choose for thy command
 Some peaceful province in Acrostic Land ;
 There thou may'st wings display and altars raise,
 And torture one poor word ten thousand ways.
 Or, if thou would'st thy different talents suit,
 Set thy own songs, and sing them to thy lute."

He said : but his last words were scarcely heard ;
 For Bruce and Longville had a trap prepared,
 And down they sent the yet declaiming bard.
 Sinking he left his drugget robe behind,
 Borne upward by a subterranean wind.
 The mantle fell to the young prophet's part,
 With double portion of his father's art.

—*Mac Flecknoe.*

Dryden has nowhere more fully put forth his utmost strength than in the two didactic poems, the *Religio Laici*, and *The Hind and the Panther*. The former of these poems is a kind of Confession of Faith, when he was still nominally a Protestant of the Anglican type :

RELIGION, NATURAL AND REVEALED.

Dim as the borrowed beams of moon and stars
 To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,
 Is Reason to the Soul : and as on high
 Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
 Not light us here ; so Reason's glimmering ray
 Was lent not to assure our doubtful way,
 But guide us upward to a better day.
 And as those nightly tapers disappear,
 When Day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere,
 So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight :
 So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light.

Some few, whose lamps shone brighter have been led,
 From cause to cause, to Nature's secret head ;
 And found that one First Principle must be :
 But what or who, that *Universal He*—
 Whether some soul encompassing this ball,

Unmade, unmoved, yet making, moving all ;
 Or various atoms' interfering dance,
 Leaped into form, the noble work of Chance ;
 Or this great All was from eternity,
 Not even the Stagyrice himself could see ;
 And Epicurus guessed as well as he.

As blindly groped they for a future state ;
 As rashly judged of Providence and Fate.
 But least of all could their endeavors find
 What most concerned the good of human-kind ;
 For happiness was never to be found,
 But vanished from 'em like enchanted ground.
 One thought Content the good to be enjoyed ;
 This every little accident destroyed.

The wiser madmen did for Virtue toil—
 A thorny, or at best a barren soil.

In Pleasure some their glutton souls would steep,
 But found the line too short, the well too deep ;
 And leaky vessels which no bliss could keep.
 Thus anxious thoughts in endless circles roll,
 Without a centre where to fix the soul :
 In this vain maze their vain endeavors end.
 How can the Less the Greater comprehend ?
 Or finite Reason reach Infinity ?

For what could fathom God were more than He.

The Deist thinks he stands on firmer ground ;
 Cries "Eureka! the mighty secret's found !
 God is that spring of good, supreme and best ;
 We made to serve, and in that service blest,"
 If so, some rules of worship must be given,
 Distributed alike to all by Heaven ;
 Else God were partial, and to some denied
 The means His justice should for all provide.
 This general worship is to praise and pray :
 One part to borrow blessings, one to pay ;
 And when frail nature slides into offence,
 The sacrifice for crimes is Penitence.
 Yet since the effects of Providence, we find ;
 Are variously dispensed to human-kind,
 That Vice triumphs, and Virtue suffers here—
 A brand that sovereign Justice cannot bear—
 Our Reason prompts us to a Future State—

The last appeal from Fortune and from Fate ;
Where God's all-righteous ways will be declared ;
The bad meet punishment, the good reward.

Thus man by his own strength to heaven would soar,
And would not be obliged to God for more.

Vain, wretched creature! how art thou misled
To think thy wit these God-like notions bred !
Those truths are not the product of thy mind,
But dropped from heaven and of a nobler kind.
Revealed Religion first informed thy sight,
And Reason saw not, till Faith sprung the light.
Hence all thy natural worship takes the source ;
'Tis Revelation that thou think'st discourse.

Else how comest thou to see these truths so clear,
Which so obscure to heathens did appear ? . . .
Those giant wits in happier ages born—
When arms and art did Greece and Rome adorn—
Knew no such system ; no such piles could raise
Of natural worship, built on prayer and praise,
To one Sole God.

—*Religio Laici.*

Soon after the accession of James II., Dryden went over to the Roman Catholic faith, from which he never swerved during the remaining fifteen years of his life.—*The Hind and the Panther*, written after his conversion, is the most labored of all Dryden's poems; and the longest—extending to some 2,500 lines. It is a eulogy upon the Roman Church as opposed to the Anglican: the Hind representing the former, and the Panther the latter of these two forms of Faith. To this poem is prefixed a long Preface in prose:

TOLERATION TO DISSENTERS GRANTED BY JAMES II.

There are some of the Church, by law established, who envy not toleration to Dissenters ; as being well satisfied that, according to their own principles, they

ought not to persecute them. Yet these, by reason of their fewness, I could not distinguish from the numbers of the rest, with whom they are embodied in one common name. On the other side, there are many of our Sects—and more indeed than I could reasonably have hoped—who have withdrawn themselves from the communion of the Panther, and embraced this gracious indulgence of his Majesty in point of toleration. But to neither the one nor the other of these is this satire any way intended: it is aimed only to the refractory and disobedient on either side. . . .

Some of the Dissenters, in their addresses to his Majesty, have said: "That he has restored God to his empire over conscience." I confess that I dare not stretch the figure to so great a boldness; but I may safely say that conscience is the royalty and prerogative of every private man. He is absolute in his own breast, and accountable to no earthly power for that which passes only betwixt God and him. Those who are *driven* into the fold are, generally speaking, rather made hypocrites than converts.

The indulgence being granted to all the Sects, it ought in reason to be expected that they should both receive it, and receive it thankfully. For, at this time of the day, to refuse the benefit, and adhere to those whom they have esteemed their persecutors, what else is it but publicly to own that they suffered not before for conscience's sake, but only out of pride and obstinacy, to separate from a Church for those impositions which they now judge may be lawfully obeyed? After they have so long contended for their classical ordination (not to speak of rites and ceremonies), will they at length submit to an Episcopal? If they can go so far, out of complaisance to their old enemies, methinks a little reason should persuade them to take another step, and see whither that would lead them.

Of the receiving this toleration thankfully I shall say no more than that they ought—and I doubt not they will—consider from what hands they received it. It is not from a Cyrus—a heathen prince and a foreigner—but from a Christian King, their native sovereign, who expects a return in specie from them, that the kindness

which he has graciously shown to them may be retaliated on those of his own persuasion.—*Preface to the Hind and the Panther.*

THE HIND.

A milk-white Hind, immortal and unchanged,
Fed on the lawns, and in the forest ranged ;
Without unspotted, innocent within,
She feared no danger ; for she knew no sin.
Yet she had oft been chased with horns and hounds,
And Scythian shafts and many winged wounds
Aimed at her heart ; was often forced to fly,
And doomed to death, though fated not to die.

Not so her young : for their unequal line
Was hero's make—half human, half divine.
Their earthly mould obnoxious was to fate ;
The immortal part assumed immortal state.
Of these a slaughtered army lay in blood,
Extended o'er the Caledonian wood—
Their native walk—whose vocal blood arose,
And cried for pardon on their perjured foes.
Their fate was fruitful, and the sanguine seed,
Endued with souls, increased the sacred breed.
So captive Israel multiplied in chains,
A numerous exile, and enjoyed her pains.
With grief and gladness mixed the mother viewed
Her martyred offspring, and their race renewed ;
Their corpse to perish, but their kind to last,
So much the deathless plant the dying fruit surpassed.

Panting and pensive now she ranged alone,
And wandered in the kingdoms once her own.
The common hunt, though from their rage restrained
By sovereign power, her company disdained ;
Grinned as they passed, and with a glaring eye
Gave gloomy signs of secret enmity.
'Tis true she bounded by, and tripped so light,
They had not time to take a second sight ;
For truth has such a face, and such a mien,
As to be loved needs only to be seen.

—*The Hind and the Panther.*

THE PANTHER.

The Panther, sure the noblest, since the Hind,
 And fairest creature of the spotted kind :—
 Oh, could her inborn stains be washed away,
 She were too good to be a beast of prey !
 How can I praise or blame, and not offend ?
 Or how divide the frailty from the friend ?
 Her faults and virtues lie so mixed that she
 Not wholly stands condemned, nor wholly free. . . .
 If, as our dreaming Platonists report,
 There could be spirits of a middle sort,
 Too black for heaven, and yet too white for hell,
 Who just dropped half-way down, nor lower fell ;
 So poised, so gently she descends from high
 It seems a soft dismissal from the sky.
 Her house not ancient, whatsoe'er pretence,
 Her clergy heralds make in her defence ;
 A second century not half-way run
 Since the new honors of her blood begun. . . .
 Her front erect with majesty she bore,
 The crosier wielded, and the mitre wore.
 Her upper part of decent discipline
 Showed affectation of an ancient line ;
 And Fathers, Councils, Church, and Church's Head,
 Were on her reverend phylacteries read.
 But what disgraced and disavowed the rest,
 Was Calvin's brand, that stigmatized the beast,
 Thus, like a creature of a double kind,
 In her own labyrinth she lives confined.
 To foreign lands no sound of her has come,
 Humbly content to be despised at home.
 Such is her faith, where good cannot be had,
 At least she leaves the refuse of the bad.
 Nice in her choice of ill—though not of best—
 And least deformed, because reformed the least.
 In doubtful points betwixt her different friends,
 Where one for Substance, or for Signs contends,
 Their contradicting terms she strives to join :
 Sign shall be Substance, Substance shall be Sign.
 Her wild belief on every wave is tossed ;

But sure no Church can better morals boast.
True to her King her principles are found ;
Oh, that her practice were but half so sound !
Steadfast in various turns of state she stood,
And sealed her vowed affection with her blood.
Nor will I meanly tax her constancy.
That interest or obligation made the tie,
Bound to the fate of murdered Monarchy.
Before the sounding axe so falls the vine,
Whose tender branches round the poplar twine ;
She chose her ruin, and resigned her life,
In death undaunted as a Hebrew wife.
A rare example ! but some souls we see
Grow hard, and stiffen with adversity ;
Yet these by fortune's favors are undone ;
Resolved, into a baser form they run,
And bore the wind, but cannot bear the sun.
Let this be Nature's frailty or her fate,
Or the Wolf's counsel—her new chosen mate ;
Still she's the fairest of the fallen crew ;
No mother more indulgent but the true.
Fierce to her foes, yet fears her force to try,
Because she wants innate authority ;
For how can she constrain them to obey,
Who has herself cast off the lawful sway ?
Rebellion equals all, and those who toil
In common theft will share the common spoil.
Let her produce the title and the right
Against her old superiors first to fight ;
If she reform my text, even that's as plain
For her own rebels to reform again.
As long as words a different sense will bear,
And each may be his own interpreter,
Our airy faith will no foundation find :
The word's a weather-cock for every wind.
The Bear, the Fox, the Wolf, by turns prevail ;
The most in power supplies the present gale.
The wretched Panther cries aloud for aid
To Church and Councils, whom she first betrayed.
No help from Fathers or Tradition's train—
Those ancient guides she taught us to disdain ;
And by that Scripture, which she once abused

To reformation, stands herself accused.
 What bills for breach of laws can she prefer,
 Expounding which she owns herself may err?
 And, after all her winding ways are tried,
 If doubts arise, she slips herself aside,
 And leaves the private conscience for the guide.

Thus is the Panther neither loved nor feared,
 A mere mock-queen of a divided herd ;
 Whom soon, by lawful power she might control,
 Herself a part submitted to the whole.
 Then, as the moon, who first receives the light
 By which she makes our nether regions bright,
 So might she shine, reflecting from afar
 The rays she borrowed from a better star ;
 Big with the beams which from the mother flow
 And reigning o'er the rising tides below.
 Now, mixing with a savage crowd she goes,
 And meanly flatters her inveterate foes ;
 Ruled while she rules, and losing every hour
 Her wretched remnants of precarious power.

—*The Hind and the Panther.*

The apparent triumph of the Roman Catholic Church in the accession of James II. to the British throne was but brief. His reign lasted not quite four years, when he was driven from the throne, and the crown was conferred upon William and Mary. Dryden failed to take the oath of fealty to the new sovereigns, and consequently forfeited the positions and pensions which he had enjoyed, and which constituted the greater part of his income ; and he was forced to live by his pen during the remaining twelve years of his life. His principal works during this time were half a dozen dramatic pieces, the translation of Virgil, of Juvenal, and the *Fables*, which are paraphrastic renderings from Chaucer, Boccaccio, and others. Besides these were three or four of the best of his

minor poems. One of these is an "Ode to the pious memory of the accomplished young Lady Mrs. Anne Killigrew, excellent in the two Sister Arts of Poetry and Painting," of which we give the opening and concluding strophes:

ON ANNE KILLIGREW.

I.

Thou youngest virgin daughter of the skies
 Made in the last promotion of the blest,
 Whose palms, new-plucked from Paradise,
 In spreading branches more sublimely rise,
 Rich with immortal green above the rest:
 Whether, adopted to some neighboring star,
 Thou rollest above us, in thy wandering race,
 Or, in procession fixed and regular,
 Mov'st with the heaven's majestic pace;
 Or called to more superior bliss,
 Thou tread'st with seraphims the vast abyss:
 Whatever happy region is thy place,
 Cease thy celestial song a little space.
 Thou wilt have time enough for hymns divine,
 Since heaven's eternal year is thine.
 Hear then a mortal Muse thy praise rehearse
 In no ignoble verse;
 But such as thy own voice did practice here,
 When thy first-fruits of poesy were given;
 To make thyself a welcome inmate there:
 While yet a young probationer,
 And candidate of heaven.

X.

When in mid-air the golden trump shall sound,
 To raise the nations under ground:
 When in the valley of Jehoshaphat
 The judging God shall close the book of fate;
 And there the last assizes keep,
 For those who wake and those who sleep;
 When rattling bones together fly,
 From the four corners of the sky;

When sinews o'er the skeletons are spread,
 Those clothed with flesh, and life inspires the dead,
 The sacred poets first shall hear the sound,
 And foremost from the tomb shall bound,
 For they are covered with the lightest ground ;
 And straight with inborn vigor on the wing,
 Like mounting larks, to the new morning sing ;
 There thou, sweet saint, before the choir shalt go,
 As harbinger of heaven, the way to show,
 The way which thou so well hast learned below.

Dryden wrote two poems to be sung on St. Cecilia's Day. The last of these, *Alexander's Feast, or the Power of Music*, is the most frequently quoted of all of Dryden's poems ; but the earlier one is not inferior to it :

FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

I.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
 This universal frame began :
 When nature underneath a heap
 Of jarring atoms lay,
 And could not heave her head
 The tuneful voice was heard from high :
 "Arise, ye more than dead !"
 Then cold and hot, and moist and dry,
 In order to their stations leap,
 And Music's power obey.
 From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
 This universal frame began :
 From harmony to harmony,
 Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
 The diapason closing full in Man.

II.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell !
 When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
 His listening brethren stood around,
 And wondering on their faces fell
 To worship that celestial sound.

Less than a God they thought there could not dwell
 Within the hollow of that shell,
 That spoke so sweetly and so well
 What passion cannot Music raise and quell !

III.

The trumpet's loud clangor
 Excites us to arms,
 With shrill notes of anger
 And mortal alarms.
 The double, double, double beat
 Of the thundering drum
 Cries, "Hark ! the foes come ;
 Charge, charge ! 'tis too late to retreat !"

IV.

The soft complaining flute
 In dying notes discovers
 The woes of hopeless lovers
 Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute,

V.

Sharp violins proclaim
 Their jealous pangs, and desperation,
 Fury, frantic indignation,
 Depth of pains, and height of passion,
 For the fair disdainful dame.
 But oh ! what art can teach,
 What human voice can reach
 The sacred organ's praise ?
 Notes inspiring holy love,
 Notes that wing their heavenly ways
 To mend the choirs above ?

VI.

Orpheus could lead the savage race ;
 And trees uprooted left their place,
 Sequacious of the lyre :
 But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher :
 When to her organ vocal breath was given
 Mistaking earth for heaven.

VII.

As from the power of sacred lays
 The spheres began to move,
 And sung the great Creator's praise
 To all the blest above ;
 So, when the last and dreadful hour
 This crumbling pageant shall devour,
 The trumpet shall be heard on high ;
 The dead shall live, the living die ;
 And Music shall untune the sky.

‘ Dryden's dramatic pieces number about thirty—tragedies, comedies, tragi-comedies and operas. The earliest was *The Wild Gallant*, a comedy (1662), the latest, *Love Triumphant*, a tragi-comedy (1694). The larger, and by far the best part of his prose writings are of a critical character.

ON SHAKESPEARE.

Shakespeare was the man who of all modern, and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily ; when he describes anything, you more than see it, you feel it, too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation. He was naturally learned ; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature ; he looked inwards, and found her there. I cannot say he is everywhere alike ; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat, insipid—his comic wit degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great when some great occasion is presented to him ; no man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of poets, “ *Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.*” The consideration of this made Mr. Hales of Eton say that there was no subject of which any poet ever writ but

he would produce it much better done in Shakespeare ; and however others are now generally preferred before him, yet the age wherein he lived, which had contemporaries with him, Fletcher and Johnson, never equalled them to him in their esteem ; and in the last king's court, when Ben's reputation was at its highest, Sir John Suckling, and with him the greater part of the courtiers, set our Shakespeare far above him.—*Essay on Dramatic Poesy*.

Dryden's death was somewhat sudden. Early in the Spring of 1700 he had a severe attack of the gout ; one toe became much inflamed, and not being properly attended to, mortification set in. The surgeon advised an amputation, but Dryden objected on the ground of his advanced age, and the inutility of prolonging a maimed existence. The mortification spread, and it was clear that either the whole leg must be amputated, with a strong probability of a fatal result, or that speedy death was inevitable. On the last day of April the *Postboy* announced that "John Dryden, Esq., the famous poet, lies a-dying ;" and he died at three o'clock on the next morning. The body was embalmed, and lay in state for several days at the College of Physicians and Surgeons. The pompous public funeral took place in Westminster Abbey on May 13th, the body was interred in the Poets' Corner, by the side of the graves of Chaucer and Cowley. It was not until twenty years afterward that a modest monument was put up at the expense of Lord Mulgrave, afterward Earl of Buckinghamshire. His wife survived him fourteen years, and died insane. The last of their three sons died in 1711.



DU CHAILLU, PAUL BELLONI, a Franco-American explorer, born at Paris, July 31, 1835. His father had established himself as a trader on the West Coast of Africa, where Paul joined him at an early age. In 1852 he came to the United States, with a large cargo of ebony, and published several papers relating to the Gaboon country. In 1855 he returned to Africa and spent three or four years in exploring the almost unknown region lying about two degrees on each side of the equator. He returned to America in 1859, bringing with him a large collection of curiosities, stuffed birds, and animals, among which were several skins and skeletons of the gorilla, a huge ape. He is probably the first white man who ever saw the animal alive. In 1861 he published an account of these expeditions under the title *Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa*. The truthfulness of his narrative was sharply questioned by some English savans; and to vindicate himself Du Chaillu went again to Equatorial Africa, and travelled there for two years (1863-65). He returned to America, and in 1867 published *A Journey to Ashango-Land, and Further Penetration into Equatorial Africa*. During the next twelve years he resided in America, having been naturalized as a citizen of the United States. He delivered lectures on his travels and prepared several small

books, in which many of his experiences are related for juvenile readers: *Stories of the Gorilla Country* (1868); *Wild Life under the Equator* (1869); *Lost in the Jungle* (1869); *My Apingi Kingdom* (1870); *The Country of the Dwarfs* (1871). Subsequently he made several Winter and Summer tours in Sweden, Norway, Lapland, and Finland, an account of which he published in 1881, in two large volumes, entitled *The Land of the Midnight Sun*. He has also written *The Viking Age* (1889), and *Ivor the Viking* (1893).

THE FIRST GORILLA.

We started early, and pushed for the most dense and impenetrable part of the forest, in hopes to find the very home of the beast I so much wished to shoot. Hour after hour we travelled, and yet no signs of gorilla; only the everlasting little chattering monkeys—and not many of these—and occasionally birds. Suddenly Miengai uttered a little *cluck* with his tongue, which is the native's way of showing that something is stirring, and that a sharp lookout is necessary. Presently I noticed, ahead of us seemingly, a noise as if of some one breaking down branches or twigs of trees. This was a gorilla, I knew at once by the eager and satisfied looks of the men. They looked once more carefully at their guns, to see if by any chance the powder had fallen out of the pans, I also examined mine, to make sure that all were right; and then we marched on cautiously. The singular noise of the breaking of tree-branches continued. We walked with the greatest care, making no noise at all. But we pushed on, until finally we saw through the thick woods the moving of the branches and small trees which the great beast was tearing down, probably to get from them the berries and fruits he lives upon.

Suddenly, as we were yet creeping along, in a silence which made a heavy breath seem loud and distinct, the

woods were at once filled with the tremendous barking roar of the gorilla. Then the underbrush swayed rapidly just ahead, and presently before us stood an immense male gorilla. He had gone through the jungle on his all-fours; but when he saw our party he erected himself and looked us boldly in the face. He stood about a dozen yards from us, and was a sight I think never to forget. Nearly six feet high, with immense body, huge chest, and great muscular arms, with fiercely glaring large deep gray eyes, and a hellish expression of face, which seemed to me like a nightmare vision; thus stood before us this king of the African forests. He was not afraid of us. He stood there, and beat his breast with his huge fists till it resounded like an immense bass-drum, which is their mode of offering defiance; meantime giving vent to roar after roar. So deep is this roar that it seems to proceed less from the mouth and throat than from the deep chest and vast paunch. . . .

His eyes began to flash fiercer fire as we stood motionless on the defensive; and the crest of short hair which stands on his forehead began to twitch rapidly up and down, while his powerful fangs were shown as he again sent forth a thunderous roar. He advanced a few steps; then stopped to utter that hideous roar again; advanced again, and finally stopped when at a distance of about six yards from us. And here, as he began another of his roars, and beating his breast in rage, we fired. With a groan which had something terribly human in it, and yet was full of brutishness, he fell forward on his face. The body shook convulsively for a few minutes, the limbs moved about in a struggling way, and then all was quiet. Death had done its work, and I had leisure to examine the huge body. It proved to be five feet eight inches high; and the muscular development of the arms and breast showed what immense strength it had possessed.—*Equatorial Africa, Chap. VII.*

THE GORILLA AT HOME.

It has been my fortune to be the first white man who can speak of the gorilla from personal knowledge; and my experience and observation prove that many of the actions reported of it are false and vain imaginings of

ignorant negroes and credulous travellers. The gorilla does not lurk in trees by the roadside, and drag up unsuspecting passers-by in its claws, and choke them to death ; it does not attack the elephant and beat him to death with sticks ; it does not carry off women from the native villages. It does not build itself a house of leaves and twigs in the forest-trees, and sit on the roof, as has been confidently reported. It is not gregarious even ; and the numerous stories of its attacking in great numbers have not a grain of truth in them.

It lives in the loneliest and darkest portions of the dense African jungle, preferring deep wooded valleys, and also rugged heights. The high plains also, whose surface is strewn with immense bowlders, seem to be its favorite haunts. Water is found everywhere in this part of Africa ; but I have noticed that the gorilla is always found very near to a plentiful supply. It is a restless and nomadic beast, wandering from place to place, and scarcely ever found for two days together in the same neighborhood. In part, this restlessness is caused by the struggle it has to find its favorite food. The gorilla—though it has such immense canines, and though its vast strength doubtless fits it to capture and kill almost every animal which frequents the forest—is a strict vegetarian. I examined the stomachs of all which I was lucky enough to kill, and never found traces there of aught but berries, pine-apple leaves, and other vegetable matter. It is a huge feeder, and no doubt soon eats up the scant supply of its natural food which is found in any limited space, and is then forced to wander on in constant battle with famine. Its vast paunch, which swells before it when it stands upright, proves it to be a vast feeder ; and, indeed, its great frame and enormous muscular development could not be supported on little food. . . .

The gorilla is not gregarious. Of adults I found almost always one male with one female, though sometimes the old male wanders companionless. In such cases—as with the “rogue” elephant—he is particularly morose, malignant, and dangerous to approach. Young gorillas I found sometimes in companies of five ; sometimes less, but never more. The young always

run off, on all-fours, shrieking with fear. They are difficult to approach, as their hearing is acute, and they lose no time in making their escape, while the nature of the ground makes it hard for the hunter to follow after. The adult animal is also shy, and I have hunted all day without coming upon my quarry, when I felt sure that they were carefully avoiding me. When, however, at last fortune favors the hunter, and he comes accidentally or by good management upon his prey, he need not fear its running away. In all my hunts and encounters with this animal I never knew a grown male to run off. When I surprised a pair of gorillas the male was generally sitting down on a rock or against a tree, in some darkest corner of the jungle, where the brightest sun left its traces only in a dim and gloomy twilight. The female was mostly feeding near by; and it is singular that she almost always gave the alarm by running off, with loud and sudden cries or shrieks. Then the male, sitting for a moment with a savage frown upon his face, slowly rises to his feet, and, looking with glowing and malign eyes at the intruders, begins to beat his breast, and lifting up his round head, utters his frightful roar. This begins with several sharp barks like an enraged or mad dog, whereupon ensues a long, deeply guttural rolling roar, continued for over a minute, and which, doubled and multiplied by the resounding echoes of the forest, fills the hunter's ears like the deep rolling thunder of an approaching storm. I have reason to believe that I have heard this roar at a distance of three miles. . . .

The common walk of the gorilla is not on his hind legs, but on all fours. In this posture the arms are so long that the head and breast are raised considerably, and as it runs the hind legs are brought far beneath the body. The leg and arm on the same side are moved together, which gives the breast a curious waddle. It can run at great speed. The young—parties of which I often pursued—never took to trees, but ran along the ground, and at a distance, with their bodies half erect, looked not unlike negroes making off from pursuit. I have never found the female to attack, though I have been told by the negroes that a mother with a young

one in charge will sometimes make fight. It is a pretty thing to see such a mother with the baby gorilla sporting about her. I have watched them in the wood, till eager as I was to obtain specimens, I had not the heart to shoot. But in such cases my negro hunters exhibited no tenderness, but killed their quarry without loss of time. When the mother runs off from the hunter the young one grasps her about the neck and hangs beneath her breasts, with its little legs about her belly.

I think the adult gorilla perfectly untamable. In the course of this narrative the reader will find accounts of several young gorillas which my men captured alive, and which remained with me for short periods till their deaths. In no case could any treatment of mine—kind or harsh—subdue these little monsters from their first and lasting ferocity and malignity. The gorilla is entirely and constantly an enemy to man; resenting its captivity, young as my specimens were, refusing all food except the berries of its native woods, and attacking with teeth and claws even me, who was in most constant attendance upon them; and finally dying without any previous sickness, and without other ascertainable cause than the restless chafing of a spirit which could not suffer captivity nor the presence of man.—*Equatorial Africa, Chap. XX.*

OBONGOS, OR DWARF NEGROES.

I had heard that there was a village of the Obongos, or dwarfed wild negroes, somewhere in the neighborhood, and one of my first inquiries was naturally whether there was any chance of my seeing this singular people, who, it appears, continually come to the villages, but would not do so while I was there. Two guides were given me, and I took only three of my men. We reached the place after twenty minutes' walk. In a retired nook of the forest were twelve huts of this strange tribe, scattered without order. When we approached no sign of living creature was to be seen, and, in fact, we found them deserted. The abodes were very filthy, and whilst we were endeavoring to examine them, we were covered with fleas, and obliged to beat a hasty retreat. The

village had been abandoned by its inhabitants, no doubt on account of their huts being so much infested with these insects. Leaving the abandoned huts, we continued our way through the forest; and presently, within the distance of a quarter of a mile, we came upon another village, composed, like the last, of about a dozen ill-constructed huts. The dwellings had been newly made, for the branches of the trees of which they were formed had still their leaves on them, quite fresh. We approached with the greatest caution, in order not to alarm the wild inmates; but all our care was fruitless, for the men, at least, were gone when we came up. We hastened to the huts, and luckily found three old women, and one young man, who had not had time to run away, besides several children, the latter hidden in one of the huts.

Du Chaillu managed to reassure the women, and in the course of several visits was allowed to take measurements of the height of half a dozen of them. They ranged from 4 feet 4 inches, to 5 feet, the latter being considered unusually tall; the height of the young man was 4 feet 6 inches. The description continues:

The color of these people was a dirty yellow, and their eyes had an untamable wildness about them that struck me as very remarkable. In their whole appearance, physique, and color, and in their habitations, they are totally unlike the Ashangos among whom they live. The Ashangos, indeed, are quite anxious to disown kinship with them. They do not intermarry with them; but declare that the Obongos intermarry among themselves—sisters with brothers—doing this to keep their families together as much as they can. The smallness of their communities, and the isolation in which these wretched creatures live, must necessitate close inter-breeding, and I think it very possible that this circumstance may be the cause of the physical deterioration of their race.

Their foreheads are exceedingly low and narrow, and

they have prominent cheek-bones, but I did not notice any peculiarity in their hands or feet, or in the position of the toes, or in the relative length of their arms or bodies; but their legs appeared to be rather short in proportion to their trunks; the palms of their hands seemed quite white. The hair of their heads grows in very short curly tufts; this is the more remarkable, as the Ashangos and neighboring tribes have rather long bushy hair on their heads, which enables them to dress it in various ways. With the Obongos the dressing of the hair in masses or plaits, as is done by the other tribes, is impossible. The young man had an unusual quantity of hair on his legs and breast, growing in short curly tufts similar to the hair on the head. The only dress they wear consists of pieces of grass-cloth which they buy of the Ashangos, or which these latter give them out of pure kindness, for I observed that it was quite a custom of the Ashangos to give their old worn *denguis* to these poor Obongos.

The Ashangos like the presence of this curious people near their villages, because the Obongo men are very expert and nimble in trapping wild animals and fish in the streams, the surplus of which, after supplying their own wants they sell to their neighbors in exchange for plantains, and also for iron implements, cooking utensils, water-jars, and all manufactured articles of which they stand in need. The woods near their villages are so full of traps and pitfalls that it is dangerous for any but trained woodsmen to wander about in them.—*Ashango-Land, Chap. XVI.*

SUMMER IN SCANDINAVIA.

From the last days of May to the end of July, in the northern part of this land, the sun shines day and night upon its mountains, fjords, rivers, lakes, forests, valleys, towns, villages, hamlets, fields, and farms; and thus Sweden and Norway may be called the "Land of the Midnight Sun." During this period of continuous daylight the stars are never seen, the moon appears pale, and sheds no light upon the earth. Summer is short, giving just time enough for the wild-flowers to grow, to

bloom, and to fade away, and barely time for the husbandman to collect his harvest, which, however, is sometimes nipped by a Summer frost.

A few weeks after the midnight sun has passed, the hours of sunshine shorten rapidly, and by the middle of August the air becomes chilly and the nights colder, although during the day the sun is warm. Then the grass turns yellow, the leaves change their color, and wither and fall; the swallows and other migrating birds fly toward the south; twilight comes once more; the stars, one by one, make their appearance, shining brightly in the pale blue sky; the moon shows itself again as queen of night, and lights and cheers the long and dark days of the Scandinavian Winter. The time comes at last when the sun disappears entirely from sight; the heavens appear in a blaze of light and glory, and the stars and the moon pale before the aurora borealis.—*The Land of the Midnight Sun, Vol. I., Chap. I.*

VEGETATION IN NORWAY AND SWEDEN.

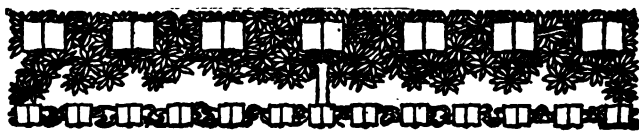
There is no land, from the Arctic Circle northward, which presents such a mild climate and luxuriant vegetation as Norway and Sweden. The countries situated in the same latitudes in Asia or America present a cold and barren aspect compared with these. This climate is due to several causes: the Gulf-stream, the Baltic, and the Gulf of Bothnia; the position of the mountains which shelter the valleys; the prevalence of southerly and south-westerly winds, which blow almost all the year round, especially in Norway; the long hours of sunshine, and the powerful sun. On the Norwegian side, along the coast and the fjords, owing to the genial influence of the Gulf-stream, the Spring begins earlier, and the Summer is longer than in Sweden; but the days of sunshine are less, as the climate is more rainy; consequently the vegetation does not increase so fast. Summer succeeds Winter more rapidly on the Gulf of Bothnia, and vegetation increases almost visibly, especially as the dew is very heavy. Owing to a less rigorous Winter on the Norwegian coast, and a longer period of medium or milder weather, several trees flourish to a higher latitude

than in Sweden. Rye, which in the Arctic Circle is planted at the beginning or middle of June, attains a height of seven or eight feet early in August, having reached ninety-six inches in eight or nine weeks ; and, when first planted, sometimes grows at the rate of three inches a day. The barley at Niava was ready for the harvest in the middle of August, six or seven weeks after being sown.—*The Land of the Midnight Sun, Vol. I., Chap. XI.*

WINTER IN SCANDINAVIA.

How great is the contrast between Summer and Winter in the beautiful peninsula of Scandinavia—"the Land of the Midnight Sun !" In December, in the far North, a sunless sky hangs over the country ; for the days of continuous sunlight in Summer, there are as many without the sun appearing above the horizon in Winter. During that time, even at the end of December—which is the darkest period—when the weather is clear, one can read from eleven A.M. to one P.M. without artificial light ; but if it is cloudy, or snow is falling, lamps must be used. The moon takes the place of the sun ; the stars shine brightly, the atmosphere is pure and clear, and the sky very blue. The aurora borealis sends its flashes and streamers of light high up toward the zenith ; and there are days when the electric storm culminates in a corona of gorgeous color, presenting a spectacle never to be forgotten. I have travelled in many lands, but I have never seen such glorious nights as those of Winter in "the Land of the Midnight Sun."

The long twilights which, farther south, make the evening and the morning blend into one, are here succeeded by long dark nights and short days. Day after day the atmosphere is so still that not a breath of wind seems to pass over the hills ; but suddenly these periods of repose are succeeded by dark and threatening skies, and violent tempests. On the Norwegian coast fearful and terrific storms lash the sea with fury. Under the fierce winds the pines bend their heads, and the mountain snow is swept away and to immense heights, hiding everything from sight.—*The Land of the Midnight Sun, Vol. II., Chap. I.*



DUDEVANT, ARMANTINE LUCILE AURORE (DUPIN), a French novelist, best known under the pseudonym of "George Sand," born in Paris, July 5, 1804; died June 8, 1876. On her father's death, when she was four years old, she was placed under the care of his mother, at Nohant. In her thirteenth year she was sent to a convent boarding-school at Paris, where she became very devout and wished to take the veil. She was recalled to Nohant in 1820. She then became an enthusiastic student of Locke, Aristotle, Leibnitz, and Rousseau. When her grandmother died she went to Paris, to live with her mother. At eighteen she married Casimir Dudevant, a retired officer. Husband and wife were unsuited to each other, and in 1831 an amicable separation took place, M. Dudevant having possession of the estate at Nohant, and Madame Dudevant going to Paris, hoping to support herself and her daughter by drawing, painting, and writing. After many rebuffs from literary men she became a contributor to *Figaro*. Her first novel, *Rose et Blanche*, was written in conjunction with Jules Sandeau. Its publisher offered to take another novel. Sandeau had nothing ready, and Madame Dudevant offered *Indiana*, which she had just completed. It was published in 1832 under the name of George Sand. The novel was a brilliant success, which was heightened by the



MME. DUDEVANT.
(George Sand.)

mystery attached to the author. *Valentine* followed in the same year. In 1833 she published *Lélia*, the outcome of her own bitter experience, apparently an arraignment of marriage and a defence of social disorder. The next year she set out for Italy, and for more than a year she remained at Venice, and wrote for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, *Metella* (1833); *Jacques* and *Leone Leoni* (1834); *Andrè, Mattea* (1835); the *Lettres d'un Voyageur*, and *Lettres d'un Oncle*. She returned to France in 1835, and the next year obtained a legal separation from her husband. The decree gave her again the control of her fortune, and the exclusive care of her children, and restored to her her father's estate at Nohant. The editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* refusing to publish her novel, *Horace*, on account of its socialistic tendency, she broke off her connection with that periodical, and in conjunction with Leroux and Viardot established *La Revue Contemporaine*, in which appeared *Horace*, *Consuelo* (1844); and its sequel *La Comtesse de Rudolstadt* (1845); *Jeanne* (1844), was the first of a series of pastoral tales. *La Mare au Diable* (1846), *La petite Fadette* (1848); translated under the title of *Fanchon the Cricket*, and *François le Champi* (1849), are the finest of these productions; *L'Histoire de ma Vie* was published in 1853-55. During the Franco-Prussian war, Mme. Dudevant went along the French lines as far as she was permitted to go, taking notes which were afterward embodied in the *Journal d'un Voyageur pendant la Guerre* (1871). Madame Dudevant was the author of about sixty novels, twenty plays, and many minor works. At

different times she contributed political articles to various newspapers. During the last years of her life, she wrote several delightful tales for her grandchildren. A volume of these, *Contes d'une Grand mère*, was published after her death.

CONSUELO'S TRIUMPH.

Consuelo made haste to the church Mendicanti, whither the crowd were already flocking, to listen to Porpora's admirable music. She went up to the organ-loft in which the choirs were already in air, with the professor at his desk. On entering she knelt down, buried her face in her hands, and prayed fervently and devoutly.

"Oh, my God," she cried with the voice of the heart, "thou knowest that I seek not advancement for the humiliation of my rivals. Thou knowest that I have no thought to surrender myself to the world and worldly acts, abandoning thy love, and straying into the paths of vice. Thou knowest that pride dwells not in me, and that I implore thee to support me, and to swell my voice, and to expand my thoughts as I sing thy praises only that I may dwell with him whom my mother permitted me to love."

When the first sounds of the orchestra called Consuelo to her place, she rose slowly, her mantilla fell from her shoulders, and her face was at length visible to the impatient and restless spectators in the neighboring tribune. But what marvellous change is here in this young girl, just now so pale, so cast down, so overwhelmed by fatigue and fear! The ether of heaven seemed to bedew her lofty forehead, while a gentle languor was diffused over the noble and graceful outlines of her figure. Her tranquil countenance expressed none of those petty passions, which seek, as it were, to exact applause. There was something about her solemn, mysterious and elevated—at once lovely and affecting.

"Courage, my daughter," said the professor in a low voice. "You are about to sing the music of a great master, and he is here to listen to you."

"Who?—Marcello," said Consuelo, seeing the professor lay the Hymns of Marcello open on the desk.

"Yes—Marcello," replied he. "Sing as usual—nothing more and nothing less—and all will be well."

Marcello, then in the last year of his life, had in fact come once again to revisit Venice, his birth-place, where he had gained renown as composer, as writer, and as magistrate. He had been full of courtesy toward Porpora, who had requested him to be present in his school, intending to surprise him with the performance of Consuelo, who knew his magnificent "*I cieli immensi narrano*" by heart. Nothing could be better adapted to the religious glow that now animated the heart of this noble girl. So soon as the first words of this lofty and brilliant production shone before her eyes, she felt as if wafted into another sphere. Forgetting Count Zustiniani—forgetting the spiteful glances of her rivals—forgetting even Anzoletto—she thought only of God and of Marcello, who seemed to interpret those wondrous regions whose glory she was about to celebrate. What subject so beautiful!—what conception so elevated!—

I cieli immensi narrano
Del grandi Iddio la gloria
Il firmamento lucido
All universo annunzia
Quanto sieno mirabili
Della sua destra le opere.

A divine glow overspread her features, and the sacred fire of genius darted from her large black eyes, as the vaulted roof rang with that unequalled voice, and with those lofty accents which could only proceed from an elevated intellect, joined to a good heart. After he had listened for a few instants, a torrent of delicious tears streamed from Marcello's eyes. The count, unable to restrain his emotion, exclaimed—"By the Holy Rood, this woman is beautiful! She is Santa Cecilia, Santa Teresa, Santa Consuelo! She is poetry, she is music, she is faith personified!" As for Anzoletto, who had risen, and whose trembling limbs barely sufficed to sustain him with the aid of his hands, which clung convulsively to the grating of the tribune, he fell back upon his

seat ready to swoon, intoxicated with pride and joy. It required all the respect due to the locality, to prevent the numerous dilettanti in the crowd from bursting into applause, as if they had been in the theatre. The count would not wait until the close of the service to express his enthusiasm to Porpora and Consuelo. She was obliged to repair to the tribune of the Count to receive the thanks and gratitude of Marcello. She found him so much agitated as to be hardly able to speak.

"My daughter," said he, with a broken voice, "receive the blessing of a dying man. You have caused me to forget for an instant the mortal suffering of many years. A miracle seems exerted in my behalf, and the unrelenting frightful malady appears to have fled forever at the sound of your voice. If the angels above sing like you, I shall long to quit the world in order to enjoy that happiness which you have made known to me. Blessings then be on you, oh my child, and may your earthly happiness correspond to your deserts! I have heard Faustina, Romanina, Cuzzoni, and the rest; but they are not to be named along with you. It is reserved for you to let the world hear what it has never yet heard, and to make it feel what no man has ever yet felt."

Consuelo, overwhelmed by this magnificent eulogium, bowed her head, and almost bending to the ground, kissed, without being able to utter a word, the livid fingers of the dying man.

During the remainder of the service, Consuelo displayed energy and resources which completely removed any hesitation Count Zustiniani might have felt respecting her. She led, she animated, she sustained the choir, displaying at each instant prodigious powers, and the varied qualities of her voice rather than the strength of her lungs. For those who know how to sing do not become tired, and Consuelo sang with as little effort and labor as others might have in merely breathing. She was heard above all the rest, not because she screamed like those performers, without soul and without breath, but because of the unimaginable purity and sweetness of her tones. Besides, she felt that she was understood in every minute particular. She alone, amidst the vul-

gar crowd, the shrill voices and imperfect trills of those around her, was a musician and a master. She filled, therefore, instinctively and without ostentation, her powerful part, and as long as the service lasted she took the prominent place which she felt was necessary. After all was over, the choristers imputed it to her as a grievance and a crime; and those very persons who, failing and sinking, had as it were implored her assistance with their looks, claimed for themselves all the eulogiums which are given to the school of Porpora at large.—*Consuelo*.

A PASTORAL SCENE.

I was walking on the border of a field which some peasants were in the act of preparing for the approaching seed-time. The arena was vast; the landscape was vast also, and enclosed with great lines of verdure, somewhat reddened by the approach of Autumn, that broad field of a vigorous brown, where recent rains had left, in some furrows, lines of water which the sun made glitter like fine threads of silver. The day had been clear and warm, and the earth, freshly opened by the cutting of the ploughshares, exhaled a light vapor. In the upper part of the field, an old man gravely held his plough of antique form, drawn by two quiet oxen, with pale yellow skins—real patriarchs of the meadow—large in stature, rather thin, with long turned down horns, old laborers whom long habit had made “brothers,” as they are called by our country people, and who, when separated from each other, refuse to work with a new companion, and let themselves die of sorrow. The old husbandman worked slowly, in silence, without useless efforts; his docile team did not hurry any more than he; but, owing to the continuity of a labor without distraction, and the appliance of tried and well-sustained strength, his furrow was as soon turned as that of his son, who was ploughing at a short distance from him, with four oxen not so stout, in a vein of stronger and more stony soil.

But that which afterward attracted my attention was really a beautiful spectacle—a noble subject for a painter. At the other extremity of the arable field, a good-looking young man was driving a magnificent team:

four pairs of young animals of a dark color, a mixture of black and bay with streaks of fire, with those short and frizzly heads which still savor of the wild bull, those large savage eyes, those sudden motions, that nervous and jerking labor which still is irritated by the yoke and the goad, and only obeys with a start of anger the recently imposed authority. They were what are called newly-yoked steers. The man who governed them had to clear a corner formerly devoted to pasturage, and filled with century-old stumps, the task of an athlete, for which his energy, his youth, and his eight almost unbroken animals were barely sufficient.

A child six or seven years old, beautiful as an angel, with his shoulders covered, over his blouse, by a lamb-skin, which made him resemble the little Saint John the Baptist of the painters of the restoration, walked in the furrow parallel to the plough, and touched the flank of the oxen with a long and light stick pointed with a slightly sharpened goad. The proud animals quivered under the small hand of the child, and made their yokes and the thongs bound over their foreheads creak, while they gave violent shocks to the plough handles. When a root stopped the ploughshare, the husbandman shouted with a powerful voice, calling each beast by his name, but rather to calm than excite; for the oxen, irritated by this sudden resistance, leaped, dug up the ground with their broad forked feet and would have cast themselves out of the track, carrying the plough across the field, if, with his voice and goad, the young man had not restrained the four nearest him, while the child governed the other four. He also shouted, the poor little fellow, with a voice which he wished to make terrible, but which remained as gentle as his angelic face. It was all beautiful in strength or in grace, the landscape, the man, the child, the bulls under the yoke; and in spite of this powerful struggle in which the earth was overcome, there was a feeling of gentleness and deep calm which rested upon all things. When the obstacle was surmounted, and the team had resumed its equal and solemn step, the husbandman, whose feigned violence was only an exercise of vigor, and an expenditure of activity, immediately recovered the serenity of sim-

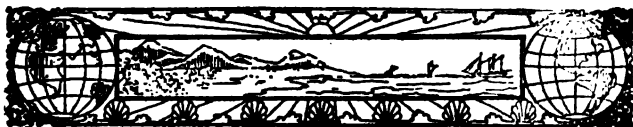
ple souls, and cast a look of paternal satisfaction on his child, who turned to smile on him.

Then the manly voice of this young father of a family struck up the melancholy and solemn strain which the ancient tradition of the country transmits, not to all ploughmen indiscriminately, but to those most consummate in the art of exciting and sustaining the ardor of the oxen at work. This chant, the origin of which was perhaps considered sacred, and to which mysterious influences must formerly have been attributed, is still reputed, at this day, to possess the virtue of keeping up the courage of the animals, of appeasing their dissatisfaction, and of charming the ennui of their long task. It is not enough to know how to drive them well while tracing a perfectly straight furrow, to lighten their labor by raising or depressing the point of the ploughshare opportunely in the soil : no one is a perfect ploughman if he does not know how to sing to the oxen, and this is a science apart, which requires taste and peculiar adaptation. This chant is, to say the truth, only a kind of recitative, interrupted and resumed at will. Its irregular form and its false intonations, speaking according to the rules of musical art, render it untranslatable. But it is none the less a beautiful chant, and so appropriate to the nature of the labor which it accompanies, to the gait of the ox, to the calmness of those rural scenes, to the simplicity of the men who sing it, that no genius, a stranger to the labors of the soil, could have invented it, and no singer other than a "finished ploughman" of that country could repeat it. At those epochs of the year when there is no other labor and no other movement in the country than that of ploughing, this chant, so simple and so powerful, rises like the voice of a breeze, to which its peculiar toning gives it a kind of resemblance. The final note of each phrase, continued and trilled with an incredible length and power of breath, ascends a quarter of a note with systematic dissonance. This is wild, but the charm of it is invincible, and when you become accustomed to hear it, you cannot conceive how any song could be sung at those hours and in those places without disturbing their harmony.

It was then that, on seeing this beautiful pair, the man and the child, accomplish under such poetical conditions, and with so much gracefulness united with strength, a labor full of grandeur and solemnity, I felt a deep pity mingled with an involuntary respect. "Happy the husbandman!" Yes, doubtless, I should be happy in his place, if my arm, suddenly become strong, and my chest, become powerful, could thus fertilize and sing nature, without my eyes ceasing to see and my brain to comprehend the harmony of colors and of sounds, the fineness of tones, and the gracefulness of outlines—in one word, the mysterious beauty of things! and especially without my heart ceasing to be in relation with the divine feeling which presided over the immortal and sublime creation!

But, alas! that man has never understood the mystery of the beautiful, that child will never understand it. May God preserve me from believing that they are not superior to the animals they govern, and that they have not at moments a kind of ecstatic revelation which charms their fatigue and soothes their cares! I see upon their noble foreheads the seal of the Lord, for they are born kings of the soil, much more than those who own it because they have paid for it. And the proof that they feel this is, that they cannot be expatriated with impunity, that they love this soil watered with their sweat, that the true peasant dies of nostalgia under the harness of the soldier, far from the field that saw his birth. But this man wants a part of the delights that I possess, immaterial delights which are certainly his right, his, the workman of this vast temple which heaven alone is vast enough to enclose. He wants the knowledge of his feelings. Those who have condemned him to servitude from his mother's womb, not being able to deprive him of revery, have deprived him of reflection.

Well! such as he is, incomplete and condemned to an eternal childhood, he is much more beautiful than he in whom science has smothered feeling.—*The Devil's Pool.*



DUFFERIN (FREDERICK TEMPLE HAMILTON BLACKWOOD), EARL OF, an English statesman and author, born at Florence, June 21, 1826. He is the son of the fourth Baron Dufferin and Helen Selina Sheridan, Lady Dufferin, mentioned later. He was educated at Eton and Oxford. In 1846 he visited Ireland, and subsequently published a *Narrative of a Journey from Oxford to Skibbereen during the Year of the Irish Famine*. In 1860 he published *Letters from High Latitudes*, an account of a yacht voyage to Iceland and Spitzbergen in 1859. He was Under Secretary of State from 1864 to 1866, Governor-General of Canada (1872–1878), Ambassador to St. Petersburg in 1879, to Constantinople in 1881, and Cairo in 1882, and became Viceroy to India in 1884. He resigned in 1888 and became Ambassador to Rome. He is the author of *Tenure of Land in Ireland*, and *Contributions to an Inquiry into the State of Ireland*. A volume of his *Speeches and Addresses* was published in 1882, and in 1890 *Speeches on India*.

THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

It was now just upon the stroke of midnight. Ever since leaving England, as each four-and-twenty hours we climbed up nearer to the pole, the belt of dusk dividing day from day had been growing narrower and narrower, until having nearly reached the Arctic Circle, this—the last night we were to traverse—had dwindled

to a thread of shadow. Only another half-dozen leagues more, and we would stand on the threshold of a four months' day ! For the few preceding hours clouds had completely covered the heavens, except where a clear interval of sky, that lay along the northern horizon, promised a glowing stage for the sun's last obsequies. But like the heroes of old he had veiled his face to die, and it was not until he dropped down to the sea that the whole hemisphere overflowed with glory, and the gilded pageant concerted for his funeral gathered in slow procession round his grave, reminding one of those tardy honors paid to some great prince of song, who—left during life to languish in a garret—is buried by nobles in Westminster Abbey. A few minutes more the last fiery segment had disappeared beneath the purple horizon, and all was over.

"The King is dead—the King is dead—the King is dead ! Long live the King !" And up from the sea that had just entombed his sire, rose the young monarch of a new day ; while the courtier clouds, in their ruby robes, turned faces still aglow with the favors of their dead lord, to borrow brighter blazonry from the smile of a new master.

A fairer or a stranger spectacle than the last Arctic sunset cannot well be conceived. Evening and morning—like kinsmen whose hearts some baseless feud has kept asunder—clasping hands across the shadow of the vanished night.—*Letters from High Latitudes.*





DUFFERIN, LADY, HELEN SELINA SHERIDAN, an Irish poetess, born in 1807; died June 13, 1867. Her mother was a daughter of the Earl of Antrim; and her father, the brilliant and witty Thomas Sheridan, was the only son of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. At the age of eighteen she married Price Blackwood, who became Lord Dufferin; and of this union was born Earl Dufferin, the recent Governor-General of Canada, and afterward Viceroy of India. Her husband died in 1841; and long afterward, a few years before her own death, she was married to her dying friend, Earl Gifford, that she might attend him in his last illness. Her writings were mostly published anonymously; therefore she was not so well known during her life as her accomplished and beloved sister, Lady Caroline Norton; with whom, while they were children, she produced a couple of little home-books entitled *The Dandies' Ball* and *The Travelled Dandies*, consisting of original verses and caricature illustrations. Lady Dufferin is principally known through her songs and ballads, which, for comic humor and pathos, are among the best in our language. Among the most popular of these are *The Irish Emigrant's Lament* and *Katey's Letter*. A contemporary writer said of her: "She is disinclined to seek that notoriety which the 'pursuits of literature' obtain;

but those who are acquainted with the productions of her pen will readily acknowledge their surpassing merit."

LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side,
On a bright May mornin', long ago,
When first you were my bride ;
The corn was springin' fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high ;
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
The day is bright as then,
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again ;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath warm on my cheek ;
And I still keep listenin' for the words
You never more will speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near—
The church where we were wed, Mary,
I see the spire from here.
But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest—
For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely, now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends ;
But, oh ! they love the better still
The few our Father sends !
And you were all I had, Mary—
My blessin' and my pride :
There's nothing left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arm's young strength was gone ;
There was comfort ever on your lip,
And the kind look on your brow—
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile
When your heart was fit to break—
When the hunger pain was gnawing there,
And you hid it for my sake ;
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore—
Oh, I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more !

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
My Mary—kind and true !
But I'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I'm going to ;
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there—
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair !

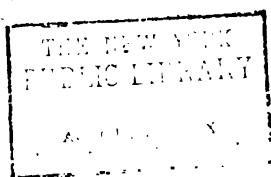
And often in those grand old woods
I'll sit, and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the place where Mary lies ;
And I'll think I see the little stile
Where we sat side by side,
And the springin' corn, and the bright May
morn,
When first you were my bride.





DUMAS, ALEXANDRE DAVY, a French dramatist and novelist, son of General Alexandre Dumas, born at Villers-Cotterets, Aisne, France, July 24, 1803; died at Puits, near Dieppe, December 5, 1870. When three years old he lost his father. His mother sent him to school, where he paid little attention to his studies, but became a good horseman and a good shot. When fifteen years old he was placed in a notary's office. Family embarrassments sent him to Paris, where, by the aid of General Foy, he obtained a clerkship in the household of the Duke of Orleans. He devoted his leisure to dramatic composition, in which he had already made several essays. In 1828 he brought out *Henri III. et sa Cour*, an historical play, which, though assailed by the critics was well received by the public. *Richard d'Arlington*, *Térèse* (1831); the *Tour de Nesle* (1832); *Angèle* (1833); *Catharine Howard* (1834); *Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle* (1837); *Mariage sous Louis XV.* (1841); *Les Demoiselles de St. Cyr* (1843), are among the plays which followed in rapid succession, and drew crowded houses. In 1835 he published his first romance, *Isabelle de Bavière*. Other novels dealing with episodes in French history, and his *Impressions de Voyage* (1839-41) were well received. *The Three Musketeers* and the *Count of Monte Cristo* (1845) had a brilliant success. In 1844 he issued





some forty volumes bearing his name, claiming that though he employed assistants, yet his share in the plan and execution of every work was sufficient to make the work truly his own. He continued to write for the stage, and also published some historical works, among them *Louis XIV. et son Siècle*, and *Florence et les Medicis*. In 1846 he accompanied the Duke de Montpensier to Spain, and afterward visited Africa. On his return he built a large theatre for the production of his plays. His theatre did not prosper. The revolution of 1848 involved him in difficulties, and he was also obliged to defend himself in lawsuits with several newspapers with which he had failed to carry out his contracts. The publication of his interesting *Mémoires* was begun in 1852. He undertook the publication of a daily newspaper and a monthly review, both of which failed after a few numbers. He then continued his *Mémoires* and romances in the *Mousquetaire*. He joined Garibaldi in 1860, and wrote a volume entitled *Mémoires de Garibaldi*. His last years were impoverished. Health and vigor failed. At the beginning of the war in 1870 he was removed from Paris to Dieppe, where he died on December 5th. The works bearing his name are said to number some twelve hundred volumes. He brought out about sixty dramas, only a few of which, among them *Mariage sous Louis XV.*, and *Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle*, keep their place on the stage. *The Count of Monte Cristo*, *The Three Musketeers*, and its sequel, *Twenty Years After*, *Marguerite de Valois*, *The Watchmaker*, the *Memoirs of a Physician*, and *Joseph Balsamo*,

are among the most popular of the works bearing his name.

Many anecdotes have been related concerning Dumas' industry and of his method of composing. A friend of his, being asked whether it was really true that Dumas was about to undertake the management of a theatre, "Of course it is," he replied; "he doesn't know what else to do with himself. *Monte Cristo* is finished; the *Dame de Montsoreau* and the *Chevalier de Maison Rouge* are nearly so; ten volumes of the *Vicomte de Bragelone* are in the hands of the publisher; his bargain with the *Constitutionnel* and the *Presse* binds him to produce only eighteen volumes of romances a year; and the Théâtre Français confines him to five five-act comedies annually; so, you see, he must find some means of employing his leisure time."

"I, generally," said Hans Christian Andersen, "found him in bed, even long after midday, with pen, ink, and paper, writing his newest drama. One day, as I found him thus, he nodded kindly to me, and said: 'Sit down a minute; I have just now a visit from my muse; she will be going directly.' He wrote on; spoke aloud; shouted a *vivat*, sprang out of bed, and said, 'The third act is finished!'"

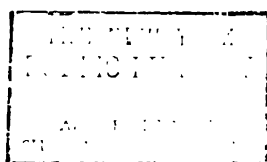
THE EXECUTION OF KING CHARLES I.

Meanwhile, Athos, in his concealment, waited in vain the signal to recommence his work. Two long hours he waited in terrible inaction. A death-like silence reigned in the room above. At last he determined to discover the cause of this stillness. He crept from his



THE EXECUTION OF KING CHARLES I.

Drawing by D. Maillard.



hole, and stood, hidden by the black drapery, beneath the scaffold. Peeping out from the drapery, he could see the rows of halberdiers and musketeers round the scaffold, and the first ranks of the populace, swaying and groaning like the sea.

"What is the matter, then?" he asked himself, trembling more than the cloth he was holding back. "The people are hurrying on, the soldiers under arms, and among the spectators I see D'Artagnan. What is he waiting for? What is he looking at! Good God! have they let the headsman escape?"

Suddenly the dull beating of muffled drums filled the square. The sound of heavy steps was heard above his head. The next moment the very planks of the scaffold creaked with the weight of an advancing procession, and the eager faces of the spectators confirmed what a last hope at the bottom of his heart had prevented his believing till then. At the same moment a well-known voice above him pronounced these words:

"Colonel, I wish to speak to the people."

Athos shuddered from head to foot. It was the king speaking on the scaffold. By his side stood a man wearing a mask, and carrying an axe in his hand, which he afterward laid on the block. The sight of the mask excited a great amount of curiosity in the people, the foremost of whom strained their eyes to discover who it could be. But they could discern nothing but a man of middle height dressed in black, apparently past middle age, for the end of a gray beard peeped out from the bottom of the mask which concealed his features. The king's request had undoubtedly been acceded to by an affirmative sign, for, in firm, sonorous accents, which vibrated in the depths of Athos' heart, the king began his speech, explaining his conduct, and counseling them for the welfare of England. He was interrupted by the noise of the axe grating on the block.

"Do not touch the axe," said the king, and resumed his speech. At the end of his speech, the king looked tenderly round upon the people. Then, unfastening the diamond ornament which the queen had sent him, he placed it in the hands of the priest who accompanied Juxon. Then he drew from his breast a little cross set

in diamonds, which, like the order, had been the gift of Henrietta Maria. "Sir," said he to the priest, "I shall keep this cross in my hand till the last moment. You will take it from me when I am dead." He then took his hat from his head, and threw it on the ground. One by one, he undid the buttons of his doublet, took it off, and deposited it by the side of his hat. Then, as it was cold, he asked for his gown, which was brought to him. All the preparations were made with a frightful calmness. One would have thought the king was going to bed, and not to his coffin.

"Will these be in your way?" he said to the executioner, raising his long locks: "if so, they can be tied up." Charles accompanied these words with a look designed to penetrate the mask of the unknown headsman. His calm, noble gaze forced the man to turn away his head, and the king repeated his question.

"It will do," replied the man in a deep voice, "if you separate them across the neck."

"This block is very low, is there no other to be had?"

"It is the usual block," replied the man in the mask.

"Do you think you can behead me with a single blow?" asked the king.

"I hope so," was the reply. There was something so strange in these words that everybody except the king shuddered.

"I do not wish to be taken by surprise," added the king, "I shall kneel down to pray, do not strike then."

"When shall I strike?"

"When I shall lay my head on the block, and say '*Remember!*'—then strike boldly."

"Gentlemen," said the king to those around him, "I leave you to brave the tempest, and go before you to a kingdom which knows no storms. Farewell." Then he knelt down, made the sign of the cross, and lowering his face to the planks, as if he would have kissed them, he said in a low tone, in French, "Count de la Fère, are you there?"

"Yes, your majesty," he answered trembling.

"Faithful friend, noble heart!" said the king, "I should not have been rescued. I have addressed my

people, and I have spoken to God ; last of all I speak to you. To maintain a cause which I believe sacred, I have lost the throne, and my children the inheritance. A million in gold remains : I buried it in the cellars of Newcastle Keep. You only know that this money exists. Make use of it, then, whenever you think it will be most useful, for my eldest son's welfare. And now farewell."

"Farewell, saintly, martyred majesty," lisped Athos, chilled with terror.

A moment's silence ensued, and then, in a full, sonorous voice, the king said, "*Remember!*"

He had scarcely uttered the word when a heavy blow shook the scaffold, and where Athos stood immovable a warm drop fell upon his brow. He reeled back with a shudder, and the same moment the drops became a black torrent. Athos fell on his knees, and remained some moments, as if bewildered or stunned. At last he rose, and taking his handkerchief, steeped it in the blood of the martyred king. Then, as the crowd gradually dispersed, he leaped down, crept from behind the drapey, gliding between two horses, mingled with the crowd, and was the first to arrive at the inn. Having gained his room, he raised his hand to his forehead, and finding his fingers covered with the king's blood, fell down insensible.—*Twenty Years After.*





DUMAS, ALEXANDRE, son of the preceding, was born at Paris, July 27, 1824; died there, November 27, 1895. His first work was a volume of verse published in his eighteenth year. He accompanied his father to Spain and Africa, and on his return published *Les Aventures de Quatre Femmes et d'un Perroquet*, which showed no great talent. *La Dame aux Camélias* (1848), the story of Marie Duplessis, a woman of the town, found an immense number of readers. It was afterward dramatized by its author, and was also reproduced in Verdi's opera of *La Traviata*. Among his other novels are *Le Docteur Servans* and *Antonine* (1849), *Trois Hommes Forts* (1850), *Diane de Lys* (1852), *La Dame aux Perles*, and *La Vie à Vingt Ans*. Dumas has been more successful as a dramatist than as a novelist, his success being founded upon his power to deal satirically with the follies, vices, and crimes of society. He has dramatized his own work, *Diane de Lys*, and his father's *Joseph Balsamo*. He has also written, *Le Demi-Monde* (1855), *La Question d'Argent*, *Le Père Prodigue* (1859), *La Femme de Claude* (1872), *Monsieur Alphonse* (1873), *Le Fils Naturel* (1858), *L'Ami des Femmes* (1864), *Les Idées de Mme. Aubray* (1867), *La Princesse Georges* (1871), *L'Étrangère* (1877), *La Princesse de Bagdad* (1881), *Denise* (1885), and *Fran-*
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cillon (1887). *La Femme de Claude*, was a dramatic version of his novel, *L'Affaire Clemenceau*.

Dumas was made a member of the French Academy on January 30, 1874, succeeding Pierre Lebrun. Victor Hugo appeared for the first time at a meeting of the Immortal Forty after his return to France in order to vote for Dumas, who was elected by a vote of twenty-two to eleven. Later he was made Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor.

In an editorial upon the death of the younger Dumas, the Boston *Literary World* said that he was "at least *le fils de son père*." The father and the son together are a notable example of hereditary unity and continuity in literature. Together Dumas *père* and Dumas *fils*, but especially Dumas *fils*, furnish the literary parentage for that most modern French school of so-called literary art of which the grosser work of Zola is the foremost representative."

Dumas *fils* was described as "large, brawny, curly-headed, and dark; full of that peculiar personality for which the mixture of French and negro blood is responsible."

THE DEATH OF MARGUERITE.

"O what a sad day this has been, my poor Mr. Armand! This morning Marguerite struggled so much for breath that the doctor bled her, when her voice partially returned. The doctor advised her to see a priest, to which she consented, and he went himself to bring an abbé from St. Roch.

"During his absence, Marguerite beckoned me to her bedside, and begging me to open her wardrobe, pointed

out a cap, and a long night-dress profusely trimmed with lace, and in a trembling voice said :

“ ‘ I shall die soon as I have confessed, then dress me in those things ; it is my last act of coquetry.’

“ She then embraced me with many tears, and continued—‘ I can speak, but it strangles me to talk ; I am choking—give me air !’

“ I burst into tears and opened the window, and in a few minutes the priest entered. I moved forward to receive him, but when he understood in whose house he was, he seemed to fear an unwelcome reception.

“ ‘ You need not fear, Father,’ said I, as he approached, ‘ come in boldly.’ Having remained a short time by the bedside, he left the room, saying to me as he went out : ‘ She has lived the life of a sinner, but she will die the death of a Christian.’

“ In a few minutes he returned, accompanied by a young chorister bearing a crucifix, and preceded by a sacristan who was ringing a bell to announce that God was approaching near to a dying woman.

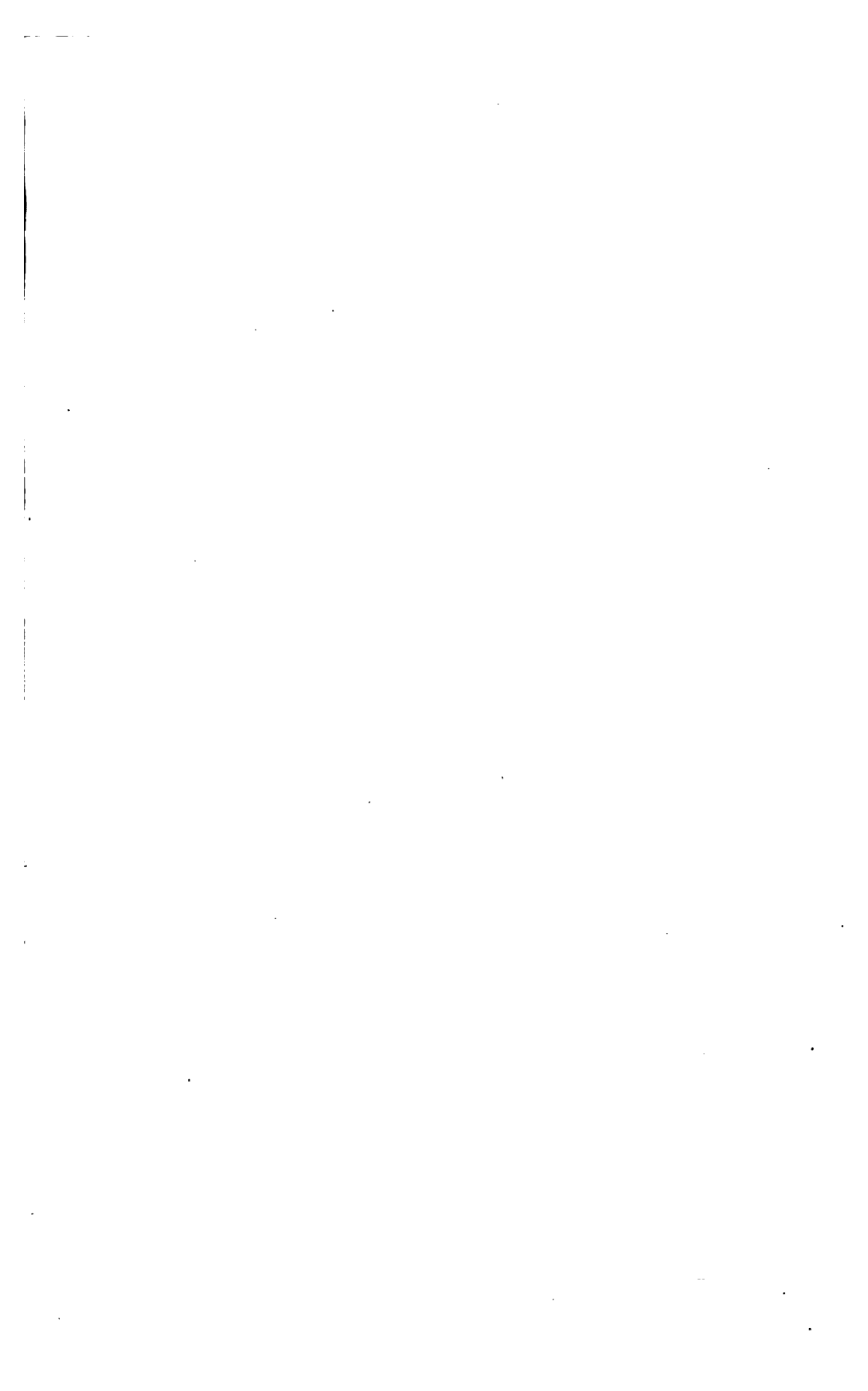
“ They all three entered the bed-chamber which had once rung with such strange words, but which was now transformed into a holy temple.

“ I sank on my knees. How long the impression made on me by this scene will last, I know not, but I believe that to the last day of my life nothing will ever affect me so much.

“ The priest, having anointed her brow, hands, and feet with the holy oil, recited a short prayer, and Marguerite was thus prepared to enter heaven, where she will no doubt go, if God has seen the trials of her life and the sanctity of her death.

“ From that time forward she neither spoke nor moved, and twenty times I should have thought her dead, if I had not heard her labored breathing.”—*Camille*.





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